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HYMNS

OF

PRAYER AND PRAISE

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353	Have mercy on us, God most High	F. W. Faber
354	Head of Thy church triumphant	C. Wesley
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416	I could not do without Thee	F. R. Havergal
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446	In the hour of trial	J. Montgomery
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487	Jesus, I look to Thee	L. C. P.
488	Jesus, I my cross have taken	H. F. Lyte
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507	Jesus, Thou Name of power divine	F. Whitfield
508	Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	P. Gerhardt, tr. by J. Wesley
509	Jesus, Thy church with longing eyes ..	W. H. Bathurst
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522	Joy to the world! the Lord is come	I. Watts
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534	Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	W. H. Burleigh
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538	Let me be with Thee where Thou art	C. Elliott
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557	Little travellers Zionward	J. Edmeston
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632	More love to Thee, O Christ	E. Prentiss
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682	Now let us join with hearts and tongues	J. Newton
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HYMNS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE

1

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.

5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

2

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh may Thy lové inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

3

ACCEPTING, Lord, Thy gracious call,
Low at Thy feet I humbly fall;
Now set me free from Satan's thrall,
And let me follow Thee.

2 My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

3 In meekness, patience, kindness, prayer,
In works of love and friendly care,
In holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee.

4 When fears and foes beset my way,
When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee.

5 Courageously, whoe'er my foes,
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose,
Unto my journey's final close
Help me to follow Thee.

6 Along the heavenly pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight;
By victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee.

4

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me—
Yea, while a thought, a breath, remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

5

ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We come to Thee the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting.
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses;
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

6

A CROWD fills the court of the temple,
A sound as of praise stirs the air,
Jerusalem thrills with emotion,
The Lord of the temple is there!
In vain is the priestly displeasure
To silence the anthems that ring;
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children all joyfully sing.

2 Lord, make each young heart Thine own temple,
Reveal Thy sweet presence within,
Illumine our minds by Thy coming,
Expel every longing for sin;
And when in our souls we adore Thee,
How pure the glad praise we shall bring!
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children will joyfully sing.

3 And when in that temple of glory,
Where falls never shadow of night,
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,
And Thou shalt Thyself be the light;
When round Thee the ransomed ones thronging,
High heaven with their praises will ring,
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children for ever will sing.

7

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those at rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

6 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

8

J. Hamilton

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

4 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when it fell,
With His expiring breath.

5 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

6 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

7 And still for erring guilty man
A Brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

8 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live!

9

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day.

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory, &c.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory, &c.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory, &c.

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing,
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day.

10

I. Watts

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

6 Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be,
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

11

Deck.

'A LITTLE while!' our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before,
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 'A little while!' He'll come again:
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him:
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 'A little while!' 'twill soon be past:
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
Oh let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss:
Oh how will recompense His smile
The sufferings of this 'little while!'

4 'A little while!' come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee!

12

Neale

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

3 The companies of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.

4 The children of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

7 All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

13

Perrone

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who launched this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

8 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

14

ALL my heart this night rejoices
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born,' their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all that grieves you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain, or loss
Can again betide you.

5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me,
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee.
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

15

ALL nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing:
For He still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe
That Him disdains.

2 Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

3 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

4 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And, onward as ye go,
Some joyful anthem sing.
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

5 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

16

W. Kethe

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

17

ALL praise and thanks to God Most
The Father of all love! [High,
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow stills;
Give to our God the glory!

2 The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things
Give to our God the glory! [right;

3 And for the creatures He hath made
Our God shall well provide,
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side.
His kingdom ye may surely trust,
There all is equal, all is just;
Give to our God the glory!

4 The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from his flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock;
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
Give to our God the glory!

5 Ah then, till life hath reached its
My God, I'll worship Thee; [bound,
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
Far over land and sea.
O soul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice,
Give to our God the glory!

6 All ye who name Christ's holy Name,
Give to our God the glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give to our God the glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! the Lord is God!
Give to our God the glory!

18

ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, His savour of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm He hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.

3 He hath opened a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in;
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
Oh that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And oh let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto Thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath Thy command
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe.
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflowed,
And the universe filled with the glory of God.

19

F.J. Crosby

ALL the way my Saviour leads me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.*

2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.*

3 All the way my Saviour leads me—
Oh the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
'Jesus led me all the way!'*

* Repeat the last two lines of each verse.

20

C. F. Alexander

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things, &c.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky.
All things, &c.

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things, &c.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day.
All things, &c.

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

21

ALL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee:
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

2 All things praise Thee: night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee: day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

3 All things praise Thee, high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
Summer, winter,—all to Thee
Glory render: Lord, may we.

4 All things praise Thee: heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising: Lord, may we.

5 All things praise Thee: gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

22

H. W. Bake

ALMIGHTY God, whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need.

2 In His dear name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

3 There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell.

4 And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife.

5 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

6 Oh give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

7 That so from angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

23

'ALMOST persuaded' now to believe :
'Almost persuaded' Christ to receive :
Seems now some soul to say ?—
'Go, Spirit, go Thy way :
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call.'

2 'Almost persuaded': come, come to-day !
'Almost persuaded': turn not away !
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O wanderer, come !

3 'Almost persuaded': harvest is past !
'Almost persuaded': doom comes at last !
'Almost' cannot avail ;
'Almost' is but to fail :
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
'Almost'—but lost !

24

I. S. Taylor

A MESSAGE sweet is borne to me
On wings of joy divine—
A wondrous message glad and free,
That thrills this heart of mine.
And that is why I'm singing !

2 I'm saved by grace, by grace alone,
Through Christ, whose love I claim ;
No other could for sin atone,
Hosanna to His name !
And that is why I'm singing !

3 I hear the message that I love
When morning dawns anew ;
I read it in the sun above
That shines across the blue.
And that is why I'm singing !

4 I hear it in the twilight still,
And at the sunset hour—
I'm saved by grace ! what words can thrill
With such a magic power ?
And that is why I'm singing !

5 Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind,
That spreads from sea to sea !
It heals the sick and leads the blind,
And sets the prisoner free.
And that is why I'm singing !

6 The soul that seeks it cannot fail
To see the Saviour's face,
And Satan's power cannot prevail
If we are saved by grace.
And that is why I'm singing !

25

ANCIENT of days, who sittest throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray ;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dryshod, through weary wastes bewildering,
To Thee in reverent love our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

26

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee,
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?

2 O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

4 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

27

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,*
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,*
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,*
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,*
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

28

Blackie

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

29

F. Pott.

ANGEL voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing
Rest not day nor night:
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea! we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine:
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts, and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee!

30

ANOTHER evening closes,
The hours are speeding fast,
The day is quickly going,
Will soon be with the past.
Before we part this evening
We lift our hearts in prayer,
And cast on God our Father
Our every want and care.

2 He is our gracious keeper,
In Him we live and move;
We pray Him in His mercy
To shelter us with love.
O'er all our ways He watcheth,
Is near our path and bed;
Who trusteth in His mercy
Is well and safely led.

3 Then we would pray for pardon,
For many are our sins;
And trust the grace of Jesus,
For this acceptance wins.
Our guilty souls He washes
In His most precious blood,
And, blotting out transgressions,
He brings us near to God.

4 Dear Saviour, now at parting,
And ere our worship cease,
We ask Thy gracious blessing,
Oh, shed on us Thy peace!
And grant this holy evening
May see us on the way
Which leads to life eternal,
And to the endless day.

31

A PILGRIM and a stranger
I journey here below;
Far distant is my country,
The home to which I go.
Here I must toil and travel,
Oft weary and opprest,
But there my God shall lead me
To everlasting rest.

2 It is a well-worn pathway,
Many have gone before;
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore:
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 Who would share Abraham's blessing,
Must Abraham's path pursue;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
Like him, must journey through.
The foes must be encountered,
The dangers must be passed;
Only a faithful soldier
Receives the crown at last.

4 So I must hasten forwards,—
Thank God, the end will come;
This land of my sojourning
Is not my destined home.
That evermore abideth,
Jerusalem above,
The everlasting city,
The land of light and love.

5 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be:
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee.
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace.

6 There I shall dwell for ever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children
In everlasting rest;
The pilgrim toils forgotten,
The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before.

32

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name!

6 'Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive':
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

33

ARE you coming home, ye wanderers
Whom Jesus died to win,
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming home to-night?

Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
To your loving heavenly Father
Are you coming home to-night?

2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones?
Behold, your Lord doth wait;
Come then! no longer linger;
Come ere it be too late!
Will you come, and let Him save you?
Oh, trust His love and might!
Will you come while He is calling?
Are you coming home to-night?

Are you coming home, &c.

3 Are you coming home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite?
'Come unto Me!' saith Jesus:
Are you coming home to-night?

Are you coming home, &c.

34

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
'Forgive him, O forgive!' they cry,
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die!'

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

35

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

36

ARM of the Lord ! awake ! awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah ; God alone':
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

5 Oh, send ten thousand heralds forth
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea.

6 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound ;
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

37

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory ?*

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

6 And is that fountain flowing yet ?
Blest Saviour, lead us there,
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share,
Singing glory, glory, glory.*

38

AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command :
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When, in Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll :
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed ;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3 Lord, now Thou art arisen,
Thy travail is all o'er,
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more ;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head ;
And lo ! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead.

4 Into Thy death baptizèd,
We own with Thee we died ;
With Thee, our life, are risen,
And in Thee glorified ;

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* Repeat this line in each verse.

From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers
Alive with Thee to God.

39

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, Yes.

40

ART thou weary, sad, and lonely,
All thy summer past?
One remaineth, and One only—
Hear His voice at last.

2 Open to Me, My belovèd,
I have waited long,
Till the night fell on the glory,
Silence on the song.

3 Soul, for thee I left My glory,
Bore the curse of God—
Wept for thee with bitterest weeping,
Agony and blood.

4 Soul, for thee I died dishonoured
As a felon dies;
For thou wert the pearl all priceless
In thy Saviour's eyes.

5 Soul, for thee I rose victorious,
Glad that thou art free;
Entered heaven in triumph glorious,
Heaven I won for thee.

6 Sorrow, sin, and desolation,
These thy claim to Me:
Love that won thee full salvation,
This My claim to thee.

7 Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,
Turn Me not away;
Heart that craves thee, love that needs thee,
Wilt thou say Me nay?

41

Hale.

A SABBATH well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But the Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

2 The Bible well read,
Our souls then are led
To seek a bright mansion in heaven;
But the Bible despised,
Its teachings unprized,
Our souls wander on unforgiven.

3 The Saviour received,
Obeyed, and believed,
Will fill us with joy and with gladness;
But the Saviour refused,
His patience abused,
Will land us in sorrow and sadness.

4 Lord, help us, we pray,
To keep holy Thy day,
Thy word to delight in for ever,
The Saviour to love,
His mercy to prove,
Then naught from God's love shall us sever.

42

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As storm and winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life He gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

43

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

44

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

45

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

5 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

46

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

47

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

48

AT evening time, when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
To crown my faith before the night,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time, when labour's past,
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright;
At evening time let there be light.

3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
I trust His promises sublime;
His glory now is risen on me;
His full salvation is in sight;
At evening time there now is light.

49

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

50

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side.
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

51

AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

4 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

52

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

53

AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till Thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write Thy name upon my heart,
And manifest Thy love.

3 I know the work is only Thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on Thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That Thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace and have;
Thou canst, Thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to Thy word;
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

54

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
'O Father! take this cup away.'

2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
'O God! take not this cup away.'

3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unharmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of Earth! the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is Thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh give the welcome of Thy love.

55

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
'Ye blessèd children, come';
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

56

AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
The garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored,
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious Name.

3 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close;
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

4 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign—
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone:
Oh world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

5 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh;
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

57

AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

2 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep
He wipes from all our eyes.

3 And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection power;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.

4 Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
'Christ died and rose for me.'

58

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

5 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

6 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

59

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

60

AWAY with our fears,
Our troubles and tears!
The Spirit is come,
The witness of Jesus returned to His home.*

2 Our glorified Head
His Spirit hath shed,
With His people to stay,
And never again will He take Him away.*

3 Our heavenly Guide
With us shall abide,
His comforts impart,
And set up His kingdom of love in the heart.*

4 The presence divine
Doth inwardly shine,
The glory shall rest
On all our assemblies, and glow in our breast.*

5 By day and by night
The pillar of light
Our steps shall attend,
And guide us secure to our prosperous end.*

6 Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice,
Our leader pursue,
And shout as we travel the wilderness through.*

7 With the Spirit remove
To Zion above,
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

61

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!
City fairest,
Splendour rarest,
Let me gaze on thee!†

2 Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white!
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee!†

3 Shading her golden pavement
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Cœlestial evergreen.
Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee for ever rest!†

4 Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessèd river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!†

† The last three lines in each verse to be repeated.

5 Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee! †

6 River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee! †

62

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

63

BEGONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey;
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

64

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O patient attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

4 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

6 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
Oh, may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind!

65

BEHOLD a Stranger waiting stands,
How fair, though thorns have pierced His brow;
How meek, though nails have torn His hands,
And lo! for you He calleth now.

He's knocking at thy heart;
Oh, will you not the call attend?
Oh, let Him in ere He depart,
Thy Saviour and thy Friend.

2 Now at thy portal see Him wait,
Now hear Him gently call for thee;
Oh, wilt thou not unbar the gate,
Behold, He comes thy guest to be!
He's knocking, &c.

3 Behold, this Stranger waiting still,
Though almost gone the fleeting day;
Night soon comes on so drear and chill,
Oh, will He longer pleading stay?
He's knocking, &c.

4 He waits to bless thee evermore,
A royal feast He will provide;
The King is standing at thy door,
Oh, bid Him enter and abide.
He's knocking, &c.

66

BEHOLD He comes, thy King most holy,
In triumph riding, meek and lowly:
Jerusalem, behold thy King!
Oh meet your Lord, palm-branches bearing,
His way with boughs of trees preparing;
Ye faithful, loud Hosannas sing.

2 Thou Conqueror, of no earthly power,
Our Champion in sin's darkest hour,
Thou Prince of Peace, of heavenly might;
The powers of earth and hosts infernal
Are leagued against Thy throne eternal;
But Thou shalt conquer in the fight.

3 With glad Hosannas, Lord, we greet Thee:
With palms of victory we meet Thee,
And welcome Thee this Advent-tide.
For Thy last coming, Lord, prepare us;
In that dread day of judgment spare us;
And evermore with us abide.

4 On bended knees we now adore Thee:
Our griefs and wants we lay before Thee:
Console us in our dire distress.
Be Thou our helper; when Thou willest,
Our fierce unruly wills Thou stillest;
Oh, save us in our helplessness.

5 O Lord, in all our tribulation,
In pity hear our supplication;
From sin's hard yoke grant us release.
When earthly sufferings oppress us,
When sinful memories distress us,
Shed over us Thy blessèd peace.

6 O Sun of righteousness, most glorious,
O'er sin and error rise victorious,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night:
Shine forth with healing for the nations.
Hear, Lord of lords, our supplications,
Be Thou our everlasting light.

67

BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
Behold Me standing, &c.

3 I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all My grief and pain;
I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?
Behold Me standing, &c.

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
Behold Me standing, &c.

68

BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take;
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercèd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest!
Fill us with love that never faints;
Grant us with all Thy blessèd saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light, all Love.

69

BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee,—
'Leave this vain world and follow Me.'

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That 'Follow Me', his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven and endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

70

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow,
'Up to the hill of God,' they'll say,
'And to His house, we'll go.'

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

71

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place, where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

72

J. Newton

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 [illegible]

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

73

BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds shall know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Saviour can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

74

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh:

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main:

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
Oh come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

75

Bonar

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not! Lord, tarry not, but come!

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home, &c.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home, &c.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the 'ever' and the 'never',
I shall be soon! I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home, &c.

76

BEYOND this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day,
And all are happy there.

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright eternal shore
Earth's bitter curse is known no more
By those who enter there.

3 Who shall be there? The lowly here,
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
On Him who cast their care;
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread—
These, these shall all be there.

4 Those who have learned the Lord to know,
And follow Him where'er they go,
So that His love they share;
Who trust in Him once crucified,
By faith can say, 'For me He died,'—
These, these shall all be there.

77

J. S. B. Monsell

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn!

4 What then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?
Peace purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

5 Oh why should I have peace?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

6 Yes, but for pardoning grace
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonised for me.

7 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

8 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest,—within
A heart that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

78

BLESSED be Thy Name,
Jesus Christ, the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever!
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

2 Hold me with Thine hand,
For by faith I stand,
On Thy strength my sole reliance,
In Thy truth my whole affiance:
Then, where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

3 Lord! Thy word is light;
Led by it aright,
When, a pilgrim like my fathers,
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day!

4 With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With Thy saints in glory numbered,
Jesu, may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

5 Praise the Lord Most High,
All below the sky;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Earth and heaven raise
Songs of loudest praise!

79

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

80

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet day of joy and praise!

2 Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.

3 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead;
And, as a conqueror, His foes
In glorious triumph led.

4 Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy sheep
Are these sweet tastes of love;
But what a Sabbath shall they keep
When safe with Thee above!

5 How wise Thy love, how light its chain,
Which binds us to be free,
Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,
And lifts our souls to Thee.

6 Here, as we sing, and hear, and pray,
And all Thy footsteps trace,
We seem to tread the pleasant way
That leads us to Thy face.

81

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

82

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bounds:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

83

BOND which cannot alter,
Though the flesh may falter,
In Thy face I've looked, Lord, laid my hand in Thine,
Owned Thy claims upon me,
Thou my Master only,
I Thy slave for ever—nothing henceforth mine.

2 Tyrants that once bound me
Still would hang around me,
Seeking to ensnare me, watching for my fall;
Oh, the joy of knowing,
At Thy charges going,
Fearless, I can face them, trusting Thee for all!

3 Then away with terrors,
Banish dread of errors,
What needs slave but hasten at his Lord's behest?
Thou, the Master, guiding,
All I want providing,
Mine it is to serve Thee with a perfect rest.

4 Some task Thou may'st set me,
Hard, or quick to fret me,
Let my heart, unswerving, trust Thee and obey;
Out of present sorrow
Springs a gladder morrow,
Love that bled to save me, Love plans all my way.

5 Whether in lone by-ways,
Or on thronging highways,
Be my post of service at Thy call and word;
Let me still be showing,
Both in word and doing,
My one aim and glory is to please my Lord.

84

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Saints in light who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know Thee now;
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
'Lord, they know not what they do.'
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

85

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

86

BREAK forth! break forth! our hearts and tongues,
In strains of music sweet;
Let praise for all the gifts we share
This day of blessing greet!
Break forth! break forth! while Hope's glad wings
Shall waft our songs above,
Where all the throng of ransomed souls
Are singing 'God is Love!'

2 Yes, God is love! no voice like His
The soul with joy can thrill;
'Twas love that lit the torch of life,
Love keeps it burning still.
Break forth! break forth! &c.

3 Yes, God is love! His gentle care
Each moment's blessings prove;
Break forth! break forth! our hearts and tongues,
And sing that 'God is love!'
Break forth! break forth! &c.

87

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward, and onward still,
Be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian;
Jesus is o'er thee:
Run the race, Christian;
Heaven is before thee:
He, who hath promisèd,
Faltereth never:
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done;
Praise Him for ever.

88

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

5 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 With light that hath no evening,
And health that hath no sore,
And life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

7 The morning shall awaken;
The shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

8 There God, our King and Portion
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

89

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

90

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning;
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled;
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning, &c.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.
Let the lower lights be burning, &c.

91

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

92

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

3 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!'

4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, Holy, Holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!'

5 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

6 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!'

93

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led
With mild benignant ray
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

94

BY and by we shall know Jesus,
By and by, oh, by and by;
Even now He looks and sees us,
Journeying toward His home on high,
And we hasten forward saying:
'By and by, oh, by and by,
Cares and trials we'll be laying
With our earthly garments by.' Oh
'By and by,' we sing it softly,
Thinking not of earthly care,
But the 'by and by' of heaven
Waiting for us over there.

2 By and by we shall be standing,
By and by, oh, by and by,
At fair heaven's shining landing,
While the river murmurs by;
And our friends will round us gather,
By and by, oh, by and by,
Saying, 'Welcome, for the Father
Loves to have His children nigh.'
'By and by,' &c.

3 'By and by!' we say it gently,
Looking on our peaceful dead,
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of heaven's sweet life instead.
By and by we all shall gather,
By and by, oh, by and by,
In the love of God our Father
That shall know no 'by and by'.
'By and by,' &c.

95

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

96

BY Thy birth, O Lord of all,
In a stable's lowly stall,
Where Thou didst vouchsafe to rest
On a human mother's breast;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

2 By Thy humble bed of straw,
Thy obedience to the law;
By Thy forty days of woe
Wrestling with the mighty foe;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

3 By the hallowed water poured
On Thy sacred Head, O Lord,
When Thou Jordan's wave didst bless,
And fulfil all righteousness;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

4 By the anguish laid on Thee,
Kneeling in Gethsemane,
By Thy cross and precious death,
By Thy last expiring breath;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

5 By the word of pardon blest
To the dying thief addressed,
By Thy cold and rocky bed,
By Thy sojourn 'midst the dead;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

6 By Thy resurrection bright,
By Thy wondrous heavenly flight,
By the throne where Thou dost stand
At Thy Father's own right hand;
Guard Thy children, Lord, to Thee
Chanting this our Litany.

97

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet:
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name;

7 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

98

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judaea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains:
Cœlestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The dayspring from on high;
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 'Glory to God!'—the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills:
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
'Glory to God'—the sounding skies
Loud with the anthems ring;
'Peace on the earth—good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!'

4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn,
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

5 Shall Christian tongues this day be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,
When nightly burst from seraph harps
The high and solemn lay—
'Glory to God!—on earth be peace—
Salvation comes to-day.'

99

CAN it be true that Thou didst leave,
For this cold, barren wild,
Thy heaven, that I might become
God's own belovèd child?
Forgive me, Lord, for it is true
On Thee my guilt was laid;
My punishment Thy body bore,
By Thee my debt was paid.

2 Can it be true that Thou didst bear,
Upon the accursèd tree,
My load of sin, its curse, its sting,
Its stripes, instead of me?
Forgive me, Lord, &c.

3 Can it be true that I have scorned
The offer mercy made,
And vainly hoped myself to pay
The debt Thy death has paid?
Forgive me, Lord, &c.

4 Can it be true that I still cling
To earth and all my sin;
That I have closely barred the door,
Lest Thou should'st enter in?
Forgive me, Lord, &c.

5 Lord, enter now, possession take,
And cleanse me from my sin;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;
Lord, reign Thyself within.
Forgive me, Lord, &c.

6 Oh, make me Thine, and give me grace
To live for Thee alone!
Shine in my heart, till it becomes
A mirror of Thine own.
Forgive me, Lord, &c.

100

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek that land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not lack in all our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

3 Take not the sacred sign away,
The token of Thy guardian power;
Preserved by night, refreshed by day,
Baptized in many a gracious shower;
Protect us with Thy cloudy shrine,
And in Thy fiery column shine.

4 To all believers visible,
Who in Thy pardoning love confide,
With us Thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of Thee possest,
The land of everlasting rest.

101

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel.

2 On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the gospel light;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

3 Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

4 Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

5 Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

6 Glory to the Three in One
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light.

102

CAROL, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!
Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!

2 Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest
To God who reigns above.
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

3 Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time:
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love!
Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

103

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon find cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Wouldst thou know thyself a child?
Is thy proud heart reconciled?
Is it humbled to the dust,
Full of awe, and full of trust?

3 Dost thou not rejoice with fear?
Never be high-minded here;
Heed not what the tempter saith;
Cling to Christ in lowly faith.

4 Fear not, then; in every storm
There shall come the Master's form;
Cheering voice and present aid—
'It is I, be not afraid.'

5 He will hold thee with His hand,
And enable thee to stand;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

104

'CERTAINLY I will be with thee!'
Father, I have found it true;
To Thy faithfulness and mercy
I would set my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace hath kept me,
Thou my help indeed hast been,
Marvellous the loving-kindness
Every day and hour hath seen.

2 'Certainly I will be with thee!'
Let me feel it, Saviour dear;
Let me know that Thou art with me,
Very precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing,
With Thyself all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence,
Let Thy peace my spirit fill.

3 'Certainly I will be with thee!'
Blessèd Spirit, come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me,
Let my heart Thy temple be.
Through the trackless year before me,
Holy One, with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me,
Be my ever present guide.

4 'Certainly I will be with thee!'
Starry promise in the night;
All uncertainties, like shadows,
Flee away before its light.
'Certainly I will be with thee!'
He hath spoken: I have heard;
True of old, and true this moment—
I will trust Jehovah's word.

105

J. H. Evans.

CHANGE is our portion here;
Soon fades the summer sky,
The landscape droops in autumn sear,
And spring flowers bloom to die:
But faithful is Jehovah's word,
'I will be with thee,' saith the Lord.

2 Change is our portion here,
Along the heavenly road,
In faith and hope and holy fear,
In love towards our God:
How often we distrust the word,
'I will be with thee,' saith the Lord.

3 Change is our portion here:
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,
There is that changes not.
Unchangeable Jehovah's word,
'I will be with thee,' saith the Lord.

4 Changeless, the way of peace;
Changeless, Immanuel's name;
Changeless, the covenant of grace;
Eternally the same.
'I change not,' is a Father's word,
'And I am with thee,' saith the Lord.

106

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
The moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Cease now the tear;
Wait not for to-morrow,
Banish thy fear!
Christ now receives
Him who believes;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Be of good cheer!

107

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine;
Your home is in the skies:
Oh then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh, what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then; cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high cœlestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross.

3 The cross is ours; we bear it now;
But did not He beneath it bow,
And suffer there at last?
All that we feel can Jesus tell;
His gracious soul remembers well
The sorrows of the past.

4 O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now, but oh! at last
We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

108

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

109

CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them the King of kings hath given
Glory, lasting as His own:
Lord, it was Thy mercy free *
Suffered them to come to Thee.*

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing, as blest as they,
In that happy land ere long:
Lord, let us Thy children be,*
Suffer us to come to Thee;*

3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith, and earnest prayer,
Clinging to Thy cross, to find
Full and free salvation there:
Lamb of God! our Saviour be,*
Suffer us to come to Thee.*

4 Lord, we come, be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day:
Then in heaven Thy words shall be,*
'Suffer them to come to Me.'*

* Repeat these lines.

110

CHRIST for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

111

CHRIST has gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to His bright abode;
The armies of heaven they throng around
To hail their ascended God.

2 Christ has gone up to His throne on high;
He has won here the victor's crown;
Lo! captive He leads captivity,
The foe He has overthrown.

3 Christ has gone up to the fount of love
To pour gifts on a sinful race;
For saints to prepare a place above,
And shed forth the Spirit's grace.

4 Christ has gone up with a joyful sound,
He has gone to His bright abode;
With heavenly hosts His throne around,
Oh praise our ascended God!

112

CHRISTIAN, by blood redeemed,
Thou on whose eye hath beamed
All the glad light that streamed
Forth from the cross;
Roused by that light, awake,
Through every snare to break,
Counting for Jesus' sake
All things but loss.
Seek not on earth thy rest;
Sin has defiled its best;
Thou, as a passing guest,
Rise and depart.
Still let thy radiant eye,
Fixed on thy home on high,
Tell where thy treasures lie,
And where thy heart.

2 On thy Belovèd lean,
And in each varied scene,
Desert or brightly green,
Cling to His side.
Cast upon Him thy care;
He will thy burden bear;
He will thy way prepare;
He will provide.
If in this vale of tears,
Rugged the path appears,
Yield not to faithless fears;
In Him confide.
Press with stout heart along,
Cheering thy way with song:
He cannot lead thee wrong,
Who is thy Guide.

3 Then, when thy wanderings close,
Where the dark river flows,
Through which the pilgrim goes
To the bright land;
Be not afraid nor shrink
From the deep Jordan's brink;
He will not let thee sink
Who holds thy hand.
Soon shall thy glorious prize
Beam on thy raptured eyes;
Yonder the city lies,
Where is thy rest.
There thou the palm shalt bear;
There thou the crown shalt wear;
There thy Lord's glory share,
For ever blest.

113

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Soldier of the Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict
Now by prayer and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair,
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'
Christian, answer boldly,
'While I breathe I pray;
Peace shall follow battle;
Night shall end in day.'

4 'Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary;
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.'

114

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring you tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake ; and straightway the cœlestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man ;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

5 Oh may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display ;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

115

C. Elliott

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one clear voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.

116

CHRIST is our corner-stone ;
On Him alone we build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled ;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace,
And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring !
Our voices we will raise,
The Lord of life to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

117

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven prolong the strain!
He who suffered pain and loss
In His love to us,
Dying on the bitter cross,
Lives victorious.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven prolong the strain!

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His Bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and heaven prolong the strain!

3 Angel legions, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of earth and skies;
Ye who watched with holy longing
Till your Sun again should rise:
He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
All things living find a voice;
Jesus lives again.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Over earth and heaven to reign.

118

CHRIST that ever reigneth,
Christ that here remaineth,
Christ within us dwelling,
Christ in praise excelling;
Him we proclaim,
His glorious Name;
To our Creator render
Homage all due;
Lowly and true
Homage to Him we tender.

2 Heaven's high host rejoices,
Lifting up all voices,
Jubilant with gladness;—
Yet the earth with sadness
Dreading her fate
God doth await
Who judgment strict revealeth;
Merciful Power,
Save in that hour
Those whom Thy Passion healeth!

3 Raise us cleansed to regions,
Where the angel-legions
Round Thee aye are soaring,
With the saints adoring;
Grant us Thy peace,
Bid dangers cease,
And Thou, Thy mercy sending,
Christ, give us rest,
Where, with the blest,
Thy reign is never ending.

119

CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah!

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Hallelujah!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry,
Hallelujah!

4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye
Hallelujah!

120

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day! *
He is risen indeed!
He captive led captivity,
He robbed the grave of victory,
† He broke the bars of death.
‡ Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! *
He is risen indeed!
Let every mourning soul rejoice,
All sing with one united voice;
† The Saviour rose to-day.
‡ Hallelujah! Amen.

3 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! *
He is risen indeed!
The great and glorious work is done:
Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
† Hosanna to His name!
‡ Hallelujah! Amen.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day! *
He is risen indeed!
Let all that fill the earth and sea
Break forth in tuneful melody
† And swell the mighty song.
‡ Hallelujah! Amen.

* The first two lines in each verse to be sung twice.

† This line to be repeated in each verse.

‡ This line to be repeated in each verse, the word 'Hallelujah' being sung three times.

121

'CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and Angels, say;
Raise your songs of triumph high!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given.
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!

122

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

123

CLOSER, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee!
In sweet communion drawn,
Oh, let me be!
Earth's joys forgotten quite,
Whilst dwelling in the light,
Closer, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee!

2 Oh, let no cloud of sin,
'Twixt me and Thee,
Aught of Thy brightness hide;
But let me be
Now on the mount's blest height,
Gazing on glory bright,
Till faith be lost in sight,
Closer to Thee!

3 So shall my walk below
Glorify Thee,
Till that glad moment come
When I shall see—
Not through a darkening glass
Glimpses of glory pass,
But view Thee face to face,
Closer to Thee!

124

CLOSER, Lord, to Thee I cling,
Closer still to Thee;
Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing
I would ever be;
Rude the blast of doubt and sin,
Fierce assaults without, within:
Help me, Lord, the battle win—
Closer, Lord, to Thee!

2 Closer yet, O Lord, my Rock,
Refuge of my soul;
Dread I not the tempest shock,
Though the billows roll:
Wildest storm cannot alarm,
For to me can come no harm,
Leaning on Thy loving arm—
Closer, Lord, to Thee!

3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
Closer, closer still;
Meekly there I learn to say,
'Father, not my will!'
Learn that in affliction's hour,
When the clouds of sorrow lour,
Love directs Thy hand of power—
Closer, Lord, to Thee.

4 Closer, Lord, to Thee, I come,
Light of life divine;
Through the ever-blessèd Son,
Joy and peace are mine;
Let me in Thy love abide,
Keep me ever near Thy side,
In the Rock of Ages hide—
Closer, Lord, to Thee!

125

CLOTHED in Thy righteousness,
Washed from my sin,
Hearing the Spirit's voice
Witness within.
Lo! I before Thee
Bow and adore Thee,
Ever the same.*

2 Shine with the light
Of Immanuel's face,
Infinite holiness,
Infinite grace;
Shine on me ever,
So to be never
Darkened with sin.*

3 Fain would I ever
Abide in Thee, Lord!
Fain with Thy presence
Be filled, and Thy word.
Now, now receive me,
Never to grieve Thee,
Never to stray.*

4 Holy, thrice holy!
Thy pardoning love
Draws me to join
The blest spirits above,
Whose never-ending
Praises ascending
Circle Thy throne! *

* Repeat this line.

126

COME every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.
Only trust Him; only trust Him;
Only trust Him now:
He will save you; He will save you;
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
Only trust Him, &c.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
Only trust Him, &c.

4 Come then and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that cœlestial land
Where joys immortal flow.
Only trust Him, &c.

127

COME, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory,
And let Thy lightnings shine from east to west;
Oh! by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,
Take us, Thy people, to Thy promised rest.
Come, blessèd Jesus, come, come, we pray;
Banish the darkness, and bring the glorious day.*

2 Our eyes are weary, watching for Thy coming,
Watching through glare of noon and gloom of night;
Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming
May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

3 How long shall stay the bitter strife and sorrow,
And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right?
Oh! come, and coming, bring the better morrow,
Whose noon shall never darken into night.
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

* This line must be repeated in each verse.

4 Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to gladden;
Arise! O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Let hope deferred our hearts no longer sadden,
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

5 Oh! come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,
Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;
Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,
Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

6 Then shall we worship Thee with joy and singing,
And laud Thy name all other names above;
The world throughout with praises shall be ringing,
And we shall swell the triumphs of Thy love.
Come, blessèd Jesus, &c.

128

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

129

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble and teachable and mild,
Oh may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown,
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create Thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be Thou alone my one desire!

4 My will be swallowed up in Thee;
Light in Thy light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

130

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serène, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
In our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our gracious Lord,
Eternal joy!

131

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with cœlestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.*

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.*

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

* This line to be repeated.

132

J. Hart

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The boundless love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

133

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

134

COME, Holy Spirit,
Like a dove descending,
Rest Thou upon us
While we meet to pray:
Show us the Saviour,
His great love revealing;
Lead us to Him,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit,
Every cloud dispelling;
Fill us with gladness,
Through the Master's name;
Bring to our memory
Words that He hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues
His wondrous grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit,
Sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher,
Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing,
Keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts
For evermore abide.

135

COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide Thou with me,
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for Thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Breathe, breathe, on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace,
From restless vain wishes bid Thou my heart cease;
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

136

COME, labour on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
'Go, work to-day.'

2 Come, labour on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly.
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labour on.
The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is 'Come'.

4 Come, labour on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, labour on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
'Servants, well done.'

6 Come, labour on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

137

COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 No longing we find
For the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

4 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

5 We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

6 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

138

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise;

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

139

COME let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys cœlestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the happy warrior bands
On the eternal shore.

6 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

7 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

140

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,—
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice:
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,—

6 So shall His presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

141

COME, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait,
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy sickle now;
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
Sower and Reaper Thou.

6 Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

7 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

8 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness.

142

COME, my soul, thou must be waking:
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come to Him, who made this splendour;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When the aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within:
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

143

COME my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

144

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your sorrows feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that cœlestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And we in joy ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

145

COME, O Spirit, Lord of grace,
From Thy heavenly dwelling place;
Far away our darkness chase.

2 Thou dost wipe the bitter tear;
Thou the lonely heart dost cheer;
Fainting spirits find Thee near.

3 Come, O Light most pure and blest,
Come and fill each longing breast;
Be Thy people's constant guest.

4 Come to cleanse the guilty stain,
On the hardened heart to rain,
Wounds of sin to heal again.

5 To Thy will the stubborn mould;
Warm and melt the bosom cold;
Bring the erring to the fold.

6 Pardon grant when we offend,
Time and wisdom to amend,
Joy above that knows no end.

146

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend!
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and Thy name, is Love!

6 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature, and Thy name, is Love.

7 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness and weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature, and Thy name, is Love.

8 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home!
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature, and Thy name, is Love!

147

COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say—
'He lives, who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again.'

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten from the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

148

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

149

COME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on Thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations
Signify Thy kingdom near:
True and faithful! *
Stablish Thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransomed nations are;
Let the heathen fall before Thee,
Let the isles Thy power declare;
Judge and conquer *
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame Thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon Thy head;
But Thine essence *
None, except Thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestowed;
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God;
Flesh Thy vesture,*
Dipped in Thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,*
Claim the purchase of Thy blood.

6 On Thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world Thy heavenly name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore Thee,*
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,*
King of kings, for ever live!

150

Robinson

COME Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures
Sung by flaming hosts above;
Bid me tell the countless treasures
Of my God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

151

COME, Thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come and visit sinful men.
Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.
Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let us in Thy truth be sound,
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance, and gentleness.

3 Plant in us Thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.
Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to stand in Thy pure sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

152

C. Wesley.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation.
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

153

COME Thou, oh come;
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul:
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high
Console.

2 Come Thou, oh come;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, oh come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbour our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, oh come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessèd Spirit, come:
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

154

Anon.

COME to Jesus! come away!
Forsake thy sins—oh, why delay?
His arms are open night and day;
He waits to welcome thee!

2 Come to Jesus! all is free;
Hark! how He calls, 'Come unto Me!
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee.'
Oh, thou shalt welcome be!

3 Come to Jesus! cling to Him;
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin;
Thou shalt at last the victory win,
And He will welcome thee.

4 Come to Jesus! do not stand:
The Father draws—'tis His command;
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be!

5 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me!

155

COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break;
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dewdrops to the skies.

2 Come to me in the sultry noon,
Or earth's low communings will soon
Of Thy blest face eclipse the light,
And change my fairest day to night.

3 Come to me in the evening shade,
And if my heart from Thee hath strayed,
Oh bring it back, and from afar
Shine on me—be my evening star.

4 Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds her balmy power,
Let my lone spirit find her rest,
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

5 Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour, bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art Thy child may be.

156

G. Rawson

COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 In us 'Abba, Father,' cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine.

157

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, 'Come!'
Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

2 'Suffer the children!' oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.
Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, &c.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, My children, come?'
Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, &c.

158

'COME unto Me!' It is the Saviour's voice—
The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;
O weary heart, with heavy cares opprest,
'Come unto Me,' and I will give you rest.
'Come unto Me, come unto Me,' &c.

2 Weary with life's long struggle, full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again;
Thy doubts shall vanish, and thy sorrows cease,
'Come unto Me,' and I will give you peace.
'Come unto Me, come unto Me,' &c.

3 O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid;
'Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anxious strife!—
'Come unto Me,' and I will give you life.
'Come unto Me, come unto Me,' &c.

4 Life, rest, and peace, the flowers of deathless bloom,
The Saviour gives us—not beyond the tomb—
But here and now: on earth some glimpse is given
Of joys which wait us through the gates of heaven.
'Come unto Me, come unto Me,' &c.

159

W. C. Dix

'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

160

COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Cœlestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasure in.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

161

COME, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 Remember thy Creator
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain ways.

3 Remember thy Creator,
He calls in tones of love;
And offers endless blessing
In brighter worlds above.

4 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.

5 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

162

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Here dwells the Father; love's waters are streaming
Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and pure;
Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3 Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

4 Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate! tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.'

163

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God of God, the Word Incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die,
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3 Bring your harps and bring your odours,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that cœlestial day,
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

4 If His people walk in darkness,
Through the thickest clouds of night,
He, according to His promise,
Sends the pillar-beam of light;
Then they pass along the highway,
Turning not to left or right.

5 Hungry souls that faint and languish
By His bounteous hand are fed,
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the living bread,
Leads them where the precious fountain
From the smitten rock is shed.

6 Trust Him, then, ye fainting pilgrims;
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land
Where, among the ransomed nations,
Ye around His throne shall stand.

164

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

4 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

5 Hallelujah now we cry
To our King immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Hallelujah, with the Son,
God the Father praising;
Hallelujah yet again,
To the Spirit raising.

165

COME, ye lofty, come ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See in Mary's arms reposing
Christ by highest Heaven adored:
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

2 Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3 Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4 High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining;
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise,
Come, ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing;
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts too singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn!
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

166

COME, ye loyal hearts and true,
Bend in adoration;
Greet your King, God's gift to you,
Hail the Incarnation!
Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing,
Glory in the highest,
Answer earth, thy tribute bringing,
Glory in the highest.

2 He is King, but seeks His throne
In the strength of weakness;
Wearing sorrow for His crown,
For His vesture meekness.
Yet the sons of God are singing,
Glory in the highest;
Heaven to earth its homage bringing,
Glory in the highest.

3 Bow the knee, and yield the heart,
To this monarch lowly;
Lord of all, O Christ, Thou art!
Thine we would be wholly.
Till earth's ransomed loudly singing,
'Glory in the highest,'
Lead heaven's chorus, ever bringing
Glory to the Highest.

167

J. Hart

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

168

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

169

COMING, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the wild and scorching desert,
Afric's sons of colour deep;
Jesu's love has drawn and won them,
At His cross they bow and weep.

2 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the fields and crowded cities,
China gathers to His feet;
In His love Shem's gentle children
Now have found a safe retreat.

3 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the Indies and the Ganges,
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wondering theme.

4 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar,
From the steppes of Russia dreary,
From Slavonia's scattered lands,
They are yielding soul and spirit
Into Jesu's loving hands.

5 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their soul's long winter
For the summer of His smile.

6 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet;
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete!

170

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest—'Follow Me.'

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed!
Whom Thou hast joined may none divide,
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

5 With Thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love and reign in light.

171

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes; none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

5 Jesu, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy name to-day.

172

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God, and do the right.

173

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Our frailties help; our vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

174

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love,
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

5 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

6 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

7 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime,
Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Form—the Infinite—
Who lives and loves and saves.

8 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And with the Spirit, through Him given
From yonder glorious throne:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

175

DAY by day the manna fell,
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make that promise mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

5 Oh, to live with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude,
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer!

176

J. Ellerton

DAY by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns to Thee we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, for Jesus' sake, we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace;

7 Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

177

DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts;
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most High.

2 Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.
Holy, holy, holy, &c.

3 While the deepening shadows fall
Heart of love enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.
Holy, holy, holy, &c.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morn arise,
And shadows end.
Holy, holy, holy, &c.

178

DAY of anger, that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay.

2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!

3 When the trumpet shall command
Through the tombs of every land
All before the throne to stand.

4 Death shall shrink and nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make.

5 See the book divinely penned,
In which all is found contained,
Whence the world shall be arraigned.

6 When the Judge is on His throne
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpunished or unknown.

7 What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?

8 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me.

9 Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

10 Thou didst toil my soul to gain,
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;
Be such labour not in vain.

11 Thou just Judge of worth severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.

12 My transgressions grievous are;
Scarce look up for shame I dare;
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare.

13 Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief;
Even I may hope relief.

14 All unworthy is my prayer;
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare.

15 Place me with Thy sheep, that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats, at Thy right hand.

16 When Thy voice in wrath shall say,
'Cursèd ones, depart away,'
Call me with the blest, I pray.

17 Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow:
Broken is my heart and low;
Guard of my last end be Thou.

18 In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray.

179

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons *
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who long for His appearing
Then shall say, this God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,*
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From His face prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,*
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below;
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever *
Shall My love and glory know.'

* Repeat this line in each verse.

180

DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth to ashes burning!

2 Oh what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, Lord Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

15 With Thy favoured sheep oh place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me!

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;

19 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, all-pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest!

181

DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

2 Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came—

3 Whence we came and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Life passeth soon; death draweth near;
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

182

DAYSPRING of Eternity,
Brightness of the Light divine,
As the daylight fills the sky,
Let Thy beams upon us shine,
Scattering with their glorious might
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Lies the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's freshening power
Dry and fainting hearts renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Let Thy fire of love destroy
All our earthly taint and leaven:
Wake our souls to love and joy,
Kindling like the eastern heaven:
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life hath set.

4 Dayspring of eternal skies,
Grant that on Thine Advent-morn,
From the dust our flesh may rise
To a nobler being born,
Strong in heaven its course to run
As the sun.

5 Sorrowing here we seek Thy face;
Guide us with Thy cheering ray:
Lead us, glorious Sun of grace,
To the land of endless day,
Where the joy that bids us rise
Never dies.

183

Whittier

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

184

DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches,
Which always endure:

2 Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth
The arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The fire of Thy presence
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth,
Christ Jesus is Lord!
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.

5 Then loud be their trump,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin;
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh may they illumine
Our spirits within!

6 All honour and praise,
Dominion and might,
To God Three in One
Eternally be;
Who round us hath shed
His marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see!

185

J. Newton.

DOES the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, advance thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee!
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without;
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-tost I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

186

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word,
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

3 There 's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him.
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

5 For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly
And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are new-born Christians;
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

7 Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

187

DRAW nearer, my Saviour; in mercy behold,
And keep me for ever safe, safe in the fold:
More watchful and trusting, oh, help me to be,
More holy, dear Saviour, more faithful to Thee.

2 More humble in spirit, more fervent in prayer,
More cheerful and willing my trials to bear:
More earnest in labour, oh, help me to be,
More holy, dear Saviour, more faithful to Thee.

3 Come, blessèd Redeemer, now dwell in my heart;
My hope and my comfort for ever Thou art;
In all my temptations, oh, help me to be
More holy, dear Saviour, more faithful to Thee.

188

Wesley

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for His coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to Him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is His word;
On His word my soul I cast
(He cannot himself deny),
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall His salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in Thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour in temptation Thou;
Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

189

EACH coming night, O Lord, we see
Another closing stage:
A few short journeys more and we
Shall rest from pilgrimage.

2 As every day renews its needs,
Thy goodness fills our cup;
From stage to stage Thy wisdom leads
And holds our goings up.

3 Thy hand supplies our daily bread,
Our water, Lord, is sure;
By night Thou compassest our bed
And bidst us sleep secure.

4 A Father's blessing give this night,
And so shall we be blest;
No evil will our hearts affright,
No danger break our rest.

5 Within the everlasting arms
Safe folded may we be;
Our slumber shielded from alarms,
Our souls at rest in Thee.

6 And as our sleep is like a death,
So us Thy children keep,
That when we breathe our parting breath
Our death may be a sleep.

190

EACH passing moment claiming
The grace and strength we need,
We would be always naming
The name we love to plead.

2 His holy life forth showing
Along our upward way;
His image in us growing
More life-like day by day.

3 Our very faces beaming
Doxologies unsung;
Our ransomed natures seeming
To heavenly music strung.

4 For ever o'er us streaming
The light of Jesu's love,
In the fair distance gleaming
The pearly gates above.

5 Then in the kingdom bending
Before our Saviour's feet,
Life's dark enigmas ending
In hallelujahs sweet.

6 No trembling notes of sadness:
The rest of faith becomes
A rest in love and gladness—
Eternal glory won.

191

EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from Heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5 Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

192

'EARTH to earth, and dust to dust'—
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head, and tongue, and hand, and heart
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom;
All must moulder in the tomb.

2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey;
Soon he bears us all away.

3 Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the gospel's light;
Thou did'st triumph o'er the grave;
Thou wilt all Thy people save;
Ransomed by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

193

EARTH, with all thy thousand voices,
Praise in songs the eternal King;
Praise His name, whose praise rejoices
Ears that hear, and tongues that sing.
Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling
Earth shall raise the glad acclaim;
All shall kneel, Thy greatness telling,
Sing Thy praise and bless Thy name.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

2 Come and hear the wondrous story,
How our mighty God of old,
In the terrors of His glory,
Back the flowing billows rolled:
Walled within the threatening waters,
Free we passed the upright wave;
Then was joy to Israel's daughters,
Loud they sang His power to save.*

3 Bless the Lord, who ever liveth;
Sound His praise through every land,
Who our dying souls reviveth,
By whose arm upheld we stand.
Now upon this cheerful morrow
We Thine altars will adorn,
And the gifts we vowed in sorrow
Pay on joy's returning morn.*

4 Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
Him who fills the eternal throne:
Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
What our God for us hath done:
When we made our supplication,
When our voice in prayer was strong,
Straight we found His glad salvation,
And His mercy fills our tongue.*

194

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance:
All around and all above,
Bear the record, 'God is love.'

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred:
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, 'God is love.'

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, 'God is love.'

4 But the great Redeemer's birth,
All He did and said on earth,
All His agonies and woes,
All the gifts His hand bestows,
All His pleadings now above,
Loudly publish, 'God is love.'

195

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon His heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on His brow,
The saints are at His feet.
There with the glorified,
Safe by our Saviour's side,
We shall be satisfied
By and by!

2 In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.
There with the glorified, &c.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.
There with the glorified, &c.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessèd help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky!
There with the glorified, &c.

196

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

197

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

198

ERE each morning breaketh
I would see Thy face,
Jesus! blessèd Saviour!
Jesus! King of grace.
For my thirsty spirit
Longs to drink again
Of the living river
Flowing through the plain.

2 Hark how sweet the music
As it dashes by,
Clear and fresh as ever
In its melody;
From the crystal city,
From the throne on high,
It has leaped to succour
Sinners, lest they die.

3 Flowing where the desert
Looks most parched and bare,
There its shining wavelets
Sparkle everywhere:
We, with dying thousands,
Would again partake
Of this crystal river;
It our thirst can slake.

4 It the drooping pastures
Can refresh and bless,
And with fragrant blossoms
Clothe the wilderness:
O Thou living Spirit,
Give us of Thy dew!
Then our souls, like gardens,
Will yield fruit anew.

199

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Merciful and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

7 So whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

200

ETERNAL Father, hear, we pray,
Thy children's hymn at close of day;
Thou dost not with the sun decline,
For day and night alike are Thine.

2 Thou makest daylight dark with night,
The shades of death with morning bright;
Yet wilt Thou to Thy children prove
Unclouded light, unchanging love.

3 Unrestful, eager, still we chafe
Against Thy bidding; only safe
When quiet in Thy hand we lie,
Or walk directed by Thine eye.

4 So would we walk, so would we rest,
By day and night of Thee possessed,
By nought endangered, nought dismayed,
With Thee for sun, and Thee for shade.

5 O Thou, whose love throughout this day
Hath cheered our hearts, and fenced our way,
Now let Thy presence round us close,
And hush our souls in sweet repose.

201

W. Whiting

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

202

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God,—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

203

ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
Revive them with Thy breath.

2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distrest,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it in each heart,
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

204

EVENING shades are falling
O'er each pilgrim band;
Loving tones are calling
To the better land.

2 While the shadows gather
O'er life's rugged way,
Saviour, do Thou bless us,
Turn our night to day.

3 Let Thy glory guide us,
Hold Thy banner high;
Ill can ne'er betide us
If the Lord be nigh.

4 Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Thou the path hast trod,
Safely lead Thy children
To the rest of God.

5 But a little longer
We shall journey here;
Gracious Spirit, bless us,
Ever be Thou near.

6 Hark, the heavenly voices
Ever sweetly sing
Of the golden city
And the gracious King.

7 Lord of life and glory,
When our toils are past,
Bring Thy weary pilgrims
To that home at last.

205

EVENSONG is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh:
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, God most high.
Thou who in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
Treading the path of life-long toil,
And weary of pain and sin,
We look for the city with streets of gold,
Where all is peace within.

2 How are we to reach that city,
Whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
By a life of doing well:
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away;
He will take us to the sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
Treading the path, &c.

3 There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh:
Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
Son of Mary, God most high.
Treading the path, &c.

206

EVERY morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail,
And as we confess the sin,
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendour burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

207

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There 's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
But the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There 's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There 's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

208

FADING like a lifetime ends another day:
Bend in mercy, Jesu, hear us as we pray.
The morn's fair childhood 's long since fled,
The noon's strong manhood too is dead,
And evening, like old age, is here,
And midnight's stroke is near.
Fading, surely fading, dies another day:
Its solemn voice to each doth say,
Life glides away!

2 Just beyond the nightfall comes another day:
Thou in glory thronèd, hear us as we pray.
The grave is not the end of all,
Our souls shall hear a trumpet-call—
The summons to a grander state,
When faith's reward is great.
From beyond death's nightfall shines another day:
If ye would live, faith hears it say,
Love, work, and pray!

209

FAINT not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the word of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, thy Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
'Tis the Father's voice of love,
Sent to draw thy heart above.

6 Faint not, Christian! rest is near;
Christ from heaven will soon appear;
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the crown of life.

210

'FAINT, yet pursuing,' we press our way
Up to the glorious gates of day;
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.
'Faint, yet pursuing,' from day to day,
Over the thorny and blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour Friend,
Ever pursuing unto life's end.

2 'Faint, yet pursuing,' whate'er befall;
He who has died for us, died for all:
So should they come as a mighty throng,
Bearing His banner aloft with song.
'Faint, yet pursuing,' &c.

3 'Faint, yet pursuing,' till eventide,
Under the cross of the Crucified;
Knowing, when darkly are skies o'er-cast,
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.
'Faint, yet pursuing,' &c.

4 'Faint, yet pursuing:' the eye afar
Sees through the darkness the Morning Star,
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,
Lighting the way to the golden street.
'Faint, yet pursuing,' &c.

211

FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord;
The rest He gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

212

FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

2 **Hold me fast and guide me**
In the narrow way,
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

3 Daily bring me nearer
To the heavenly shore;
May Thy love grow dearer,
May I love Thee more.

4 Hallow every pleasure,
Sanctify my pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

5 Give me joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness,
I with Thee may share.

6 Day by day prepare me,
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.

213

FAR down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new!

2 'Tis the same story still,
Of sin and weariness;
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
'Tis the old sorrow still,
The brier and the thorn,
And 'tis the same old solace yet,
The hope of coming morn.

3 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.
No lighter is the load
Beneath whose weight we cry,
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,
Nor less our enemy.

4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.
Nor less we feel the blank
Of earth's still absent King,
Whose presence is of all our bliss
The everlasting spring.

5 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

214

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.'

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast,
Oh guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

215

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

7 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

216

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

217

FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence ~~beneath~~ before Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 Oh! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 Oh! by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh! by that love which every love excels,
Oh! by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

218

FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings,
Oh may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

3 Here where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And serve Thee e'en as they;
With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own;
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone!

219

FATHER, by Thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Grant Thy children sweet repose:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, we through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

3 Holy Spirit, breath of balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

4 Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O Gód, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let Thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

220

FATHER, from Thy throne on high,
Look on us with pitying eye;
Hear Thine erring children's cry;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Life is short, the world is vain,
Hours ill spent come not again;
Still Thy creatures we remain;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Memories of wasted days,
Sinful deeds and selfish ways,
Now uprising, cloud our gaze;
Spare us, O our Father.

4 Lord, our hearts are full of sin,
Fear and darkness reign within,
Let Thy work of grace begin;
Save us, O our Father.

5 We have not a word to say;
Thou hast seen our sinful way,
Turning from Thee every day;
Save us, O our Father.

6 For the past neglect of years,
Fill us with heart-searching fears;
Give us penitential tears;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Some have fallen from Thy grace,
Wearied in their heavenward race;
May they now their steps retrace!
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Some are sunk in deadly sin,
With no spark of love within;
In their souls Thy work begin;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Some are weak and some are sad,
Some have lost what joy they had;
With true comfort make them glad;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Grant us all our sins to flee,
Draw us by Thy love to Thee,
Thine, for ever Thine, to be;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Father, let us know Thy love,
All Thy pardoning mercy prove,
Till we reach Thy home above;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

221

Waring

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

7 There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a constant need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

222

FATHER, in all my comforts here
Thy gracious hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 When gladness wings the favoured hour,
Thy love my breast shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

4 My lifted eyes without a tear,
The threatening cloud shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
Because it rests on Thee.

5 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

223

FATHER in heaven, who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

224

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of Thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, 'Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!'

5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon Thy love.

8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

225

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! wither shall I go?

2 What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Saviour, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
Now all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this, the accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face!
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

226

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou would'st have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify Thy Name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

227

FATHER of all, to Thee
With loving hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mercy given,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
From Heaven, Thy Throne, in mercy shed
Thy blessings on each bended head.

2 Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

3 Father of all, to Thee
We breathe the unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.

4 Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to Thee.

228

FATHER of all! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:

2 Thou by Thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed,
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

3 In heaven Thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

4 Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine;
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail the sovereign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns: be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

229

E. Cooper.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

230

FATHER of life, confessing
Thy majesty and power,
We seek Thy gracious blessing
To greet the bridal hour.
The troth in Eden plighted
The wedded here renew;
May they, in Thee united,
Till death be pure and true.

2 Jesu, Redeemer, hear us!
Still be the wedding Guest;
Thy gentle Presence near us
Makes common things more blest;
E'en care shall be a learning
Of blessedness divine,
If Thou wilt still be turning
The water into wine.

3 Spirit of Love, descending,
Impart Thy joy and peace,
These hopes together blending,
Bless with Thine own increase.
Athwart the roughened ocean,
Or on the peaceful tide,
Thy breath through each emotion
Their heavenward course shall guide.

4 The Church, Thy Bride, hath given
Her blessing on the vow;
Oh, ratify from Heaven
Her benison below.
Bless, Father, Son and Spirit,
The union here begun,
That in the life eternal
It may be ever one.

231

Rawson

FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,—
Bless us to-night!

2 Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of holiness,
Gentle, transforming grace,
Indwelling light!
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night.

232

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise.
Or if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

233

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these cœlestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

234

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the cœlestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord, of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to Thy call;
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if Thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the cœlestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

235

FATHER, throned on high,
Thou to us art nigh;
With the heavenly hosts before Thee,
We in spirit would adore Thee,
And with rapture raise
Hymns of love and praise.

2 O Eternal Word,
Our Incarnate Lord,
We to Thee thanksgiving render,
Thee Thy people's strong Defender,
And as Sovereign own
None but Thee alone.

3 Spirit of all grace,
Source of holiness,
Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest;
'Tis by Thee we live;
Praise to Thee we give.

4 Had we angel-tongues,
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
Triune God, we would adore Thee
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

236

FATHER, to Thee I come,
Owning how weak I am,
Grant Thy sustaining arm; lead me, I pray.

2 More of Thy love I'd have;
Nearer to Thee would live;
Earnest heart service give, day after day.

3 In the straight narrow path,
Thou bidd'st me walk by faith;
Oh, grant the grace that hath aided alway.

4 When I shall tempted be,
Nothing but clouds can see,
Strengthen my trust in Thee; let me not stray.

5 When comes that final night,
Ere faith is changed to sight,
Be Thou the perfect light, leading to day.

237

FIERCE and wild the storm is raging
Round a helpless bark;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark!
Joy! O joy! behold the Saviour!
Joy! O joy! the message hear!
'I'll stand by until the morning;
I've come to save you; do not fear!'
Yes, 'I'll stand by until the morning;
I've come to save you; do not fear!'

2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen
Fainting on the deck,
With what joy they hail their Saviour,
As He hails the wreck!
Joy! O joy! behold the Saviour, &c.

3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish, heed the message!—
Christ has come to save!
Joy! O joy! behold the Saviour, &c.

4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
He in love has come;
Leave the wreck! and in Him trusting,
Thou shalt reach thy home!
Joy! O joy! behold the Saviour, &c.

238

G. Thring

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'Oh, save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still!'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still!'

239

J.M. Neale

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white.
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the God of God,
'Peace, it is I!'*

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can never be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
'Peace, it is I!'*

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Smooth Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
'Peace, it is I!'*

240

J.Monsell

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

241

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonders of the love divine.

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* Repeat this line.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner, wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

242

Walsham How

FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest:
Hallelujah! *

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light:
Hallelujah! *

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold!
Hallelujah! *

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:
Hallelujah! *

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah! *

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest:
Hallelujah! *

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way:
Hallelujah! *

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah! *

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* Repeat this word in each verse.

243

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee their Lord in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath,
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

244

'FOR ever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of Thy faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

6 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour—
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower—
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more: 'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be.

245

'FOR My sake and the gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story';
His heralds answer, 'Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!'
They preach His birth, His life, His cross,
The love of His atonement,
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

2 Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Day-spring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

3 Still on and on the anthems spread
Of hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.

4 He comes, whose Advent trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Immanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever!

246

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the splendour of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

6 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

247

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

3 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

4 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
Thy hyssop of the wall.

5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

7 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

8 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
To Him glad songs of triumph
Thy ransomed people raise.

9 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day,
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away.

248

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

249

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Lo, our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And forgetting all the past,
Press toward our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard to fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for Thy promised crown.

7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

250

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching day by day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of will,
And, like Thee, by fast and prayer
Wrestle with the powers of ill?

4 What if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh and spirit shall assail?
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

5 Watching, praying, struggling thus,
Victory ours at last shall be;
Angels minister to us
As they ministered to Thee.

6 Only may we hear Thy voice,
Only cling, Lord, to Thy side;
That with Thee we may rejoice
At the eternal Eastertide.

251

'FORWARD' be our watchword, steps and voices joined,
Seeking things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking by Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert, through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us gleams the Father's face:
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
Forward out of error; leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness; forward into light.

4 Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward, where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

5 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the streets with gold;
Flows the gladdening river, shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.

6 To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
To the Lord, Jehovah, blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done:
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph; forward into light.

252

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

3 Spring in its sweetness, Lord, was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gavest beaming suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A fruitful harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Thy bounty never fails.

253

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

254

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

255

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain:
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy:
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict 's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more:
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

4 There in cœlestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there:
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest:
Hallelujah! *
We are on our way to God.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

256

H. Stowell

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

257

FROM glory unto glory!
Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway
We bravely march along!
From glory unto glory!
O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness
Of another glad New Year.

2 From glory unto glory!
What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us,
What triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory!
What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid
His own so freely down!

3 The fulness of His blessing
Encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises
Crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
The fulness of His love.

4 From glory unto glory!
O marvels of the word!
With open face beholding
The glory of the Lord;
We, even we—O wondrous grace!—
Are changed into the same,
The image of our Saviour,
To glorify His Name.

5 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

6 Oh, let our adoration
For all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, deep, and true;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

7 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

258

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

259

FROM heavenly Jerusalem's towers
The path through the desert they trace,
And every affliction they suffered
Redounds to the glory of grace;
Their look they cast back on the tempests,
On fears, on grim death and the grave,
Rejoicing that now they're in safety,
Through Him that is mighty to save.

2 And we, from the wilds of the desert,
Shall flee to the land of the blest;
Our souls, from their wanderings weary,
In the bosom of Jesus shall rest;
There we shall find refuge eternal
From sin, from affliction, from pain,
And in the sweet love of the Saviour
A joy without end shall attain.

260

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.
Light of Life that shinedst,
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Life, &c.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, &c.

4 Gather in the outcasts
Who have gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Or have wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, &c.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, &c.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Life that shinedst,
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

261

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak:
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek:
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me, for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! He comes; He heeds my plea;
Lo! He comes; the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

262

GENTLY, Lord! oh, gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 Oh, refresh us with Thy blessing,
Oh, refresh us with Thy grace;
May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for Thy dwelling-place.

3 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,—
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

4 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

5 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest
Till, by angel hands attended,
We awake among the blest.

6 Then, oh, crown us with Thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of Thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing
Echo through Thy dwelling-place.

263

GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
Ascend Thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage Thy holy war.
Before His wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys, rise,
And sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under Thy banners move,
And seek from Thee redress:
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense Thy laws.

3 Before Thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of Thy grace—
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

4 Here to my willing soul
Bend Thy triumphant way,
Here every foe control,
And all Thy power display.
My heart Thy throne,
Blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to Thee,
To Thee alone.

264

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the great cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

265

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

266

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

267

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

268

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,*
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,*
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring!
Glory, glory,*
To the King of Glory bring!

4 'Glory, blessing, praise eternal!'
Thus the choir of angels sings;
'Honour, riches, power, dominion!'
Thus its praise creation brings.
Glory, glory,*
Glory to the King of kings!

* Repeat this line in each verse.

269

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for us the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood we find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion,
Terror-struck departs.

6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder
Praise the Lamb of God.

270

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply;
Praise ye His Name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And praise Him evermore;
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His Name:
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great Name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His Name,
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His Name:
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great Name:
To Him ascribèd be
Honour and majesty
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

271

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

272

GLORY to Thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

273

GOD be with you till we meet again!—
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! . . .
Till we meet at Jesus' feet; . . .
Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! . . .
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c.

3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c.

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! &c.

274

GOD from on high hath heard;
Let sighs and sorrows cease:
Lo, from the opening heaven
Descends the promised peace!

2 Hark, through the silent night
Angelic voices swell:
The hosts of heaven proclaim
God, born on earth to dwell.

3 Now with the shepherd band
Speed on with eager feet:
Come seek the hallowed cave
The holy Babe to greet.

4 But, oh, what sight appears
Within that lowly door!
Behold a manger rude,
A Child and mother poor.

5 Art Thou the Christ, the Son,
Of Light the very Light,
Who holdest in Thine hand
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils Thy glory now;
And hail Thee God and Lord,
To whom all creatures bow.

7 Faith sees the sapphire throne,
Where angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

8 Jesu, Thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

9 Once born within us, Lord,
By that pure love of Thine,
Keep Thou each contrite heart
Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

275

GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Saviour's conquering love.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,—
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

276

GOD is Love; by Him upholden,
Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,*
God is Love, and God is Light.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove,
Her glad story,*
God is Might, and God is Love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story;*
God is Love, and God is Life.

4 Through that precious love He sought us
Wandering from His holy ways;
With that precious life He bought us:
Then let all our future days
Tell this story:*
Love is Life—our lives be praise.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

5 Gladsome is the theme and glorious,
Praise to Christ our gracious Head;
Christ, the risen Christ, victorious
Earth and hell hath captive led.
Welcome story! *
Love lives on, and Death is dead.

6 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move
Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,*
God is Life, and God is Love.

277

GOD is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

278

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His faithfulness and power.

279

GOD is working His purpose out,
As year succeeds to year:
God is working His purpose out,
And the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

2 From utmost East to utmost West,
Where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers
Goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents—
Ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

3 What can we do to work God's work,
To prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—
The reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

4 March we forth in the strength of God,
With the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth
May shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin,
To set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

5 All we can do is nothing worth,
Unless God blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
Till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

280

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me!
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
Oh, 'twas love, &c.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
Oh, 'twas love, &c.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
Oh, 'twas love, &c.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.
Oh, 'twas love, &c.

281

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

282

GOD of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
While our feeble voices sing
Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings from Thy hand,
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

2 God, our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

3 God the Saviour, Thee we bless
For Thy life of righteousness;
For Thy cross and death of shame,
Infant voices bless Thy name;
Should our tongues no praises bring,
Stones would find a voice to sing.
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

4 God the Spirit, Thee we praise
For Thy sanctifying grace;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart;
For the Word, inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

5 Great, eternal Three in One,
Hear, oh hear us from Thy throne!
We are children of a day—
Like the flowers we pass away;
Yet Thy power can bid us rise
To adorn Thy paradise.
God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

283

GOD of love, and God of might,
God of truth, and God of light,
Heart and voice we would unite,
Giving praise to Thee.

2 With the sweets of morning's balm,
With the hush of evening's calm,
Fervent hymn and holy psalm
Rise continually.

3 We adore Thee, God most high,
We Thy mercy magnify;
On Thy word our souls rely,
Trusting peacefully.

4 We have heard Thy words of cheer
On our pilgrim journey here;
We have known Thy presence near,
Shining constantly.

284

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

285

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live:
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

286

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry;
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet.

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know,
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul—
Hope till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll.

287

GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 And oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

288

Cowper.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

289

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head.

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay,
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

290

GOD of our Fatherland,
Stretch forth Thy glorious hand
And shield our isle!
Beautiful, brave, and free,
As her own guardian sea,
May she for ever be
Under Thy smile!

2 O God, the King of kings,
Spread Thou Thy sheltering wings
Over our throne!
Blest in his people's love,
Thrice blessèd from above,
Safe as a cherished dove,
God keep His own!

3 Still be Thy Gospel's light
Shining by day and night
Buckler and sword:
And where our fathers prayed,
None making them afraid,
Vouchsafe Thy mighty aid:
Help us, O Lord!

4 Great Father of us all,
On Thee Thy children call,
Save and defend!
May we be one in Thee,
Knit as one family,
One for eternity,
World without end!

291

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we, as Thy people, meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

292

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine:—we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee!

293

GOD, our hope and strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh:
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

2 Let them roar, his awful surges,—
Let them boil—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges:
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still.

3 Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent:
God is there, a strong salvation,
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away:
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock and stay.
Come, behold Him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Scaring, wasting earth below;
How He knapped the spear in sunder,
How He brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war-chariots
Burn before Him, quenched as tow.

6 'Silence—for the Almighty know Me;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch below Me!'
Lord of hosts, we know Thee nigh:
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our rock on high.

294

GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him,
God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His name for ever!

2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding;
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
'Holy, holy, holy!'
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit;
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Like the holy angels,
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts cœlestial.

4 Jesus, dwell within me:
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary;
Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
May this hope
Bear me up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour.

295

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

296

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This live-long night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still whate'er befall us
Thy will obey.
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
The live-long day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

297

GOD the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy way of blessedness, slighted Thy word:
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored:
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So shall Thy children in thankful devotion
Laud Him who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
'Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.'

298

Part 1.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part 2.

10 By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part 3.

16 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

24 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

299

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted—
Ocean-floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted;
Now they burst upon the shore:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity:
Of Thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

300

GO forward, Christian soldier!
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love appoints thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host be vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth
Thy dangers all are past:
Pray that the arm of Jesus
May keep thee to the last!

301

Go, labour on; spend, and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labour on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

5 Go, labour on; while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

6 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

7 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

8 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

302

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended,
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Has gone up on high.
All His work is ended, &c.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended, &c.

303

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh! 'tis a blessèd thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

5 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

304

GOOD Thou art and good Thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
And for Thy mercy call;
New they every morning are,
As fathers when their children cry,
Us Thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves, and still provides
For all Thy hands have made;
Keeps with most distinguished care
The man who on Thy love depends;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of Thy redeeming grace;
Grace that gave Thine only Son
To save a ruined race?
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesus' sake forgiven,
Made them of Thy favour sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more Thou ready art
To save and to forgive;
Every soul and every heart
Of man Thou wouldst receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou hast pardoned me.

305

GO thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth,
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies and gold and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon His altar
A morning sacrifice.

306

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

307

GO when the morning shineth;
Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth;
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling;
Fling earthly cares away;
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all.
Oh not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

308

Doddridg

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

309

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be:
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

310

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

311

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine,
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove;
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to the courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

312

GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee again
We humbly now present, in joyous strain,
Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.

2 To Thee, in whom we live and move, we come
To praise Thee for the sheaves brought safely home,
With harvest-tide thanksgiving.

3 Thou dost prepare the corn, and year by year
Within Thine house, O Lord, will we appear
With harvest-tide thanksgiving.

4 Thine was the former and the latter rain,
Enriching earth, and calling forth again
The harvest-tide thanksgiving.

5 Thou openest wide once more Thy bounteous hand,
And far and wide ascends from all the land
Glad harvest-tide thanksgiving.

6 Thou fillest all that live with plenteousness,
They in return Thy sacred name all bless,
In harvest-tide thanksgiving.

7 Thy clouds drop fatness on the teeming earth,
Accept these festal songs of reverent mirth,
This harvest-tide thanksgiving.

8 The year is crowned with goodness, Lord, by Thee,
Then meet it is that we should offer Thee
The harvest-tide thanksgiving.

9 On every side, both hills and dales rejoice,
On every side sounds forth the grateful voice
Of harvest-tide thanksgiving.

10 For all Thy blessings, Lord, our thanks we sing,
We all, who sow and reap, together bring
Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.

313

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
And mercy crowns its lingering close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

314

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

315

GREAT King of kings, why dost Thou stay?
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way?
Why lingers the expected day?
Thy kingdom come!

2 Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;
From death and chains this world set free:
Thy kingdom come!

3 O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness:
Thy kingdom come!

4 Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway;
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day:
Thy kingdom come!

5 Oh, bid Thy blessèd gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know:
Thy kingdom come!

316

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
'Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.'

317

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

2 Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
But love alone shall then remain
When this short day is gone:
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:
Great God Triune, the increase give,
And these Thy gifts by which we live
With heavenly glory crown.

318

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

319

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,*
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,*
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises*
I will ever give to Thee.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

320

HAIL, holy day, most blest, most dear!
When death's dark region, sad and drear,
Those strange mysterious sounds did hear,
'The Lord is risen.'

2 The Holy Captive's bonds are riven,
To Him the keys of death are given;
Be glad, O earth, and shout, O heaven,
'The Lord is risen.'

3 Shall this triumphant theme inspire
Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,
And I not sing with such a choir
'The Lord is risen'?

4 Yet not for them His life He gave;
He did not die their souls to save;
It is for man that from the grave
'The Lord is risen.'

5 For man He left His glorious throne,
For man to death's dark realm went down;
And now to heaven, for man alone,
'The Lord is risen.'

321

HAIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free:
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

6 All earthly things appear to fade
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

7 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing—when songs on earth have ceased—
With saints above.

8 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of the endless day
Of rest in heaven.

322

HAIL, sweet Babe, so pure and holy!
Hail, fair Son of Mary blest!
Royal Infant! in a manger
Thou art gently laid to rest.*

2 Filled with awe and tender rapture,
Tears of joy Thy mother weeps,
Through the night Thy foster-father
By Thee faithful vigil keeps.*

3 Hovering o'er the hallowed stable
Choirs of angels carols sing,
Glory, glory in the highest,
Hail to Thee, O Christ our King.*

4 Shepherds, leave your flocks, and hasten
To adore, on bended knee:
Wrapped in swaddling clothes your Saviour,
Israel's Shepherd, ye shall see.*

5 Children, year by year with gladness
Keep Christ's birthday feast anew,
Sing His praise with loving voices,
Who was born a babe for you.*

6 Hail, sweet Baby, Child of Mary,
Hail, King David's royal Son,
Singing carols round Thy cradle,
We adore Thee, Holy One.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

323

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Hallelujah!
To His throne above the skies!
Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Hallelujah!
Re-ascends His native heaven.
Hallelujah!

2 There for Him high triumph waits:
Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Hallelujah!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Hallelujah!
Take the King of glory in.
Hallelujah!

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Hallelujah!
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Hallelujah!
Conqueror over death and sin,
Hallelujah!
Take the King of glory in.
Hallelujah!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Hallelujah!
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne,
Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Hallelujah!

5 See, He lifts His hands above;
Hallelujah!
See, He shows the prints of love:
Hallelujah!

Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Hallelujah!
Blessings on His church below.
Hallelujah!

6 Still for us His death He pleads,
Hallelujah!
Prevalent He intercedes,
Hallelujah!
Near Himself prepares our place,
Hallelujah!
He, the firstfruits of our race.
Hallelujah!

7 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Hallelujah!
High above yon azure height,
Hallelujah!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Hallelujah!
Following Thee beyond the skies.
Hallelujah!

8 Ever upward let us move,
Hallelujah!
Wafted on the wings of love;
Hallelujah!
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Hallelujah!
Longing for our heavenly home.
Hallelujah!

9 There we shall with Thee remain,
Hallelujah!
Partners of Thine endless reign;
Hallelujah!
There Thy face unclouded see,
Hallelujah!
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.
Hallelujah!

324

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams:
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessèd day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthened hence we run our race.

3 Great Creator! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

4 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

5 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

6 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

7 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love:
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

325

HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All ours sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

326

HAIL! Thou Source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind,
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

3 Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temples seek Thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

327

HAIL to another year,
The year that now begins!
All hail to Him who led us here,
Through dangers and through sins!

2 Hail to another year!
Peace to the year that's past!
May this one, at its close, appear
Less worthless than the last.

3 Hail to another year!
Ere half its race is sped,
Ourselves, with all we treasure here,
May rest among the dead.

4 Hail to another year!
Though yet unknown, untrod,
Whate'er may come, we need not fear,
If friends, through Christ, with God.

5 Hail to another year,
A year of peace and love!
Oh may it prove a foretaste here
Of endless years above!

328

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

2 Lo! in the desert the rich flowers are springing,
Rivers abundant are gliding along;
Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
Wastes break in verdure and mingle in song.
Hear from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,
Hushed be the tumult of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

329

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

330

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise,
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise!
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn :
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen ; we are risen ;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with Thee.

5 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high ;
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory ;
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity ;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty !

331

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !
Sing His praises loud and clear ;
Hallelujah ! He is coming,
Shout the tidings, 'Christ is near !'
He, the Saviour, Lord of glory,
Who for us salvation won ;
He, the mighty, mighty Conqueror,
He, the everlasting Son.

2 He the Lord of all the ages,
He who arched the gleaming skies ;
Yet who walked a lonely Stranger,
Full of loving sympathies,
Ever waiting upon weakness,
Knowing grief and every loss ;
Dying crushed and crowned with sorrow,
Bearing sin upon the cross.

3 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise for all Thou hast endured ;
Hallelujah ! for the triumph
Thou, O Saviour, hast secured :
So we praise Thee, Lord of glory ;
Yea, with all our powers we sing,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praises to the coming King !

332

HALLELUJAH ! Sing to Jesus !
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Hallelujah ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark ! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood :
'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood !'

2 Hallelujah ! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Hallelujah ! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—
'I am with you evermore' ?

3 Hallelujah ! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay ;
Hallelujah ! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Hallelujah! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Hallelujah! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

333

HALLELUJAH! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy;
Hallelujah! song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

2 Hallelujah! church victorious,
Thou may'st lift this joyful strain:
Hallelujah! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train;
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn:
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We, with tears, our sin must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

334

HAPPY soul that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care;
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 Oh that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
On His only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Saviour ever near,
All His care rejoice to prove,
All His paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live;—

4 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
Oh that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

335

HARK! a voice! it cries from heaven,
'Happy in the Lord who die!'
Happy they to whom 'tis given
From a world of grief to fly;
They indeed are truly blest;
From their labours then they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;
Oh what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see Him face to face,
Him who saved them by His grace.

3 'Tis enough, enough for ever;
'Tis His people's bright reward;
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord!
Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose!

336

HARK, creation's Hallelujah,
Rising from a thousand shores,
Vibrates sweet as angel voices,
Loud as many waters, roars,—
'Blessing, glory, power, salvation
To our God upon the throne,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Infinite, supreme, alone.'

2 On and on, from dawn to sunset,
Borne on every changeful wind,
From the myriad-minded peoples
Of the hoary climes of Ind,
From the ransomed sons of Afric,
From old Sinim's crowded lands,
From the freeborn wanderers roaming
Araby's unconquered sands.

3 From the coasts of ice to regions
Where perpetual summer smiles,
From the sunny-hearted children
Of the far Pacific isles,
From the numbers without number
Of rejoicing Christendom,
From the watchers for His advent
Who will soon to Zion come;

4 Gathering strength from every nation,
Every kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Hark, that everlasting anthem,
Hark that glorious tide of song,
Floods the valleys with its music,
Echoes from the lasting hills,
Onward, upward, till the temple
Of the living God it fills.

5 Hark, it mingles with the raptures
Of the armies of the sky,
Who have passed through tribulation
Into perfect rest on high,
Clothed in robes of spotless beauty,
Palms of triumph in their hand,
Harping on their harps Hosannas,
As before His face they stand:

6 'Glory unto Him who loved us,
Him who washed us with His blood,
Kings and priests henceforth for ever
To our Father and our God.
Hallelujah! saints and angels,
Raise your loudest loftiest strains:
Hallelujah! hell is vanquished:
God the Lord Almighty reigns.'

337

Faber

HARK, hark my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.*

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

5 Angels, sing on; your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

338

HARK, hark! the merry Christmas bells
Are chiming sweet and clear;
Oh, welcome, welcome, festive day,
The brightest of the year!
Chime on, for Christ the Lord has come;
Ring out o'er hills and dells;
Chime on a glad and grateful peal,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

2 Let every living creature wake
And hail His glorious birth,
Who came from heaven, the Prince of Peace,
To bring glad news to earth.
Chime on, for Christ the Lord has come;
Ring out o'er hills and dells;
Chime on a glad and grateful peal,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

3 All glory be to God on high,
Let every soul proclaim,
Goodwill and peace to man below,
Through Christ our Saviour's name!
Chime on, for Christ the Lord has come;
Ring out o'er hills and dells;
Chime on a glad and grateful peal,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

339

HARK! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing our great Creator's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Ye heavens and earth rejoice!
And every heart and voice
Your joyous strains upraise
In notes of endless praise
Before His Throne for ever.

2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the praise of Christ our King,
Both rich and poor uniting;
Who left His throne on high,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him for ever!

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting;
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher
We join the heavenly choir
Before His Throne for ever.

340

HARK! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God,
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh,
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

341

Cowper

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

342

Doddridge

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour cœlestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

343

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

344

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard:
This the day of days most holy,
Day in which new joys were given,
Not in part alone, but wholly,
To the wide world under heaven.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth:
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

3 God of God, ere ages hoary,
Now is born of purest Maid;
In the heavens is boundless glory,
On the earth is peace displayed:
All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfil.

4 On this day then through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
'God with us,' with song and shout.
See the powers of hell are broken,
Fierce and tyrannous and wild;
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the new-born Child.

5 Christ who framed the earth and heaven,—
Such the Word's creative power,—
Who alone the law hath given
That upholds them hour by hour;
Grant to us of His great pity
Pardon for our guilt and sin;
Grant us in the heavenly city
Peace and rest and life to win.

345

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

346

Thor. Isworth

HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr, and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood:
Mocked, afflicted, scourged, imprisoned,
Stoned, tormented, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Immanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

347

HARK! the voice eternal
Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers
All the angel-throng
Hail Creation's morning
With one burst of song.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity:
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendour
Of that opening day.
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

6 Jesu! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honour
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

348

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer? gladly saying,
Here am I; send me, send me!

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do!
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
Here am I; send me, send me!

349

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
'It is finished,'*
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 'It is finished.' Oh, what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
'It is finished;'*
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finished all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
'It is finished;'*
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel's name.
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Hallelujah! *
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

350

HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake;
Jesus Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake:
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our Lord's command;
Watch, brethren, watch:
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

3 Heed we the Master's call,
Work, brethren, work;
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work:
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray;
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray:
Sin calls for ceaseless fear;
Weakness needs the strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise;
Thrice holy is the Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise:
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise.

351

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding in the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
'Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

2 'Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 'Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"'
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

352

HAST Thou not a blessing for me,
For me, Thy sinful child?
Although I've wandered far from Thee,
O'er deserts waste and wild.

2 My heart is all defiled with sin,
But Jesus, He has died:
Oh, cleanse me in the precious blood
That flowed from His dear side.

3 My Saviour intercedes for me
Before Thy throne on high:
Oh, look upon His precious blood,
And save me, or I die.

4 My Father, bless Thy feeble child,
And fill me with Thy love;
And may Thy Holy Spirit fit
Me for Thy fold above.

5 Oh yes! Thou hast a blessing for me!
A blessing for me, for me;
Oh, yes! Thou hast a blessing for me,
A blessing even for me.

353

HAVE mercy on us, God most High,
Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity.

2 Most ancient of all mysteries,
Before Thy throne we lie;
Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love,
Most Holy Trinity.

3 How wonderful creation is,
The work which Thou didst bless;
'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,
Divine Almightiness.

4 How beautiful the angels are,
Thy saints, in radiant dress,
They're but the shadow of Thy light,
Eternal Loveliness.

5 Infinite Goodness, Thou art dear
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art.

6 O glorious in Thy holiness,
Our souls to Thee would fly;
Give them the wings of faith and love
Our God to sanctify.

7 Most ancient of all mysteries,
Low at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

354

HEAD of Thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The love divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

355

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now,
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

356

Cowper.

HEAL us, Immanuel; hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;—
'Lord, I believe!' with tears he cried;
'Oh help my belief!'

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may:
Oh send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away.

357

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry;
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! He comes to keep His word,
Light and joy His looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet Him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth His mourners cheer;
Lo! He brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel Him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all His promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down
With all His saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see Him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to His word?
Which of you dares meet His day?—
Rise, and come to judgment! Lord,
We rise, and come away.

358

HEAR us, O Saviour, while we pray,
Humbly our need confessing:
Grant us the promised showers to-day—
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Send showers of blessing;
Send showers refreshing;
Send us showers of blessing:
Send them, Lord, we pray!

2 Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call,
Boldly Thy throne addressing;
Pleading that showers of grace may fall—
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Send showers of blessing, &c.

3 Trusting Thy word that cannot fail,
Master, we claim Thy promise;
Oh that our faith may now prevail—
Send us the showers, O Lord!
Send showers of blessing, &c.

359

HEAR us, Thou that broodedst
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine.
Light and Life Immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life, &c.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet,
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life, &c.

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life, &c.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Life and Light, &c.

360

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now!
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away,
Hear and heal me now, I pray.
Bless me now! bless me now!
Heavenly Father, bless me now!

2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!
Bless me now, &c.

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break:
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
Bless me now, &c.

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.
Bless me now, &c.

361

HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May They all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness,
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love;
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

362

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to Thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that Thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come,
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 Ye that tremble at His frown,
He shall lift your hands cast down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest His truth should fail;
Jesus is unchangeable.

4 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
He shall come and save you too:
We, O Lord, have found Thee true.
Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to Thee;
Dumb, for Thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and lo! we leap for joy.

5 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
Water at Thy word gushed out,
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness:
Still we gasp Thy grace to know!
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool;
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

363

J. Conder

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Lord, uphold me day by day:
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares
Care for me in all my cares.

4 All I ask for is—enough:
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.

6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

364

HE expecteth, He expecteth!
Down the stream of time,
Still the words come softly ringing
Like a chime.

2 Oft-times faint, now waxing louder
As the hour draws near,
When the King, in all His glory,
Shall appear.

3 He is waiting with long patience
For His crowning day,
For that kingdom which shall never
Pass away.

4 And till every tribe and nation
Bow before His throne,
He expecteth loyal service
From His own.

5 He expecteth—but He heareth
Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions, 'Come and help us,
For we die.'

6 He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents
Of despair?

7 Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies—

8 Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied!

365

HE is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor;
But upon His cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him,
And the sceptre in His hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

4 He is coming, He is coming;
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

366

HE is gone. A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone. And we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone. We heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone. Towards the goal
World and church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

5 He is gone. But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

6 He is gone. But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

367

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed,
Where but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour:
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He, who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
How but through Him, that path who trod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

368

HE leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.
He leadeth me, &c.

369

W. J. Govan

'HEREAFTER thou shalt know';
In this I rest,
Since Thou hast willed it so,
Whose will is best.
I walk by faith; what though I do not see?
Thou seest all; this is enough for me.

2 And so I stand and wait,
Till Thou shalt ope
Into the light the gate;
With glowing hope,
That brighter than my brightest thought shall be
The full unfolding of Thy love to me.

3 Meanwhile, I cannot tell
Why things are so;
But this, Thou doest well,
I surely know.
The clouds may veil the sun, and tears mine eyes;
Still reigns my Lord beyond these curtained skies.

4 And so I quiet my heart
As on Thy breast;
That Thou my Father art
Lulls me to rest:
A weary child, on Thee my soul is stilled;
Do as Thou wilt, for Thou the best hast willed.

5 Have Thine own way with me;
All things perform
If in the calm I be,
Or in the storm;
How sweet, when cloud and storm are overpast,
Just to be home, and with my God at last.

370

H. Bonar.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

7 But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to Thy heritage of light.

8 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

371

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every land below.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Will meet to part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

5 Oh! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

372

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

3 Oh, ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made me Thine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

373

HE, who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With His own most precious blood;
Coming from His throne on high,
On the painful cross to die.

2 Blest with this all-saving shower,
Earth her beauty straight resumed;
In the place of thorn and brier,
Myrtles sprang and roses bloomed;
Welcoming the gentle reign
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 Oh the wisdom of the Eternal!
Oh the depth of love divine!
Oh the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
For the guilty, doomed to die,
Jesus paid the penalty.

4 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the blood of His atonement
Cry aloud and plead our cause,
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

5 Prince and Author of salvation,
Lord of majesty supreme,
Jesu, praise to Thee be given,
By the world Thou didst redeem;
Glory to the Father be!
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee!

374

HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

375

HILLS of the North, rejoice;
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
Valley and lowland, sing.
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

2 Isles of the southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves,
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes His great highway.

3 Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song;
High raise the note that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

5 Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free;
We come to live and reign in Thee.

376

HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills:
And yet He saith, 'I thirst.'

2 All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

377

HOLD Thou my hand! so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid;
Hold Thou my hand! for then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold Thou my hand! and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all;
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

4 Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

378

HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to teach me what I am:

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit:

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
Mine, with promise sweet to bless;
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death:

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

379

Robinson

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us as we come to die
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

380

Bickersteth

HOLY Father, hear me;
Thou art my defender,
Be Thou ever near me,
Loving, true, and tender.

2 Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Lord of life and glory,
Grant me now Thy favour
As I kneel before Thee.

3 Comforter benignest,
Who abiding in me
All my need divinest,
Move me, draw me, win me.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy,
Come and leave me never,
Thine abode most lowly,
Only Thine for ever.

381

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hear the prayer upraised alone
In the name of Jesus.
As the trusting Patriarchs moved,
At God's word from homes they loved,
To a land unknown, unproved,
We would trust in Jesus.

2 As on prophet's faith-raised eye
Broke the dayspring from on high,
May we now behold Him nigh,
Looking unto Jesus.
As the holy angels stand
Round the throne, a glorious band,
Ever waiting God's command,
We would work for Jesus.

3 With the saints in heaven who raise
On eternal harps their lays,
We on earth would join our praise,
We would sing to Jesus.
Like the few who at Christ's call
Broke through earth's ensnaring thrall,
May we, too, forsaking all,
Bear the cross of Jesus.

4 As the Christian's eye of faith,
Piercing through the clouds of death,
Saw with joy the martyr's wreath,
We would die for Jesus.
When we grieve or come to die,
May we, as the waves run high,
In the sweet words, 'It is I,'
Hear the voice of Jesus.

382

HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, oh keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise
Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

383

HOLY Father, mighty God,
Fountain of all blessing,
Hear us when on Thee we call,
Thy great name confessing!
Wellspring of all peace and grace,
Grant us to behold Thy face.

2 Holy Saviour, Son of God,
Fulness of all blessing,
Save us when to Thee we come,
Thy great name confessing!
Grant us heavenly joy and rest;
Bless us and we shall be blest.

3 Holy Spirit, Light and Love,
Giver of all blessing,
Shine on us when thus we come,
Thy great name confessing.
Mighty Comforter, impart
Comfort to the troubled heart.

384

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.*

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.*

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.*

4 Manifest Thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.*

5 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.*

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* Repeat this line in each verse.

385

HOLY Ghost! great Gift of grace,
Great Restorer of our race,
Make my soul Thy dwelling-place;
Holy Spirit, hear me!

2 Be my Guide from day to day,
Lest when tempted I should stray
From the holy narrow way;
Holy Spirit, warn me!

3 Light of heaven! softly shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
Make and keep me always Thine;
Holy Spirit, lead me!

4 When my frequent falls distress,
And I seem to love Thee less,
Raise me from my sinfulness;
Holy Spirit, save me!

5 Quicken what the world would kill;
Gently bend my stubborn will,
And Thy purposes fulfil;
Holy Spirit, guide me!

6 Come, blest Spirit! Heavenly Dove,
Dearest pledge of Jesu's love,
Fix my trust on Him above;
Holy Spirit, help me!

7 Breathe Thy sweetness o'er my heart;
Bid each vexing care depart;
Make me tender as Thou art;
Holy Spirit, bless me!

8 Keep me humble, that in me
Thou my Guide and Strength may'st be;
Give me light and purity;
Holy Spirit, keep me!

386

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

387

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

388

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honour paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command,
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and Seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessèd Trinity.

389

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

3 'Holy, holy, holy!' all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
'Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

390

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art;
From Thy hand our spirits came;
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known;
Nearer now in Christ our claim;
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

4 Born anew, oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same,
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

391

HOLY is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again.
Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.

2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year.
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His field:
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4 Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

392

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas, too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

3 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

4 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy, Holy, Holy,
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them; God, receive them.

393

HOLY Spirit! from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our hearts' ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
When our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

394

PART 1

HOLY Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Thou, by whom the Virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou, whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Thou, whose sound apostles heard,
Thou, whose power their spirit stirred,
Giving them the living Word,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Part 2

9 Thou, whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

16 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

17 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Nevermore from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

395

HOLY Spirit, Lord of glory,
Look on us, Thy flock to-day;
Meekly kneeling at Thine altar,
For Thy sevenfold gift we pray;
Guide us, all our earthly journey,
In the true and narrow way.

2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armour,
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesu, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy cross we bow,
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now!

4 Lead us by Thy hand, O Saviour,
Through the waste, with evil rife,
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirit's thirsting
From the fount of endless Life!

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Till we dwell with Him for ever
In the Paradise of God!

396

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From the clear cœlestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:

2 Come, Thou Helper of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:

4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:—

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of guilt away:

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

9 On Thine own, who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:

10 Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

397

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

398

HONOUR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,
Maker of all things, to Thee we upraise;
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord,
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to light and to life at Thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Sharing our nature, though sinless, Thy Son
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in Three Persons, give ear to our prayer:
Thought, word, and deed in Thine image repair;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

399

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

400

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 'Hosanna,' Lord, Thine angels cry;
'Hosanna,' Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy Sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

401

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on Thee.

4 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

7 My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

402

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

403

HOW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim
Thy servant, Lord, to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one Belovèd's will!

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life, or by my death,
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be!

404

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

405

HOW calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending
May we and our households continue to share.

2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
Oh enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3 We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possest.

406

HOW happy are we
Who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above!
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,
In His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by Him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As His head He on Calvary bowed:
We shall see Him again,
When, with all His bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place,—
'I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of My face.'

7 With earnest desire
After Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see,
Till our souls Thou receive
In Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.

407

HOW many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountain
They shiver with the cold;
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
Wander the poor lost sheep.
Oh come, let us go and find them,
In the paths of death they roam;
At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say,—
'I have brought some lost one home.'

2 Oh who will go to find them?
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search, with tireless patience,
Through briar and through brake?
Unheeding thirst or hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
The sheep that go astray!
Oh come, let us go, &c.

3 Say, will you seek to find them?
From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
To find the 'least of these'?
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the wold,
And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.
Oh come, let us go, &c.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,—
'Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray!
Heartsore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And, lo! we come at nightfall
And bear them safely home.'
Oh come, let us go, &c.

408

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Surety, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

409

HOW sweet upon this holy day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly cares away,
And think of God and heaven:—

2 With humble hope to bend the knee,
And, free from sinful leaven,
Confess that we have strayed from Thee,
The righteous Judge of heaven!

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear,
And hope to be forgiven;
To shed the penitential tear,
And learn the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make all sin depart,
In vain the will had striven,
He, who regards the inmost heart,
Will send His grace from heaven.

5 How sweet upon this holy day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly cares away,
And think of God and heaven!

410

HOW vast the debt we owe!
How rich and free the love
Which brought Thee, Lord, to share our woe,
From Thy bright home above!

2 There, ranged in order due,
Cherub and Seraph bright
All upward gazed with wondering view,
Before Thy throne of light.

3 Here, through the live-long day,
With sinners Thou hast stood,
Then poured Thy precious life away
'Mid clamours wild and rude.

4 Thine were the shame and loss,
And ours the lasting gain;
Oh may we learn beneath the cross,
To feel for others' pain!

5 Yea, Lord, to Thy dear love
Ourselves, our all, we owe;
Let brethren's woes our pity move,
And swift our bounty flow.

411

HUSH! blessèd are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

4 Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads,
Beside the Fount of Life.

5 Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

7 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

8 But soon at break of day
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake, arise, rejoice.

412

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

413

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.
Draw me nearer, &c.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.
Draw me nearer, &c.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me nearer, &c.

414

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail:
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall:
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

415

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed:
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me:
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

416

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;

No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed:
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.'

417

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

418

I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me:

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.

6 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

7 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be,
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids me rise to Thee.

8 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

419

I HEARD a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him who sat thereon;
'Salvation, glory, honour,'
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,—
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war:
I heard the Saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the Holy City,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven a Bride adorned
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honours there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there nor sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the Light:
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!—
The Lamb upon His throne—
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

420

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

421

I HEAR ten thousand voices singing
Their praises to the Lord on high;
Far distant shores and hills are ringing
With anthems of their nations' joy,—
'Praise ye the Lord! for He has given
To lands in darkness hid His Light,
As morning rays light up the heaven,
His Word has chased away our night.'

2 On China's shores I hear His praises
From lips that once kissed idol stones;
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones:
'Speed, speed Thy word o'er land and ocean,
The Lord in triumph has gone forth;
The nations hear with strange emotion,
From East to West, from South to North.'

3 The song has sounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy;
Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing as the wheel they ply:
'Thanks to Thee, Lord, for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth to us revealed;
Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed.'

4 On Afric's sunny shore, glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free:
'Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation,
The word He gave we'll freely give.'

5 Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
Rises the song from holy lips:
'By blood did Jesus come to save us,
So deeply stained with brothers' blood;
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliverance from the fiery flood.'

6 O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud;
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd:
'Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed;
For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid.'

7 Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea;
The angel's trump proclaims His coming—
Our day of endless Jubilee:
'Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise Thee;
In every land Thy name we sing;
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee,
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious King.'

422

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace;
Sure as Jehovah's Name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

4 I change, He changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb.

6 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes;
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

7 I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love.

423

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!
I am coming, Lord! &c.

424

I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesu, my manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh feed me, or I die.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My fainting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

425

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.

4 Thoughts of His death—upon the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays,
Beacon of hope which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

5 Thoughts of His coming; for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
Oh, what a sunrise will that Advent be!

6 Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

426

I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise:
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.
Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, 'He knows, He knows!'

2 One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving 'Follow Me!'
Where He may lead, &c.

3 O blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessèd not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
Where He may lead, &c.

4 So on I go, not knowing;
I would not if I might:
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light,
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.
Where He may lead, &c.

427

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us,
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

428

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago;
All my sin I brought Him, and my woe:
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His still small whisper, ''Tis for thee,'
* From my heart the burden rolled away—
Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus; for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes,
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
* When my weakness leaneth on His might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day:
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may:
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm, sure haven of His breast:
* Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story, but the whole:
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command;
* Yet His tender bosom makes thee room:
Oh, come home!

* Repeat the last two lines of each verse.

429

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine:
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That 'my Belovèd's mine, and I am His'?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice,
Thou, Lord, art mine:
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know:
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own: Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love
Until death's hallowed sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

430

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last;
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

431

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

432

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

433

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.
I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, &c.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, &c.

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, &c.

434

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I too shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not,
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

435

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord and Master of us all!
What'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

436

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble, helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and storms.

3 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer their spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

4 The angels' Lord Himself is nigh
To them that love His name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

5 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But, since their Saviour changes not,
What have His saints to fear?

437

I NEED Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
For I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With dark and evil mind:
I need the light of Jesus
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.

5 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

438

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, &c.

3 I need Thee every hour
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, &c.

4 I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, &c.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One:
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, &c.

439

IN exile here we wander,
In heaven is our abode,—
The city of the angels,
The city of our God.
And here we toil, and strive, and fight,
With sin and woe opprest;
There God will give the sons of light
Eternal joy and rest.

2 Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

3 Jesus, our Joy and Gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee;
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:—
And we shall see that gladsome day,
Where, bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,
We shall for ever shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,
Who here as exiles groan,
God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne;
There in our endless home shall rest
From strife and sorrow free,
And join the anthem of the blest
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

440

INFINITE God, to Thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all Thy works on earth adored,
We worship Thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before Thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And, Holy, Holy, Holy! cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and sky!

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record Thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol Thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives, with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

441

IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

5 In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.

442

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed? *

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.*

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.*

* Repeat the last two lines of each verse.

443

IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

444

IN the eastern horizon the morning is breaking,
The shadows of ages are fleeing away;
And sin's weary children, from slumber awaking,
Are walking as children of light and of day.

2 The Spirit hath moved on the face of the waters;
The lost and the laden are seeking for rest;
Jehovah is bringing His sons and His daughters
From the north and the south, from the east and the west.

3 The Bridegroom is coming! go forth, then, to meet Him,
Arrayed in His righteousness, stainless from sin;
His long-waiting Bride is preparing to greet Him,
The King's royal daughter, all-glorious within.

4 O watchmen of Zion, who wait for the morning,
The Day-star hath risen, though clouded and pale;
Go, sound on your tower the trumpet of warning,
O'er ocean and island, o'er mountain and vale.

5 Go, wake up the souls who are buried in slumber,
Go, win them to Jesus, to life, and to love,
To swell the great multitude no man can number,
To shine in the crown of the Saviour above.

6 Not long shall our loved ones and lost ones be sleeping
In graves of the churchyard or caves of the sea;
Not long shall our dim eyes be weary with weeping;
The Lord my God comes, and the saints are with Thee.

7 O earth, thy six thousand years' sinning and sadness
Are passing away like a dream that is o'er;
There dawneth a Sabbath of glory and gladness,
Whose sun shall go down on thy children no more.

8 And Jesus, the Saviour, the Lord of creation,
Shall over His ransomed ones gloriously reign;
While the universe swells with the song of salvation,
All honour and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

445

Farrar

IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around;
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And, lo, from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love:
He sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace.'

2 'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day':
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
Oh, never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men;
And the heavens themselves had never
Heard a gladder choir till then:
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace.'

3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The virgin mother smiled:
And the sky in the starlit silence
Seemed full of the angel lay—
'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.'
On they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace.'

446

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its 'witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Then upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

447

IN the march of life, through the toil and strife
Of the winding path before us,
We have nought to fear with a Saviour near,
And His banner waving o'er us.
If the tempest rise in the darkening skies,
We will yield to no repining;
Though the storm roar loud, through the rifted cloud
There's a golden sunbeam shining.
In the march of life, through the toil and strife
Of the winding path before us,
We have nought to fear with a Saviour near,
And His banner waving o'er us.

2 In the Christian race, if we take our place,
We may run, and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.
Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;
We'll the crown obtain, nor have run in vain
For the prize of God's high calling.
In the march of life, &c.

448

IN Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,*
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee,
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till Thy glory *
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,*
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

449

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross,
Hereafter share His crown.

450

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numberèd.'

3 O God, O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

451

I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

452

IS it nothing to you that a Saviour has died?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Can you carelessly glance at your Lord crucified?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Can you gaze on the dying One sad and forlorn;
On the brow of the Royal One crownèd with thorn;
On the hands that are nail-marked and feet that are torn?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?

2 Have you thought of His sorrow, so sad and so sore?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
The stripes for your sins that He willingly bore?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Have you grieved in the shame that He stooped to endure;
Have you longed for the pardon He died to secure;
And the mansion prepared for the blood-washed and pure?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?

3 Is it nothing to you that time fleeth so fast?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Is it nothing to you that a life-mile is passed?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Is it nothing to you that eternity nears;
That nought lies before you but trembling and tears;
And the day of dread judgment when Jesus appears?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?

4 The Redeemer now calls; will you still turn away?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
There is danger in doubting and death in delay;
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Oh, then flee to the Cross and respond to His call;
He will save from the sins that now chain and enthral;
He will welcome you gladly and pardon you all:
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?

453

I TAKE Thy promise, Lord, in all its length,
And breadth and fulness, as my daily strength,
Into life's future fearless I may gaze,
For, Jesus, Thou art with me all the days.

2 Days may be coming fraught with loss and change,
New scenes surround my life and faces strange;
I thank Thee that no day can ever break,
Saviour, when Thou wilt leave me or forsake.

3 There may be days of darkness and distress,
When sin has power to tempt, and care to press—
Yet in the darkest day I will not fear,
For, 'mid the shadows, Thou wilt still be near.

4 Days there may be of joy, and deep delight,
When earth seems fairest, and her skies most bright;
Then draw me closer to Thee, lest I rest
Elsewhere, my Saviour, than upon Thy breast.

5 And all the other days that make my life,
Marked by no special joy or grief or strife,
Days filled with quiet duties, trivial care,
Burdens too small for other hearts to share—

6 Spend Thou these days with me, all shall be Thine;
So shall the darkest hour with glory shine.
Then when these earthly years have passed away,
Let me be with Thee in the perfect day.

454

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

455

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessèd and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

456

I THINK, when I read the sweet story,
How Jesus came down from His throne
To rescue the perishing sinner,
To suffer and die for His own:
Why should He become my oblation?
Why should He thus purchase salvation?
Such love is divine revelation—
Unbounded, unmeasured, unknown.
Oh, it is wonderful that He should love me,
And for my sins with His life-blood atone!
Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!
Yet to the world be it known,
He brought me again to His own.

2 And when I am following His footsteps
New visions of beauty unfold,
Till, lost in the depths of amazement,
I marvel such love to behold:
Why should He relinquish His glory?
Before Him stood Calvary gory!
Yet heaven resounds with the story
Of love that can never be told.
Oh, it is wonderful, &c.

3 Though hated, despised, and rejected,
Neglected again and again,
He never deserts or forsakes me,
No matter how wayward I've been:
My burden of sorrow He shareth,
My stripes of iniquity weareth,
My soul in His bosom He beareth,
This wonderful Saviour of men.
Oh, it is wonderful, &c.

457

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move and in Thee live!

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe!
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
Jesus my Lord is crucified!

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

458

I'VE found a Friend, oh such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.

And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, oh such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend, oh such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch! to work! to war!
And then to rest for ever!

4 I've found a Friend, oh such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell?
No! I am His for ever.

459

I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.*

2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail;
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eshcol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh:*

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.*

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!*

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* Repeat the last two lines of each verse.

460

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
A Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

461

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

462

I WILL go in the strength of the Lord,
In the path He hath marked for my feet
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.

2 His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall surely rely.

3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford,
My soul shall her vigour renew.

4 His wisdom will guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove:
I trust His omnipotent arm;
I rest in His covenant love.

5 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require;
And His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.

6 If He give the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
With sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the Lord I will go.

463

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.
Sing, oh sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

464

JEHOVAH is our strength,
And He shall be our song;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Although our foes be strong;
In vain doth Satan then oppose,
The Lord is stronger than His foes.

2 The Lord our refuge is,
And ever will remain;
Since He hath made us His,
He will our cause maintain;
In vain our enemies oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

3 The Lord our portion is;
What can we wish for more?
As long as we are His,
We never can be poor:
In vain do earth and hell oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

4 The Lord our Shepherd is;
He knows our every need;
And since we now are His,
His care our souls will feed:
In vain do sin and death oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

5 Our God our Father is;
Our names are on His heart:
We ever shall be His;
He ne'er from us will part:
In vain the world and flesh oppose,
For God is stronger than His foes.

465

JEHOVAH reigns on high
In peerless majesty;
Boundless power His royal robe,
Purest light His garment is;
Rules His word the spacious globe,
Stablished it in floating seas.

2 Ancient of days! Thy name
And essence is I AM;
Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Gav'st whatever is to be;
Stood Thine everlasting Throne,
Stands to all eternity.

3 The floods, with angry noise,
Have lifted up their voice,
Lifted up their voice on high;
Fiends and men exclaim aloud;
Rage the waves and dash the sky,
Hell assails the throne of God.

4 Their fury cannot move
The Lord who reigns above;
Him the mighty waves obey,
Sinking at His awful will,
Ocean owns His sovereign sway;
Hell at His command is still.

5 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,
And as Thyself endure;
Thine eternal house above
Holy souls alone can see,
Fitted here by perfect love,
There to reign enthroned with Thee.

466

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy seas
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

467

JERUSALEM on high
The Saints' own city is,
Their home whene'er they die,
The centre of their bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place! &c.

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place! &c.

4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place! &c.

5 There too the martyr band,
Who life in death have found,
Near to the King they stand,
Their scars with glory crowned:
O happy place! &c.

6 Ah me! Ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like that on high!
Lord, thither guide my way:
O happy place! &c.

468

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

469

JESU, dwelling here below,
Teaching man his God to know,
One with all our toil and woe:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Lamb of God, revealed to save,
Thou to whom by Jordan's wave
John the Baptist witness gave:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Driven by divine command
Far into the lonely land,
Satan's onset to withstand:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Faithful to Thy Father's will,
Firm its purpose to fulfil,
Sorely tried, yet holy still:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Bringing sin-bound souls release,
Bidding doubt and tears to cease,
Giving pardon, light, and peace:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Bidding children come to Thee,
Guiding meek souls tenderly,
Hating all hypocrisy:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 As a King in triumph borne,
Yet in heart with anguish torn
For Thy city doomed to mourn:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Scorned and hated and unknown
By the world, and by Thine own
Doubted, fled from, left alone:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 For our life content to die,
Calm among the crowds who cry
'Crucify Him, crucify':
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Pierced by nail and spear and thorn,
Loaded with Thy creature's scorn,
Yet by might of love upborne:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Raised from death, no more to die,
Hailed with songs of victory,
And in triumph throned on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 By Thy feeble childhood's tears,
By Thy growing manhood's fears,
By the grief of all Thy years:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy thoughts of holiness,
By Thy words of gentleness,
By Thy deeds to help and bless:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy shame and agony
Borne upon the cursèd tree,—
Woes our evil laid on Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 By Thy heart so calm and brave,
By Thy firm resolve to save,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 By Thy going up on high,
By Thy promise to be nigh,
Hearing when Thy people cry:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 By the Name in which we pray,
By the love that bids us say
God 'Our Father' day by day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

18 When the clouds of sorrow lower,
When we dread the tempter's power,
In the awful dying hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

19 Be Thou near us, Lord, we pray,
Turn our darkness into day,
Help us on our heavenward way:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 All that we have lost restore,
Change and form us evermore,
In Thy presence to adore:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

470

Part 1.

JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh! may we who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 2.

4 Jesu, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 3.

7 Jesu, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 4.

10 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 5.

13 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 6.

16 Jesu—all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed—
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

18 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 7.

19 Jesu—all Thy labour vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past—
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 When the death-shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

21 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

471

JESU, let Thy sufferings ease us;
Saviour, Lord,
Speak the word,
By Thy death release us.

2 At Thy cross behold us lying,
Make each soul
Throughly whole,
Thy pure blood applying.

3 Hear us, Lord, our sins confessing;
Oh relieve;
Saviour, give,
Give us now, Thy blessing.

4 Still our cruel sins oppress us
Tired and bound,
Till the sound
Of Thy voice release us.

5 Call us out of condemnation;
From sin's grave
Come and save,
Save us, by Thy passion.

6 Save us now, and still deliver;
Cast out sin,
Enter in,
Keep Thine house for ever.

472

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand;
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live.

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

473

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences;
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom;
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Saviour,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey;
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To cœlestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

474

JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless, I adore Thee.

4 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

475

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

476

JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

6 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

477

JESU, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring light,
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art;
Oh never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart!

3 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee; oh never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

4 Still stir me up to strive
With Thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

5 Oh make me all like Thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

478

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

479

JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
Oh how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
Oh how many blessings
Every day has seen!
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell.
All our sins—so many!
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear;
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go;
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the better land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near;
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone;
Let each day, each moment
Of this glad new year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.

480

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'

2 As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

481

JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering even our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
'Hallelujah' ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

482

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which He endured
Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured:
Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah!

483

JESUS comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

2 Oh, what honours now await Him!
Friends and foes shall hear His voice;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him;
Ye, who love His name, rejoice:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at His feet:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

4 Day and night they cry before Him,
'Holy, holy, holy, Lord!'
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

484

JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little deeds of love may shine,
Little lives may be divine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Fold us to Thy loving breast,
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

485

JESUS, great Redeemer,
Source of life divine,
In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine.
Source of life eternal,
Hope and peace restore;
Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore.

2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed,
Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need;
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of charity!

3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin.
Make us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure,
And oh let Thy likeness
In our heart endure.

4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessèd Dove.
Father, oh receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
And our feeble worship
Condescend to take.

486

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and prone to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.'

487

JESUS, I look to Thee,
Saviour Divine;
Jesus, I long to be
Thine, only Thine.
Saviour, Thy lost one seek,
Peace to my conscience speak,
Lord, I am very weak,
Save, or I die.

2 Billows around me roll,
The night is drear;
Tempests o'erwhelm my soul;
Saviour, be near.
Give me Thy heavenly calm,
Cleanse me, O bleeding Lamb,
Save me just as I am,
Save, or I die.

3 Sinking beneath the wave,
Hope almost gone;
Save me, O Master, save,
Strength I have none.
Tossed on an angry sea,
Mine eyes are unto Thee,
Jesus, look down on me,
Save, or I die.

4 Merits I've none to plead,
Jesus, but Thine;
Thou knowest all my need,
Saviour Divine.
Oh let me feel Thy hand,
Helpless, I cannot stand,
Bring me, Lord, safe to land,
Save, or I die.

488

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

489

JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
For the sheep He bled,
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed:
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
'They that have my Spirit,
These,' saith He, 'are mine.'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

5 Jesus is our Shepherd :
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy
He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part.

490

JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul ;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole ;
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee :
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore, Lord, for me.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth.
Written, and for ever,
On Thy cross of shame ;
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that name !

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days ;
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard :
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet !
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt ;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out ;
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood ;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God !

491

JESUS, keep me near the cross :
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me ;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Sheds its beams around me.
In the cross, &c.

3 Near the cross ! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.
In the cross, &c.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.
In the cross, &c.

492

JESUS, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin ;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee ;—
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth :
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee ;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see ;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace ;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face ;
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in ;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin ;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory ;
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be,
In Thy church's conflicts
Fighting valiantly.
Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

6 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way ;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day :
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

493

JESUS lives ; no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives ; by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Hallelujah !

2 Jesus lives ; henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah !

3 Jesus lives ; for us He died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Hallelujah !

4 Jesus lives ; our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Hallelujah !

5 Jesus lives ; to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Hallelujah !

494

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

495

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Vain is all human help for me;
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
My sole reliance is on Thee:
Thou art my Hope.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

496

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!
Seeking for me, for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wandering afar from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

497

JESUS, my Saviour, to Thee I would flee;
Whither for rest could I go but to Thee?
Driven and tossed like a wreck on the wave,
Jesus, my Saviour, Thou only canst save.

2 Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I would flee;
Whither for rest could I go but to Thee?
Praising my Father for all He has given,
Onward I march to my mansion in heaven.

3 Friend of the friendless, I come to be blest;
Joy of the joyless, in Thee I find rest;
Jesus who died upon Calvary's cross,
Mine is the blessing, but Thine was the loss.

4 Trusting Thee fully, Lord, lest I should fail,
Counting on Thee for the power to prevail,
Learning of Thee every step of the way,
Singing of Thee as I journey each day.

498

JESUS my Shepherd my want shall supply:
Down in green pastures He makes me to lie;
He leads me beside the still waters of rest;
My soul He restores to the fold of the blest.

2 If from His paths I am tempted to stray,
He guards me from sin and guides in the way;
I walk undismayed through the valley of dread,
Where darkness and death gather over my head.

3 Evil I fear not, for with me Thou art;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort my heart;
Thou spreadest my table in sight of my foes;
My head Thou anointest, my cup overflows.

4 Goodness and mercy shall follow me still
All my life long, as my course I fulfil,
Then, Saviour, for ever, in heaven above,
With Thee I shall dwell, in the home of Thy love.

499

JESUS, Saviour, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

500

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them 'Be still!'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not—I will pilot thee!'

501

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

502

JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day.

503

JESUS, sun and shield art Thou;
Sun and shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never:
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

2 Jesus, bread and wine art Thou,
Wine and bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never:
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

3 Jesus, love and life art Thou,
Life and love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never:
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

4 Jesus, peace and joy art Thou,
Joy and peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never:
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5 Jesus, song and strength art Thou,
Strength and song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never:
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

504

JESUS, the children are calling,
Oh, draw near!
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.

2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is Thine;
Faithful and stronger and tender—
So be mine!

4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!

6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done!

505

JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of Thee;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me;
Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art,
Now let me find Thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before Thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, Thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant Thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While, listening to the sufferer's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove
By perfect purity and love.

506

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 Lord Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

507

JESUS! Thou Name of power divine,
To all of heavenly birth!
Jesus! the never-failing mine
Of richest, sweetest worth!

2 Each bitter grief, each anxious care,
O Lord! Thy goodness knows;
My wounded spirit only there,
'Mid conflict, finds repose.

3 Here love may meet a kindred heart,
But not a heart like Thine;
Lord, from Thy love I cannot part,
Nor canst Thou part with mine.

4 With Thee I cannot feel alone,
I cannot be forgot;
Though friends should leave me one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not.

5 My future path I know may be
A path of anxious care;
But love has planned that path for me,
That love in which I share.

6 The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock and waste and wild:
The object of that love I am,
And carried like a child.

7 And is it not, O Lord, enough
Thy perfect love to share,
Till Thou shalt call my soul above
To meet Thee in the air?

8 Lord, 'tis enough: Thy tender smile,
Till I behold Thee there,
Shall cheer me through the 'little while'
I tarry for Thee here.

508

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live;
Myself to Thee entirely give.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought, be love!

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace,
In weakness, be Thine arm my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heaven shalt come at length,
Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee.

509

JESUS, Thy church with longing eyes
For Thy expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Even now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

4 Oh come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world!

5 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten earth already reels;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.

6 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

510

JESU, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

511

JESUS, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.

2 The Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee;
And in the savour of that blood,
Once shed on Calvary,
The curse is gone; through Thee we're blest,
God rests in Thee; in Thee we rest.

3 The slaves of sin and fear,
Thy truth our bondage broke;
Our happy spirits love to wear
Thy light and easy yoke:
The love which fills our grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

4 Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home:
Then, of the promised land possest,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

512

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee, where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

513

JESU! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most High.

3 Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

5 O Jesu, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls, from sin and darkness freed.

514

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good Thou art!
But what to those who find?

4 Ah! this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

515

JESU, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through these, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its constant hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

6 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

7 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness.

516

JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

3 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence may we feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

4 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

517

JESU, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, oh leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

11 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

12 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

13 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

14 Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

15 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

16 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for may we see,
And for ever blessèd be:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

518

PART 1

JESU, who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the kiss of treachery
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By the insult of the Jews,
When Barabbas they would choose,
And did Thee their King refuse,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised the wicked cry
'Crucify Him, crucify!'
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART 2

8 By the cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy cross:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy face at last:
Save us, Holy Jesu.

519

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Almighty Sovereign Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

520

JOY fills our inmost heart to-day:
The royal Child is born:
And angel hosts in glad array
His Advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! The incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Immanuel.

2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
Where, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe Divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

521

JOY! joy! joy! there is joy in the presence of the angels!
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return!
He has come, he has come to his Father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found, and the night of gloom is past.
Blessèd hour of joy and communion sweet,
For his heart is full, and his love complete;
His Father sees him, and hastes to meet,
And bids him welcome home.
Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in the presence of the angels!
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return!

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return!
Hark! the song; hark! the song, 'tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home, to thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.
Joy! joy! joy! &c.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory;
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns:
Let us haste, let us haste, while the morning sun is bright;
Jesus calls, Jesus calls, to a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.
Joy! joy! joy! &c.

522

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

523

JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

524

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

525

KING of Saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy throne;

2 Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
There are shining full and clear,
Princes in the court of heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

3 How they toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All their saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of their Lord.

4 All is veiled from us, but written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife;

5 There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem.

526

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2 Knocking, knocking! still He's there;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair:
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

527

LAMB of God, whose love for me
Was revealed on Calvary;
Jesus, by whose precious blood
Sinners are brought nigh to God,
Gracious Saviour, be Thou near,
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear!

2 I have nothing, Lord, to plead,
But Thou knowest all my need;
Want and poverty are mine,
Grace to satisfy is Thine:
Gracious Saviour, be Thou near,
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear!

3 Helpless, I before Thee stand,
Lord, support me by Thy hand;
Destitute of grace am I,
But Thou hast a rich supply:
Gracious Saviour, be Thou near,
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear!

4 By Thy blood my sin remove,
Bless me, Saviour, with Thy love;
By Thy grace and mercy keep
Evermore Thy helpless sheep:
Gracious Saviour, be Thou near,
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear!

528

LAMB without spot! to Thee we kneel,
Before Thy throne of grace low bending;
Man art Thou, and for man canst feel,
In mercy to our cry attending,
Grant us Thy peace.

2 When sorrow bends the spirit down,
From earthly hope and solace turning,
Though the hard world upon us frown,
In pity o'er Thy children yearning,
Grant us Thy peace.

3 When conscience wrings the anguished heart,
Vainly in grief and fear lamenting,
What hand but Thine can heal the smart?
In Thy long-suffering love relenting,
Grant us Thy peace.

4 When those whom most we cherish here,
At the cold touch of death are shrinking;
Let Faith, with vision bright and clear,
View in Thine arms her loved ones sinking,
Grant us Thy peace.

5 And when our last dread hour draws nigh,
And life's bright day-beam fast is paling,
Saviour, receive the parting sigh;
When life and eye and heart are failing,
Grant us Thy peace.

529

LAY the precious body
In the quiet grave;
'Tis the Lord hath taken,
'Twas the Lord who gave:
Till the resurrection,
Lay the treasure by;
It will then awaken,
And go up on high.

2 Farewell, blessèd body,
Till the morn arise;
Welcome, happy spirit,
Into Paradise!
No more work or weeping,
Gone for ever home;
In Christ's holy keeping
Rest until He come.

3 Here the casket lieth
Waiting for repair;
There doth Christ the jewel
In His bosom wear:
Wait a little season,
And in Him shall be
Both again united
Through eternity.

530

LEADER of faithful souls and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

531

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

532

LEAD me not into temptation,
Father, leave me not alone,
Thou to whom my every passion,
Every secret thought is known;
If Thy providence forsake me
In the dark unguarded hour,
Sin is sure to overtake me,
Hell is ready to devour.

2 In the feebleness of nature,
Never from Thy charge depart,
Infinitely good, and greater
Than the evil of my heart;
Watch, and hold me back from sinning,
Self-inclined from Thee to stray,
Stop me at the first beginning,
Turn my tempted heart away.

3 With mine enemies surrounded,
Sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
Let me never be confounded,
Tempted more than I can bear;
Rather from the dread occasion
Thy poor helpless creature hide,
Bind the sinful inclination,
Turn my stronger foe aside.

4 Conflicts I cannot require,
Who myself can nothing do;
If Thou bring into the fire,
Surely Thou shalt bring me through;
Shalt from every ill deliver,
That I may Thy glory see,
Magnify Thy name for ever,
Saved through all eternity.

533

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with holy joy;
Heavenward as our steps are tending,
Pleasures give that never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

534

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

535

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires,
To Thee she clings.

3 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide:
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

4 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat;
Thy will has now become my own:
That will is sweet.

5 Leaning on Thee, midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill;
Thou whisperest, 'What did I sustain!'—
Then I am still.

6 Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
The havoc that disease may make:
Thou who for me Thy blood hast shed
Wilt ne'er forsake.

7 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,—
'Be of good cheer.'

8 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the everlasting arms:—
I cannot sink.

536

LET every heart rejoice and sing,
Let sweet hosannas rise;
Let old and young together bring
To God their sacrifice.
For He is good, the Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise;
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
*Let all proclaim their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven His power is known:
And earth subdued to Him shall yet
Bow low before His throne.
For He is good, the Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise;

* Repeat last two lines.

While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
* Let all proclaim their grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

537

LET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him;
Let all on Him with joy repose,
In worship who adore Him.
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voice
Who rideth on the heavens.

2 When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending:
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.

3 Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending;
Thou captive ledd'st captivity,
To heaven's high throne ascending.
Thou hast receivèd gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again,
E'en with our race rebellious.

4 Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation;
He daily blesseth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of power and holiness;
Eternal be our praises.

538

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

539

LET my life be hid with Thee,
Gracious Saviour, Lord of might,
Saved from sin, from dangers free,
Lightened by Thy perfect light.

2 Let my life be hid with Thee,
When my raging foes abound,
Covered by Thy panoply,
Safe within Thy holy ground.

3 Let my life be hid with Thee,
When my soul is vexed below;
Let me still Thy mercy see,
When bowed down by grief and woe.

4 Let my life be hid with Thee,
When in death I sink and fail,
Lest my raging enemy
In that dying hour prevail.

5 Let my life be hid with Thee,
Bound within Thy life above,
Living through eternity,
In the realms of peace and love.

540

'LET the children come,
Let them come to Me;
Tell them of My love,
They to Me will flee.

Let the children come,
Let them come to Me,'
Hear His love entreating,
'Let them come to Me.'

2 'Let the children come!
Take them by the hand,
Oh, forbid them not:
This is My command.
Let the children come,' &c.

3 ''Twas for them I left
My bright home above;
'Twas for them I died:
Now I ask their love.
Let the children come,' &c.

4 'Let the children come
To My home on high;
Teach them how to live,
Teach them how to die.
Let the children come,' &c.

541

LET the song go round the earth—
Jesus Christ is Lord!
Sound His praises, tell His worth,
Be His name adored;
Every clime and every tongue
Join the grand, the glorious song!

2 Let the song go round the earth!
From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
Glad, and bright, and free;
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

3 Let the song go round the earth!
Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away!
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er!

4 Let the song go round the earth!
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles!
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Snow-bound coasts give back the hymn.

5 Let the song go round the earth—
Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring!
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore!

542

LET us love and sing and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name;
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame:
He has washed us in His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by His grace, and taught us,
Healed the blindness of our eyes:
He has washed us in His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong Salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He, who washed us in His blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
'Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!'

543

LET us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the blood of the Lamb who was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that Day.
In the sweet 'by and by',
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet 'by and by',
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 There are cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood;
There is life everlasting and joy
At the right hand of God, through the blood.
In the sweet, &c.

3 Even now, while we taste of His love,
We are filled with delight at His name,
But what will it be when, above,
We shall join in the song of the Lamb.
In the sweet, &c.

4 Then we'll march in His name till we come,
At His bidding, to enter our rest;
And the Father shall welcome us home
To our place in the realms of the blest.
In the sweet, &c.

544

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

545

LIFT up the gospel banner, wide be its folds unfurled;
Display the love of Jesus before a guilty world:
Go forth to every creature that dwelleth under heaven,
Proclaim the wondrous tidings of grace and mercy given.
Oh, be the gospel banner in every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna! re-echoed through the world.

2 Oh, stay not! time is fleeting; work while 'tis called to-day,
Thousands on thousands perish each hour that you delay;
They die without the knowledge of God's most holy word;
Without the hopes you cherish in Christ our gracious Lord.
Oh, be the gospel banner, &c.

3 Remember your Redeemer; obey His last command;
And, resting on His promise, in faithful service stand:
Lift up His glorious banner, grace, mercy, peace proclaim,
To all repentant sinners, in Christ the Saviour's name.
Oh, be the gospel banner, &c.

546

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

547

LIFT up your heads, ye gates,
Your golden hinges move;
The King of glory waits,
Admit the God of love:
Your everlasting arches raise,
And, as He enters, shout His praise.

2 Who is this glorious King,
Who at the portal stands?
What title does He bring,
That He access demands?
Jehovah's name, in battle strong,
Demands access, inspires the song.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Ye heavens, expand your doors;
The King of glory waits
To spread your golden floors
With spoils, through death and darkness borne,
With trophies from destruction torn.

4 Who is this glorious King?
The Lord that built the skies;
His praise the seraphs sing,
The Holy, Just, and Wise:
Creation rose at His command,
Redemption owns His sovereign hand.

5 The powers of hell opposed,
While He in conflict bled;
And death's strong bars were closed
Round His expiring head:
But death and hell possessed no power
To hold Him past the appointed hour.

6 The hour appointed came,
The God resumed the clay,
And, like a rapid flame,
Burst through them all His way,
A way so wide, so unconfined,
That all His church might march behind.

7 Lift your immortal heads,
Your Lord's from conquest come;
On death and sin He treads;
Let heaven prepare Him room:
A sheaf of glory's harvest-ears
The Victor in His chariot bears!

548

Montgomery

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass;
Ye bars of iron yield:
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field.
That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

2 A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
Ye warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands:
All must be His at length.
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet
In His great judgment day.

4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesus' name be strong:
To Him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song:—
Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass;
The cross hath won the field.

549

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
Creator, wise is Thy decree!

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
Comforter, for Thy comfort free!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
Praise, O my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on
Until the glorious goal is won!
Eternal praise and fame
Be offered, Saviour, to Thy name!

550

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

4 O Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

551

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou Advocate and Saviour,
Manifest Thy wondrous grace.

5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of peace and love;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Raise our hearts to things above.

6 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the teaching of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

552

LIGHT'S abode, cœlestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

2 There for ever and for ever
Hallelujah is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health and strong and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

553

LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky;
Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry;
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;

2 While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

4 Hell's pains are loosed and tears are fled;
Captivity is captive led;
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, 'The Lord is risen indeed.'

5 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

554

LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out
For the Son of Mary is born to-night.
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

2 No earthly songs are half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies,
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

3 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night,
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height,
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

4 Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world,
And angels of God are crowding the air,
And heaven and earth, through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

555

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

4 So our little errors
Lead the soul astray
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

6 Little ones in glory
Swell the angels' song:
Make us meet, dear Saviour,
For their holy throng.

556

LITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er-forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her,
As a sheep astray;
That from sin He longed to win her—
Knowing more than she could tell
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.
Hear, oh hear the wondrous story,
Let the winds and waters tell—
'Tis the Christ, the King of glory,
Waiting at the well.

2 'Neath the stately palm-tree swaying,
Listened she to words of truth:
While each thought was backward straying
O'er her wasted youth.
Hastening homeward, with desire
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, 'Is not this Messiah
Waiting at the well?'
Hear, oh hear, &c.

3 Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind,
Blessings sweet on all bestowing;
All a welcome find.

All the world may come and prove
Him;
Every doubt will Christ dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.
Hear, oh hear, &c.

557

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
'I from Greenland's frozen land';
'I from India's sultry plain';
'I from Afric's barren sand';
'I from islands of the main';

3 'All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last,
At the portal of the sky.'
Each the welcome, 'Come,' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

558

LO, a loving Friend is waiting,
He is calling thee;
Listen to His voice so tender,
'Come to Me.

2 'On the cross for thee I suffered,
Death I bore for thee;
Canst thou still refuse My mercy?
Trust to Me.

3 'Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
I will set thee free;
Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
Follow Me.'

4 Many times has Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again:
Shall thy Saviour's invitation
Be in vain?

5 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,
Yield to-day.

6 Saviour, I will wait no longer,
Now to Thee I come;
And when life's short voyage is over,
Take me home.

559

LO! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand
At heaven's opening door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

4 May Thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

5 O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight,
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice Blessèd Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally.

560

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!*
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing*
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Blest redemption, long expected!
Now, His solemn pomp to share,
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!*
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, worlds bow down before Thee;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Oh, come quickly,*
Come, and make Thy glories known.

* Sing this line three times.

561

LONG did I toil and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His and He is mine.

2 Yes, He is mine, and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour:
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine;
Go! I my Saviour's am and He is mine.

3 The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take or I resign,
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

4 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

5 He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

6 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine.

562

LOOK away to Jesus, soul by sin oppressed;
'Twas for thee He suffered, come to Him and rest:
All thy griefs He carried, all thy sins He bore;
Look away to Jesus, trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus, soldier in the fight,
When the battle thickens, keep thine armour bright.
Though thy foes be many, though thy strength be small,
Look away to Jesus; He will conquer all.

3 Look away to Jesus, when the skies are fair:
Calm seas have their dangers; mariner, beware!
Earthly joys are fleeting, going as they came:
Look away to Jesus, evermore the same.

563

LOOKING unto Jesus
With the eye of faith,
Telling Him our troubles,
Hearing what He saith,
Like the day-spring stealing
Through the shades of night,
Silently it turneth
Darkness into light.

2 Looking unto Jesus
In a sweet accord
Knitteth the disciple
To the absent Lord:
To our souls' complaining
Jesus giveth heed,
Pouring out His fulness
Over all our need.

3 Looking unto Jesus
In the stormy day,
We shall see His Spirit
Sent to cheer our way:
Looking unto Jesus
When the storms retreat,
He will be our shelter
From the noontide heat.

4 Wandering through the desert,
Where no fountains be,
There's a Rock which follows,
And that Rock is He:
When the fainting pilgrim
Fails for lack of meat,
Jesus freely giveth
Angels' food to eat.

5 Look we unto Jesus
From the bed of pain:
As a suffering brother,
Jesus will sustain.
Look we still to Jesus
In the hour of death:
Lo, the everlasting
Arms are underneath.

6 When the saint in glory
In His presence stands,
Sees his name imprinted
On His wounded hands,
Sees his blood-bought title
On His breast engraven,
Looking unto Jesus
Opes the gate of heaven.

564

Aitken

LOOK to Jesus and be saved,
See Him hanging on the tree;
Guilty art thou and enslaved,
But He bears thy guilt for thee.

2 Look, till thou canst see thy sin
In His body crucified;
All the lusts that lurked within,
All thy wilfulness and pride.

3 Look and see the judgment fall
On that guiltless, guilt-bowed head;
He is made our sin: for all
One hath died, and all are dead.

4 Look to Jesus, look and live,
He has died thy death for thee;
Look, and trust, and love, and give
All thou art His prize to be.

5 Look with awe, till wondering love
Melts thy heart and dims thine eyes,
And, with prostrate saints above,
Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

565

LOOK up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him King of kings.*

2 While heaven, in honour of His name,
With exultation sings,
His saints on earth will own His claim,
And crown Him King of kings.*

3 When here He bore our sin and shame,
And thence our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt His name,
And crown Him King of kings.*

4 We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune cœlestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown Him King of kings.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

566

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him! *
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him! *
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! crown Him! *
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him *
King of kings and Lord of lords!

* Repeat this line in each verse.

567

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
'Father! Thy will be done.'

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

568

LORD, before Thy throne we bend;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend;
Servants, to our Master true,
Lord, we yield Thee homage due;
Children, to our God we fly,
Gracious Father, hear our cry.

2 Low before Thee, Lord, we bow;
We are weak, but mighty Thou;
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still;
Here we wait Thy holy will;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 From the heavens, Thy dwelling place,
Hear, and grant Thy pardoning grace;
In temptation's dangerous hour
Leave us not beneath its power:
God, our Saviour, still be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

569

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh refresh us,*
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence *
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever *
Reign with Christ in endless day.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

570

LORD God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known:
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy people still in Thee have part;
Still, still Thou art our own.

2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee:
Out of Thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With Thee, who changest not.

3 Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting arms we grasp,
Nor from the refuge move.

4 Spirit, who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward ; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime ;
With Thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess :
New births of grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still Thou art our abode :
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

571

LORD God, in Thee confiding,
Our faith all fear dispels ;
With joy, in Thee abiding,
Our heart exulting swells ;
Thus singing we adore Thee,
The high and holy One,
And joyfully before Thee
The path of duty run.

2 Thou, Lord, who changest never
Through all eternity,
Hast made us Thine for ever,
Thy flock secure in Thee ;
Thy rod and staff possessing,
We smile at every foe ;
The rivers of Thy blessing
Around our pasture flow.

3 Thy love our voice upraises
In grateful hymns of joy,
And our unceasing praises
Shall endless life employ ;
For grace and justice blending,
Unchangeably the same,
And mercy, never ending,
Unite in Jesu's name.

572

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

573

LORD, her watch Thy church is keeping ;
When shall earth Thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard ;
Can they hear without a preacher ?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word ; in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: Thy church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping,
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

574

LORD, I am Thine, I rest my soul on Thee,
Lord, I am Thine;
Thy precious blood was shed on Calvary
To make me Thine:
My scarlet sins have met a crimson tide,
And I am pardoned, saved, and satisfied.

2 Lord, I am Thine, what love unfathomed this,
That I am Thine!
A sinner, tasting some of heaven's bliss,
What love divine!
O deeps of love, God's mighty, unshored sea,
Love full, love vast, as God's eternity!

3 Yes, I am Thine, my home with Thee above,
Thine, ever Thine,
The precious purchase of redeeming love,
Love deep, divine,
A love surpassing measure or degree,
That gives the sinner such a place with Thee.

4 Lord, I am Thine, to gratify the heart
That made me Thine,
That went through agony and bitter smart,
To make me shine,
In the fair firmament of sovereign grace
To share Thy glory, and to see Thy face.

5 Lord, I am Thine; I wait the upward call,
Lord, I am Thine,
When in Thine image at Thy feet I fall,
Thine, ever Thine.
O joyous meeting, when Thy face I see,
And fully know the Love that loveth me!

575

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Lowly as a little child;
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in redeeming love.

4 Oh, that all might seek, and find
Every good in Christ combined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

576

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—
Even me, even me,
Let some drops descend on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, even me,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh forgive and rescue me—
Even me, even me,
Oh forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me, even me,
Magnify it all in me.

7 Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, oh bless me.

577

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Keep us, Saviour, by Thy grace,
Till we shall behold Thy face.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

578

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, my days are blest,
When they are spent for Thee;
If short my course, I sooner rest,
From sin and trouble free.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

579

A.P. Stanley

LORD! it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts oppressed with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

2 Lord! it is good for us to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

3 Lord! it is good for us to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With him whose last, best word is love.

4 Lord! it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments which shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

5 Lord! it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud:
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread decease,
But yet to linger here is peace.

6 Lord! it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
'This is My Son: Oh hear ye Him!'

580

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.

2 Such was Thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The sting, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That we in Thee are one.

581

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;
To get this best cleansing I all things forego—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, &c.

3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, &c.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, &c.

5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, &c.

582

LORD Jesus, think on me
And purge away my sin:
From earth-born passions set me free
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe oppressed;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray:
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me
When beats the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,
The strains of praise and love.

583

LORD Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child
Through sunshine or through tempests wild;
Jesus, I trust in Thee:
Thine is such wondrous power to save,
Thine is the mighty love that gave
Its all on Calvary.

2 O glorious Saviour! Thee I praise;
To Thee my new glad song I raise,
And tell of what Thou art:
Thy grace is boundless in its store;
Thy face of love shines evermore:
Thou givest me Thy heart.

3 Upon Thy promises I stand,
Trusting in Thee; Thine own right hand
Doth keep and comfort me:
My soul doth triumph in Thy word;
Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord,
As Thine the victory.

4 Love perfecteth what it begins;
Thy power doth save me from my sins—
Thy grace upholdeth me.
This life of trust—how glad, how sweet!
My need and Thy great fulness meet,
And I have all in Thee.

584

LORD of all creation,
Now before Thy throne
We Thy people bring Thee
Gifts that are Thine own.
Thine is all the greatness,
Power and glory Thine,
High o'er all exalted,
Majesty Divine.
Of Thine own we offer,
Of Thy gifts we give
Unto Thee, O Father,
In whose life all live.

2 All the gold and silver,
Corn on plains and hills,
Grass upon the mountains,
Water in the rills—
All things yield Thee glory,
With Thy light they shine;
Thou all art inspirest—
Science, skill, are Thine.
Of Thine own, &c.

3 Body, soul, and spirit,
Thought, and speech, and song,
Come of Thee, Creator,
And to Thee belong.
These in bounden duty
We devote to Thee;
Thine is all the dower,
Thine the glory be.
Of Thine own, &c.

4 Of all works man doeth,
None can greater be
Than the work devoted,
O Lord God, to Thee:
Hither all to serve Thee,
Rich and poor repair,
Joy awaits Thy people
In Thy house of prayer.
Of Thine own, &c.

5 Alms-deeds, prayers, and praises,
With the willing mind,
In the name of Jesus,
Shall acceptance find.
Evermore thanksgiving,
To the Father, Son,
And the gracious Spirit,
Blessèd Three in One.
Still Thy church shall offer,
Of Thy gifts shall give,
Unto Thee the Giver,
In whose life all live.

585

LORD of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
Oh let the Gospel sound,
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
God speed His word.

2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
God shield His word.

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before;
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:—
God bless His word.

586

LORD of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee? *

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's eternal reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee? *

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost, Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
Oh should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me?
Whom have I in each but thee? *

* Repeat the last line in each verse.

587

LORD of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand; *

* Repeat this line in each verse.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive. *

3 Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
'Ye have done it unto Me.'
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
'Give as I have given to you'? *

4 Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day. *

5 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But, oh best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity. *

588

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned among cœlestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

589

Pusey

LORD of our life and God of our salvation,
Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging.

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

590

LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

2 Light, and love, and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame;
Young and old together bless;
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

591

LORD of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare, dead grain in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the Kings of kings;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay!

592

LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned:
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,—
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear,
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

593

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, Thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.

2 Here Faith and Hope and Love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall Love alone abide.

3 O Love, O Truth, O Light!
Light never to decay!
O rest from thousand labours past!
O endless Sabbath day!

4 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear
Our harvest burdens home.

5 Oh give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat
Crown Thine own gifts above.

6 From all the heavenly host,
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow.

594

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 Oh long-expected day begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

595

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still, and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee!

596

LORD, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

597

Montgomery

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh, grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite heart;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part;

5 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

6 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

7 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

598

LORD, the night is darkening,
Shadows close around;
Darkness growing deeper,
Sins and woes abound.
Oh, be Thou our Leader,
Guide us on our way,
We would follow trusting,
Every passing day.

2 We would blend our voices
As the past we view;
Thou art ever faithful,
Thou art ever true;
And for all Thy mercies
We our voices raise,
Singing to Thy glory
Notes of sweetest praise.

3 Oh, to grow in likeness,
Blessèd Lord, to Thee!
Hearts of love and pity,
Full of sympathy;
Ears awake to listen
When Thou speakest, Lord;
Feet to run obedient
To Thy gracious Word.

4 Make us ever willing
For Thy ministry,
Suffering or service,
As it pleaseth Thee;
Keep, oh keep us watching
For Thy blest return,
Oil within our vessels,
Lamps that brightly burn.

5 Ready with the message
To the sin-sick soul,
How the Good Physician
Makes the sinner whole;
Till at last life's journey
And its conflicts o'er,
We shall in Thy presence
Dwell for evermore.

599

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heard'st our cry,
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our strength and our salvation.

2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have lovèd:
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovèd.

3 Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever:
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee;
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

600

LORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest
Through every generation,
Their Refuge sure when peril pressed,
Their Hope in tribulation:
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

2 The sons of men return to clay
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent swept away,
Gone like a vision broken.
A thousand years are in Thy sight
But as the passing hours of night,
Or yesterday departed.

3 Fair laugh the flowers, whose beauty new
The dews of morning cherish:
Pale evening comes; with fading hue
They hang their heads and perish.
Thus does Thy righteous wrath consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom:
We fade at Thy displeasure.

4 Oh teach us so to count our days,
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly.
Return, O Lord! our griefs behold
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
Oh satisfy us early.

601

Allen

LORD, Thou knowest all the hunger
Of the heart that seeks Thee now;
How my soul hath long been craving
What Thou only canst bestow.
Seeking now, seeking now,
Let Thy Spirit meet me now.

2 Failure in my walk and witness,
Failure in my work I see,
Fruitless toil, un-Christlike living,
Calling forth no praise to Thee.
Seeking now, &c.

3 Now to Thee my soul confesses
All its failure, all its sin,
All the pride, the self-contentment,
All the secret faults within.
Seeking now, &c.

4 Save me from myself, my Father,
From each subtle form of pride;
Lead me now with Christ to Calvary,
Show me I with Him have died.
Seeking now, &c.

5 No more let it be my working,
Nor my wisdom, love, or power,
But the life of Jesus only,
Passing through me hour by hour.
Seeking now, &c.

6 Let the fulness of Thy Spirit
Resting on Him cover me,
That the witness borne to others,
May bring glory, Lord, to Thee.
Seeking now, &c.

7 Father, in Thy Son's Name, pleading,
I believe my prayer is heard;
And I praise Thee for the answer,
Resting simply on Thy word.
Praising now, praising now,
Thou hast answered, Lord, I know!

602

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway, rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread,
Give the strength we sorely lack;
There are tangled paths to thread,
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, day by day, &c.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesu, day by day, &c.

4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesu, day by day, &c.

5 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesu, day by day, &c.

603

LORD, Thy children lowly bending,
Bow before Thy Throne;
Praise from youthful lips ascending
Wilt Thou deign to own?
Wilt Thou hear us while we bless Thee,
And confess Thee
God alone?

2 While the heavens declare Thy glory
To the listening earth,
While the angels sing the story
Of creation's birth,
Wilt Thou hear our child-notes swelling,
Gladly telling
Jesus' worth?

3 Yes, Thou wilt; for Thou dost love us,
Cam'st for us to die;
Bending from Thy Throne above us,
With a pitying eye,
Well we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us
When we cry.

4 Then our humble praises bringing,
We will seek Thy face;
Hymns with grateful voices singing,
In this hallowed place.
We will dare to come before Thee,
And adore Thee,
Lord of grace!

604

LORD, Thy ransomed church is waking
Out of slumber far and near,
Knowing that the morn is breaking
When the Bridegroom shall appear;
Waking up to claim the treasure
With Thy precious life-blood bought,
And to trust in fuller measure
All Thy wondrous death hath wrought.

2 Praise for these glad showers of blessing,
Earnests of the latter rain;
Praise for grateful hearts confessing
Thou hast quickened us again:
That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure
Now is borne from land to land,
And that all the Father's pleasure
Prospers in Thy piercèd hand.

3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song;
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing, tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

4 Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name,
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim:
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

605

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

606

LORD, to Thee alone we turn,
To Thy Cross for safety fly;
There, as penitents, to learn
How to live and how to die.
Sinful, on our knees we fall;
Hear us, as for help we plead;
Hear us, when on Thee we call;
Aid us in our time of need.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be ofttimes dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed.
Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest,
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast.

607

Monsell

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go,
Thee whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know?

2 Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

3 Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore;
But the souls, that on Thee feed,
Never thirst nor hunger more.

4 Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and guide?

5 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou?

6 Therefore evermore I'll give
Laud and praise, my God, to Thee;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me.

608

T. E. Powell

LORD, when beside the grave we mourn,
And sorrows round us gather,
For hope, for strength, to Thee we turn,
The living God, our Father.
Thy children blest, in Christ that die,
What power from Thee can sever?
All peaceful in Thine arms they lie,
To Thee they live for ever.

2 Thy saving might, Eternal Son,
The grave's dark fears hath banished;
Through Thy dear cross, Thy victory won,
The sting from death hath vanished.
O Jesu! by those tears of Thine
For human sorrow flowing,
Uphold us with Thine arm divine,
Thy comfort still bestowing.

3 Lift up, O Lord, each mourner's heart,
Our feeble faith sustaining;
For Thou our risen Saviour art,
In heaven for ever reigning.
For all who fall asleep in Thee
Our thankful praise we render;
In death, O Lord, our Refuge be,
Our Life, and our Defender!

609

Maclagan

'LORD, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me;'
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
Oh faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
'Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;'
Oh words of love to answer words of faith!
Oh words of hope for those who live to pray!

4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, 'Remember me.'

5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6 Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget
What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,
The cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

7 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, 'To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me.'

610

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
That is not wholly Thine.

5 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

611

LORD, who once, by ways unknown,
Leddest forth Thy chosen nation,
Look upon us from the throne
Of Thy holy habitation;
Through this wilderness of sin
Let Thy Spirit point our way,
Till we all an entrance win
To the realms of endless day.

2 From the land of darkness freed,
When the depths their foes had swallowed,
Lord, Thy people Thou didst feed,
Living streams their footsteps followed :
We are filled with heavenly bread
From the treasures of Thy grace ;
Through the desert as we tread,
Streams abound in every place.

3 Let Thy presence, gracious Lord,
Go before us as we wander ;
On the wonders of Thy word
May our hearts in meekness ponder :
Quell each proud rebellious thought
That would spurn the Spirit's sway ;
May the souls which Thou hast bought
Gladly still Thy voice obey.

4 When we stand on Jordan's brink,
When we hear our Captain's order,
Let not then our spirits shrink,
As we cross the solemn border :
Heed we not the surging flood,
See, the waves are backward driven ;
Christ hath triumphed by His blood,
Christ for us hath opened heaven.

612

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise :

4 'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign ;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.'

5 Oh may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

613

'LOST one, wandering on in sadness,
None to guide or comfort thee,
Vainly seeking rest and gladness,*
Far, far from Me!

2 'Peace I offer, and salvation,
Pardon, blood-bought, full, and free,
Spurn no more My invitation,*
Come, come to Me.

3 'Long I've watched thee blindly straying,
Long have I been calling thee ;
Time flies swiftly, cease delaying,*
Haste, haste to Me!'

4 Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
Jesus' blood my only plea ;
Keep me in the path of blessing,*
Close, close to Thee.

5 Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven for ever,*
Blest, blest with Thee.

* Last two lines to be repeated in singing.

614

LO! the day of Christ's appearing,
Day of life, and day of light,
Day when death itself shall perish,
Day which ne'er shall set in night.

2 Steadily that day is coming,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

3 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long;
Long implored, at length He hasteth;
Cometh with salvation strong.

4 Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful will it be,
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

5 Blessèd, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Him have toiled and died;
Called to share with Him His glory,
With Him ever to abide.

6 There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear;
No old age, nor want nor sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

7 There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

8 What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

9 To those realms, just Judge, oh, call us;
Deign to open that blest gate;
Thou, whom seeking, looking, longing,
We with eager joy await.

615

LO! the day of God is breaking;
See the gleaming from afar!
Sons of earth, from slumber waking,
Hail the Bright and Morning Star!
Hear the call! Oh, gird your armour on,
Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword,
Take the helmet of salvation,
Pressing on to battle for the Lord.

2 Trust in Him who is your Captain,
Let no heart in terror quail;
Jesus leads the gathering legions;
In His name we shall prevail.
Hear the call, &c.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
For the Lord is with you alway,
Till you wear the victor's crown.
Hear the call, &c.

4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,
Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
'Christ o'er all the world doth reign!'
Hear the call, &c.

616

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.*

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.*

5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;

6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.*

* Repeat this line for First Tune.

617

Robinson

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know;
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
Oh this full and perfect peace!
Oh this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease
I am His and He is mine.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

3 Things that once were wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh to lie for ever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His and He is mine.

4 His for ever, only His:
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline;
But, while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine.

618

LOVE of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine,
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid,
Lift Thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place.
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone, to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

619

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep us all, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live,
Bought with blood and bought for Thee,
Thine, and only Thine, we'd be.

3 We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach us all Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

620

LOW at Thy piercèd feet,
Saviour of all,
Helpless and sorrowful
Prostrate I fall.
Oh cast me not away,
Forgive my sin this day,
Forgive my sin,
All, all my sin.

2 Sinful my life hath been,
Unclean, unclean;
All my iniquity
Thine eye hath seen;
Cleanse Thou my soul to-day,
Wash all my sins away
In Thine own blood,
In Thine own blood.

3 By all Thy grief and pain,
Forgive me now;
Before Thy cross in shame
Lowly I bow.
Lord, let that blood of Thine
Wash now this soul of mine:
Wash Thou my soul,
Wash Thou my soul.

4 Thou didst for me endure
Dread Calvary,
Sin's punishment and shame
All, all for me.
On Thee my guilt was laid,
By Thee my debt was paid,
To set me free,
To set me free.

5 Lord, I accept Thee now,
Accept Thou me;
I have delayed too long,
And grievèd Thee.
By all Thy love to me,
I give myself to Thee;
Make me Thine own,
All, all Thine own.

621

LOWER and lower, dear Lord, at Thy feet,
Seeking Thy Spirit, Thy mercy so sweet;
Down in our need, blessèd Master, we fall,
Lower and lower: be Thou all in all.
Lower and lower, down at Thy cross,
All the world's treasure counting but dross;
Down at Thy feet, blessèd Saviour, we fall,
Lower, still lower, Christ all in all.

2 Lower and lower, dear Saviour, we pray,
Losing the self-life still more every day;
Weak and unworthy, we're looking above;
Empty us, Jesus; then fill us with love.
Lower and lower, &c.

3 Lower and lower; yet higher we rise,
Lifted in Jesus, led on to the skies;
Humbly we follow the way of the cross,
Then, crowns of glory, and gain for all loss.
Lower and lower, &c.

622

LOW in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day—Jesus, my Lord!
Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign!
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—Jesus, my Lord!
Up from the grave, &c.

3 Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—Jesus, my Lord!
Up from the grave, &c.

623

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief ;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine !

624

Bliss

MAN of Sorrows !—what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim !
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood ;
Sealed my pardon with His blood :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we ;
Spotless Lamb of God was He :
Full atonement ! can it be ?
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

4 Lifted up was He to die,
It is finished ! was His cry ;
Now in heaven exalted high :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

625

MARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.
Through earth's wide round, let the tidings sound,
Of the Lord who came from heaven ;
Of the mighty hope, that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord His own is guiding.

2 We march to fight with the powers of night
That have held the world in sorrow ;
And the broken heart shall forget its smart,
And shall hail a joyful morrow.
We fight with wrong, and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish ;
And the chains shall fall from each ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of tyrants vanish.
March on, march on, &c.

3 Long wears the fight, but the God of right
Though unseen is ever near us ;
And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.
Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall declare the victor's glory,
And the world shall rest in her Lord confessed,
And shall sing the finished story.
March on, march on, &c.

626

MARCH onward, march onward! our banner of light
Is waving before us majestic and bright;
March onward through trial, temptation and strife,
No rest from the conflict—the battle of life.
Press forward, look upward, be strong in the Lord,
Our hope in His mercy, our trust in His word;
Press forward, look upward, march homeward and sing,
'All glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.'

2 March onward, undaunted, whate'er may oppose;
The sword of the Spirit will vanquish our foes;
Though legions of darkness our pathway assail,
If prayer be our watchword, they cannot prevail.
Press forward, look upward, &c.

3 The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain,
Our buckler of faith in Immanuel's name;
The storm-cloud may gather, the thunder may roll,
Yet God is the Refuge and Rock of the soul.
Press forward, look upward, &c.

4 March onward, oh, vision of rapture untold!
The victors for Jesus ere long shall behold
The land of our promise, the home of our rest,
And dwell with our Captain eternally blest.
Press forward, look upward, &c.

627

MASTER, how shall I bless Thy name,
For love so great to me?
For sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That taught me to obey Thy word,
And cast my care on Thee?

2 'No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see,
No carefulness! O child of God,
For nothing careful be!
But cast thou all thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee.'

3 How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
At Thy belovèd feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
To still each anxious beat?

4 I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me,
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I shall sing to Thee;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

5 Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee.

628

M. A. Baker

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
'Carest Thou not that we perish?'—
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

'The winds and the waves shall obey My will,
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No waters can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey My will;
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!'*

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
Oh hasten, and take control.
'The winds and the waves,' &c.

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven 's within my breast;
Linger, O blessèd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
And rest on the blissful shore.
'The winds and the waves,' &c.

* Repeat last two lines.

629

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine!

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing with glory crowned,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

630

MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah!*
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!*
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Hallelujah!*
Hallelujah, Amen.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

4 For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah! *
Hallelujah, Amen.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah! *
Hallelujah, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah! *
Hallelujah, Amen.

7 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,—
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah! *
Hallelujah, Amen.

8 Go—return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
Hallelujah! *
Hallelujah, Amen.

631

MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More zeal for His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

632

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'*

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'*

3 Let sorrow do its work;
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!' *

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
'More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!'*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

633

MORN of morns, and day of days!
Beauteous were thy new-born rays:
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
Christ, the Light of lights, is risen.

2 He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard:
Oh, shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay?

3 Unto hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And a newer walk express
Their new life to righteousness.

4 Grant us this, and with us be,
O Thou Fount of charity,
Thou who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

5 Glory to the Father, Son,
And to Thee, O Holy One,
By whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

634

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger;
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest none can molest
Where golden harps are ringing;
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says 'Come', and there's a home,
For ever, oh, for ever!
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

635

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

636

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for us the Victim slain?
Are we forbid the children's bread?

4 Oh let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

637

MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drooping powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

638

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 Oh how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

639

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renew'd ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5 No words can tell what blest relief
There for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief ;
What peace of mind.

6 Hushed is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

640

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blessed,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

641

MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee ?
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all ?
I come, I come ; Lord, save Thou me.

2 O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power ?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry ?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend refused too long ?
And art Thou pleading, striving now ?
I come, I come : make weakness strong.

4 Yes, Lord, I come : Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine :
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

642

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.*

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done.*

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done.*

5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.*

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.*

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.*

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.*

643

MY God, my King,
Thy praise I'll sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

2 My voice, awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul, the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

644

MY God, my Life! I cannot but proclaim,
To earth and heaven, the wonder of Thy name,
Make known the blessings which Thou dost impart,
And sing Thy praises with a grateful heart.

2 Blest is the soul to which Thou sayest, 'Live,'
Blest is the man who hears Thy word, 'Forgive,'
Thrice blessèd he who, cleansed in Jesus' blood,
Finds heart-communion with his Father-God.

3 Blessèd is he, though ashes and but dust,
Who in the Lord Jehovah puts his trust,
Blest in the consciousness that, though defiled,
In Jesus he is saved and reconciled.

4 Blest on that day, when sinful and when weak,
The Spirit taught me thus Thy grace to seek;
Thrice blest when, with the chosen blood-bought flock,
I found my shelter in the riven Rock.

5 Blest in the knowledge that the One who died
Is Brother, Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,
His Father mine, His Holy Spirit given
To lead me safely to Himself in heaven.

6 My God, my Life! it passeth human ken
Thy love in Christ to sinful ruined men;
Thou gav'st Thy Son: He gave Himself, that we
Might share His glory through eternity.

645

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest days, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And tells me I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

646

MY heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise:
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form He wore,
And in His body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured His sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er His foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains;
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all His great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world Thy glory see,
And righteousness abound
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

647

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly light,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own!
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
Thou art my portion! saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

648

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
No merit of my own I claim,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When long appears my toilsome race,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,
Oh may I then in Him be found,
Robed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

649

MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die!
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;
What though the darkness gather round!
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

650

MY life is Thine, Lord Jesus,
Bought with Thy blood divine,
And given to Thee with gladness,
No longer mine, but Thine.
My heart is Thine, my Saviour,
Not part, but all Thine own;
Oh, it is sweet to know that there
Thou hast Thy royal throne!

2 My body I have yielded,
A sacrifice to be,
Oh, keep me pure and holy, Lord!
A temple meet for Thee.
My members, too, are Thine, Lord;
To Thee I all resign;
Then use them for Thy glory now,
And live Thy life through mine.

3 My house is Thine, Lord Jesus,
And all that I possess;
Use it for whatsoe'er Thou wilt,
Thou comest but to bless.
The gold that came from Thee, Lord,
To Thee belongeth still;
Oh, may I always faithfully
My stewardship fulfil!

4 Yea, everything is Thine, Lord,
Let this my portion be—
That I have nothing of mine own,
And yet have all in Thee.
And make my life, Lord Jesus,
Brightly for Thee to shine:
That word and deed, that look and tone,
May witness I am Thine.

651

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life, He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day;
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

3 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die;
Lord, silence Thou these fears;
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

4 What means my trembling heart
To be thus shy of death?
With life I shall not part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

5 O death, where is thy sting?
By thee to heaven I'll go;
The Lord my soul will bring
Where joys eternal flow.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

652

MY Lord, in glory reigning
Upon the glassy sea,
By angel hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still of me.
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp I trim and clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
If I but persevere.

2 My Lord a land is ruling,
The land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banished,
And all is love and light.
What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear;
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that kingdom,
If I but persevere.

3 My Lord a home is building,
A mansion passing fair,
Of pearl and gold all burnished,
Of jewels costly, rare;
A home where nothing lacketh—
Away with doubt and fear!
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that mansion,
If I but persevere.

4 My Lord a song is teaching
The angel choirs on high;
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery:
A song to greet the wanderer,
To heaven's gate drawing near—
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, the welcome,
If I but persevere.

653

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my complainings, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus His breast.

4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.

6 A scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I smooth it with hope and I cheer it with song.

654

MY Saviour, be Thou near me
When I lie down to sleep,
And safe from every danger
My soul and body keep.
With Thee there is no darkness;
The light it shineth still;
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I will fear no ill.

2 My Saviour, be Thou near me
When Satan doth assail,
To strengthen and protect me,
That he may not prevail.
When sorrows come upon me,
And days are dark and sad,
My Saviour, be Thou near me,
And I shall still be glad.

3 My Saviour, be Thou near me
In sickness and in pain,
To teach my spirit patience,
To make my suffering gain.
When heart and flesh are failing,
Receive my parting breath;
My Saviour, be Thou near me
To comfort me in death.

4 And then, for ever near Thee,
Safe in that happy place
Where angels sing Thy praises
And saints behold Thy face,
My joy shall be Thy presence;
Yes! this my heaven will be—
My Saviour will be near me
Through all eternity.

655

Godwin

MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me through each perplexing path
To perfect day;
In weakness and in sin I stand;
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee:
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish if I am not Thine.

3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And entered into realms of light.

4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng,
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love
And tender care :
Not for the angel forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee ;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

656

J. S. B. Monsell

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour !
They take such hold on me,
I cannot dare look upward,
Save only, Christ, to Thee.
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace ;
My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
How sad on Thee they fall !
Seen through Thy gentle patience
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven ;
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
Their guilt I never knew,
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew.
Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below.

657

MY song shall be of Jesus ;
His mercy crowns my days,
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise :
My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave Himself my ransom,
And bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,
When, sitting at His feet,
I call to mind His goodness,
In meditation sweet :
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide ;
I'll sing the grace that saves me,
And keeps me at His side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus,
When pressing on my way
To reach the blissful regions
Of pure and perfect day :
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing for ever there.

658

MY song shall be of mercy ;
To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
Who all my life hast hid me
Beneath Thy sheltering wing ;
Who still, in love most patient,
This mortal journey through,
Hast followed me with goodness
And blessings ever new.

2 My song shall be of judgment ;
All-wise and holy God !
Thou makest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod ;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
Yet, oh ! my soul shall tell
That when Thy stroke is sorest
Thou doest all things well.

3 My song shall be of mercy;
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word,
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

4 My song shall be of judgment;
Ye who His chastenings feel,
Oh, faint not nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal:
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

5 Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King!
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art God alone,
And mercy still and judgment
Are pillars of Thy throne.

659

MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

660

MY soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust:
Oh, make me Thy peculiar care;
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

2 Oh, may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 All praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

4 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight;
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name.

5 Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on heaven intent
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

6 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

661

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

662

NEARER, blessèd Jesus,
To Thy wounded side,
Nearer to Thy heart of love,
Would my soul abide;
There alone is safety,
There alone is rest,
When beset with danger,
When with guilt opprest.

2 Purer, Saviour, purer,
May I ever be,
Free from every earthly stain,
More, O Lord, like Thee;
Listening 'mid the tempest,
For Thy 'Peace, be still!'
Trusting when in darkness,
Resting in Thy will!

3 Watching, ever watching,
Even unto prayer;
Leaving all with Jesus,
Yielding every care;
Trusting, fully trusting,
Every promise sweet;
Learning life's great lesson
At Thy precious feet.

4 Waiting, only waiting,
Till the hour shall come,
When with joy I'll meet Him there,
In the heavenly home;
Oh for that glad morning,
When my Lord again,
Glorified in all His saints,
Comes with them to reign!

663

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

664

NEARER, O God, to Thee!
Hear Thou my prayer,
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 If, where they led my Lord,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His,
Weary and worn,
Oh, may they carry me
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 When, my course finished,
I breathe my last breath,
Entering the shadowy
Valley of death,
There too I still shall be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

6 And when Thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh for a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

665

NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

2 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.
Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

3 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend:
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.
Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

666

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

667

NIGHT'S shadows falling
Men to rest are calling;
Rest we, possessing
Heavenly peace and blessing;
This we implore Thee,
Falling down before Thee,
Great King of glory.

2 O Saviour, hear us;
Son of God, be near us;
Thine angels send us;
Let Thy love attend us;
He nothing feareth
Whom Thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving
All who now are grieving;
Thy visitation
Be our consolation;
Oh hear the sighing
Of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying.

4 Thou ever livest;
Endless life Thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping
O'er Thy faithful sleeping;
In Thy clear shining
They are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of glory,
Praise we and adore Thee—
Thee for us given,
Our true Rest from heaven:
Rest, peace, and blessing
We are now possessing,
Thy Name confessing.

668

NO, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson has been:
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been:
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
Loved though unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

669

NO room in the inn for the travellers weary,
Though hungry and thirsty and footsore they be;
The children of David, in David's own city,
They come to enrol at the Cæsar's decree.

2 No place but the stable for Joseph and Mary,
Although they are owned of the true royal line;
They turn from the inn, from its warmth and its plenty,
To rest for the night with the asses and kine.

3 Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'ercrowded,
Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
The fairest guest chamber had been for the strangers,
And he had provided for them of his best!

4 For in the rude stable, when stars were all shining,
The Lord of the angels took up His abode,
The Babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
Was Israel's Messiah, the dear Son of God.

5 We join with the angels in giving God glory;
From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
How Jesus was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
And hasten with shepherds to kneel at His feet.

6 All glory, all glory to God in the highest!
All glory to Jesus for His lowly birth!
With hearts full of joy we re-echo with gladness,
Good will be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.

670

'NO room' within the dwelling
For Him whose love excelling
Towards those who never sought Him,
To earth from heaven brought Him,
Who counted not the cost
To seek the lost.

2 'No room': so to the manger
They bore the kingly Stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His mother's breast
He lay at rest.

3 'No room': O Babe so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
Immanuel!

671

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand
And here confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse removed;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

672

H. Twells

NOT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue;
Let fall Thy pitying glance
On our devotions too,
What we have done for Thee,
And what we think to do.

2 The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou Searcher of all hearts,
Forgiveness pour on these.

3 And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for Thy dear sake,
Into Thy pardoning thought,
O God of mercy, take.

4 And most, when we, Thy flock,
Before Thy table bend,
And strange, bewildering thoughts,
With those sweet moments blend,
By Him whose death we plead,
Good Lord, Thy help extend.

5 Bow down Thine ear and hear!
Open Thine eyes and see!
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to Thee
To make it of Thy grace
What Thou wouldst have it be.

673

NOTHING but leaves! The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life,
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds, lo, tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
Then reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves
Nothing but leaves? nothing but leaves?

674

'NOT my own!'—but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!
'Not my own!' Oh, 'not my own!'
Jesus, I belong to Thee!
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

2 'Not my own!'—to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll,
'Not my own!' &c.

3 'Not my own!'—my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.
'Not my own!' &c.

4 'Not my own!'—the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory
And to Jesus Christ belong.
'Not my own!' &c.

675

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my throbbing breast.

2 Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love, I read it on yon tomb:
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3 Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

4 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song:
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

5 More of Thyself, oh show me hour by hour;
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power;
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

676

NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

677

'NOT your own!' but His ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems and gold.
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

2 'Not your own!' but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now;
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

3 'Not your own!' to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone
Who hath claimed you for His own.

4 Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high—
Thee to serve and glorify!
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

678

NOW all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
O'er earth with toil opprest:
But thou my heart awake thee,
To prayer awhile betake thee,
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

2 The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
In yonder dark-blue deep;
And such the glory given
When called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.

3 Now thought and labour ceases,
For night the tired releases,
And bids sweet rest begin:
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall set thee free from sorrow,
And all the dreary toil of sin.

4 My Saviour, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh, let him never harm me,
But still Thine angels round me sing!

679

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Oh make us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

680

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee:
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy! cries.

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

681

NOW let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus from His glory came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

682

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.

3 Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode;
As man He fills the throne of God.

4 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

683

NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

684

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Holy Ghost,
Supreme in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

685

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars their watches keep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

686

NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There the penitents who turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 Earth to earth and dust to dust!
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

687

NOW the solemn shadows darken,
And the daylight slowly dies;
Holy Saviour, Thou wilt hearken
When Thy children's prayers arise:
Blessèd Jesus,*
Look on us with loving eyes.

2 Some are tried with doubts and dangers,
Some have found their hearts grow cold,
Some are aliens now, and strangers
To the faith they loved of old:
Blessèd Jesus,*
Bring them back into the fold.

3 Some in conflict sore have striven
With temptation fierce and strong;
Lord, to them let strength be given,
If the battle should be long:
Blessèd Jesus,*
Change their mourning into song.

4 By Thy passion in the garden,
By Thine anguish on the tree,
By that precious gift of pardon,
Won for us alone by Thee,
Blessèd Jesus,*
Set the sin-bound captives free.

5 When our earthly day is closing,
And the night grows still and deep,
Let us, in Thine arms reposing,
Feel Thy power to save and keep:
Blessèd Jesus,*
Give Thine own belovèd sleep.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

688

NOW the year is crowned with blessing
As we gather in the grain;
And, our grateful thanks expressing,
Loud we raise a joyous strain.
Bygone days of toil and sadness
Cannot now our peace destroy;
For the hills are clothed with gladness,
And the valleys shout for joy.
To the Lord their first-fruits bringing
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of harvest home.

2 In the spring the smiling meadows
Donned their robes of living green,
As the sunshine chased the shadows
Swiftly o'er the changing scene;
In the summer-time the story
Of a riper hope was told;
Then the rich autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.
To the Lord, &c.

3 Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise?
For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
That, as long as earth remaineth,
Harvest-time shall never cease.
To the Lord, &c.

4 Though the fig-tree may not flourish,
Though the vine no fruit may yield,
Though the earth no flocks may nourish
In the fold or in the field,
Still our hearts will trust His power
Who the ravens stoops to feed,
And the hand that clothes each flower
Shall supply our utmost need.
To the Lord, &c.

689

NOW, when the dusky shades of night retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 So when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confest.

690

O ACHING heart, with sorrow torn,
Thy Lord is near and knows!
He knows it all—the feet wayworn,
The weary cares and woes,
The load of grief in anguish borne,
Thy Lord is near: He knows.

2 O fainting soul, with doubts oppressed,
Thy Lord is near and knows!
He knows it all—how thou art pressed
On every side with foes,
He waits to be thy cherished Guest;
Thy Lord is near: He knows.

3 O weary head, that fain would rest,
Thy Lord is near and knows!
He knows it all, and on His breast
Thou mayest now repose;
Drop every care at His behest;
Thy Lord is near: He knows.

4 O lonely one, live thou thy best,
Thy Lord is near and knows!
He knows it all—sees every test—
Yes, every tear that flows:
Rejoice, faint heart, His way is best;
Thy Lord is near: He knows.

691

O ALMIGHTY God of love,
Thy holy arm display!
Send me succour from above
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakness with Thy power,
Woman's Seed, appear within!
Be my safeguard and my tower
Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of Thy strength take hold,
And always feel Thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear;
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend Thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head;
Save me from the trying hour,
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on Thee.

4 Set upon Thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with Thy hand;
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Ne'er from my defence remove,
In Thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

692

O BLESSED Saviour, Thou hast taught
A grateful heart to sing,
While sheltering my weary soul
Beneath Thy loving wing.

2 I praise Thee for that look divine
Which broke my stony heart,
And bade its sorrows and its fears
For ever to depart.

3 In adoration I would bow,
O Lord, before Thy throne;
And yield myself a sacrifice
To Thee, and Thee alone.

4 For Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
And owned me as Thy child;
And still dost walk along with me
Across the desert wild.

5 Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine;
Oh, help me by Thy grace
To glorify Thee day by day,
Until I see Thy face.

693

O BROTHER, life's journey beginning,
With courage and firmness arise!—
Look well to the course thou art choosing;
Be earnest, be watchful, and wise!
Remember—two paths are before thee,
And both thy attention invite;
But one leadeth on to destruction,
The other to joy and delight.
God help you to follow His banner,
And serve Him wherever you go;
And when you are tempted, my brother,
God give you the grace to say 'No!'

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter,
No matter what others may do;
Stand firm in the strength of the Master,
Be loyal, be faithful, and true!
Each trial will make you the stronger,
If you, in the name of the Lord,
Fight manfully under your Leader,
Obeying the voice of His word.
God help you, &c.

3 O brother, the Saviour is calling!
Beware of the danger of sin;
Resist not the voice of the Spirit,
That whispers so gently within.
God calls you to enter His service,
To live for Him here, day by day;
And share by and by in the glory
That never shall vanish away.
God help you, &c.

694

O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us,—Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us,—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Great God of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore.
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

695

O CHRIST, Thou art the Light and Day,
Thy brightness drives night's shades away;
Thee Very Light of Light we own,
Who o'er the world blest light hast thrown.

2 All holy Lord, be Thou our might,
And guard us through the coming night,
With quiet blest, from perils free,
And safely laid to rest in Thee.

3 Oh let not death invade our rest:
Nor wily foe our souls molest;
Nor yielding flesh consent within,
And make us in Thy presence sin.

4 And when our eyes sweet sleep shall take,
Keep Thou our souls to Thee awake;
Let Thy right hand be held above
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

5 Be Thou our shield; behold from high;
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Thy servants guard and guide in good,
The purchase of Thy precious blood.

6 Be mindful of us, Lord, we pray,
Whilst in this mortal flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be present with us to the end.

696

O CHRIST, Thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky:
Let earth tell forth the story,—
Our very flesh and bone,
Immanuel in glory
Ascends His Father's throne.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee;
But canst Thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love Thee
And gaze from Olivet?
Nay, on Thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven,
Eternally the same.

3 There, there Thou standest pleading
The virtue of Thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God;
And every changeful fashion
Of our brief joys and cares
Finds thought in Thy compassion,
And echo in Thy prayers.

4 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of Thy redeeming cross
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit,
And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavour
In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with Thee for ever
In glories without end.

697

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup;
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me!
That bitter cup—Love drank it up;
Now blessing's draught for me.

3 The tempest's awful voice was heard;
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward—
It braved the storm for me:
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

4 The Holy One did hide His face;
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me:
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me!

698

OH come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Born upon earth,
Behold, the King of angels;
Oh come let us adore Him,
Oh come let us adore Him,
Oh come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
Oh come let us adore Him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest';
Oh come let us adore Him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
Oh come let us adore Him, &c.

699

OH come and mourn with me awhile:
Oh come ye to the Saviour's side:
Oh come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's offering is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For He, our Lord, is crucified.

700

OH come, oh come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israël,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israël.

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israël.

3 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israël.

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israël.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israël.

701

OH come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the future on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2 Then come to the Saviour whose mercy grows brighter,
The longer you look at the depth of His love:
And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

3 Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And ~~vow~~ ask at His feet ~~you will~~ to be kept keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

4 Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt, and of shame,
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

5 Oh come then to Jesus and drink of His fountains,
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me that earth's fairest valleys and mountains
Are dull to the bright land that waits you above.

702

OH come, ye that labour and are heavy laden,
Come ye to Jesus for rest and peace;
Lo, now He calls and lovingly invites us:
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Jesus is willing, waiting to be gracious,
And none that come will He cast out;
Dying, He proves His love, all love surpassing:
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Jesus is able; from the grave arising,
Lo, He proclaimeth His power to save;
He that is with us is more than all against us:
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him,
Oh come and fall before Him, Christ the Lord.

4 Saviour of sinners, chosen of the Father,
On Thee alone all our trust we build;
Thou art alone a Saviour all-sufficient:
Our hearts we bow before Thee,
Our hearts we bow before Thee,
Our hearts we bow before Thee, Christ the Lord.

5 Blessing and honour, glory and dominion,
Be to the Lamb once for sinners slain:
Oh may we join the everlasting chorus,
And bow with them before Him,
And bow with them before Him,
And bow with them before Him, Christ the Lord.

703

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

704

O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

2 O Everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that 's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

3 O Everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!

4 O Everlasting Fount,
From which the waters burst,
The streams of the eternal mount,
That quench time's sorest thirst!

5 O Everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs;
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings!

6 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

7 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

8 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

9 O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

10 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

705

O FATHER, who hast given Thine only Son
To ransom the whole world from Satan's thrall,
For all the perfect sacrifice of One,
And life, through One who died, made free for all;
Oh hear us now, while we Thy children plead
Thy boundless mercy and our brethren's need.

2 O Saviour, dost Thou bid the weary come
And lean their weariness upon Thy breast,
Not only the sick souls of Christendom,
But all who crave and have not found Thy rest?
Hear Thou our prayer in this memorial feast,
Who art for all the Offering and the Priest.

3 O Spirit of the living God, by whom
The spirits of all flesh alone can live,
Souls cry to Thee in anguish through the gloom:
Lord, when Thou hearest their dumb cry, forgive;
And draw them to the wounded feet and side
Of Him who lives for all, for all who died.

4 O Father, Saviour, Comforter Divine,
All hearts are open to Thy searching glance;
Lift up on this our darkened world of sin
The light and glory of Thy countenance,
Till love its final victory hath won,
And, as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done.

706

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return;
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

707

Bathurst

OH for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

708

C Wesley

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

709

E. Harland

OH for a humbler walk with God!
Lord, bend this stubborn heart of mine:
Subdue each rising, rebel thought,
And all my will conform to Thine.

2 Oh for a holier walk with God,
A heart from all pollution free!
Expel, O Lord, each sinful love,
And fill my soul with love to Thee.

3 Oh for a nearer walk with God!
Lord, turn my wandering heart to Thee;
Help me to live by faith in Him,
Who lived, and died, and rose for me.

4 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above,
With light and love and power divine;
And by His all-constraining grace
Make me, and keep me, ever Thine.

710

C. Wesley

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To speak through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

711

Crewdson

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright 'for ever',
Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while'!

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping;
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 A little while the earthen pitche taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad 'for ever'
Will light the shadows of the 'little while'.

712

Bancrof

OH for the robes of whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
Oh for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

2 Oh for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!
Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

3 Jesu, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

713

O GOD, be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of Thy disposing;
And 'neath Thy shadow here to rest we yield us,
For Thou wilt shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and dangers flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thy blessing send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
But Thou, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

714

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth;
My strong deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.

3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face;
My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

7 And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
He liveth—Blessèd be my Rock!
My God exalted be!

715

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

716

O GOD of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing!
To Thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee;
All nature trembles at Thy voice:
With awe even we Thy children prove
Thy power: Oh let us taste Thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful Love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our wishes Thou,
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye;
To Thee, who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore; when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O Love, our stubborn will subdue,
Create our ruined frame anew,
Dispel our darkness by Thy light;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in Thy sight.

6 Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode,
Hid be our life with Christ in God,
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine;
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And filled with Thee be all our thought,
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

717

O GOD of God! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,
To Thee, where angels know no night,
The hymn of praise for ever rings:—
To Him who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Laud, honour, might, to Him alone,
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

2 Nations beheld their coming Lord,
Slowly in type from age to age,
Grand in the poet's wingèd word,
Deep in the prophet's sacred page;
Till through the deep Judæan night
Rang out the song, 'Good-will to men!'
Hymned by the firstborn sons of light,
Re-echoed now;—'Good-will!' Amen.

3 His life of truth, His deeds of love,
His death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn,
These are all past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates';
So sang His hosts unheard by men;
'Lift up your hearts, for you He waits';
'We lift them up.' Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep,
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, 'Send forth Thy light,
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free.' Amen, Amen.

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong,
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;
From angels praise, and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power, Amen, Amen!

718

O GOD of light, about Thy throne
What wondrous glories shine!
No darkness ever can obscure
The heavenly light divine.
Dispel our gloom; oh, chase away
The blackness of our night,
And let us have within our hearts
Thy ever shining light.

2 O God of life, Thy quickening power
Is seen the earth around;
Our life is ours to give to Thee,
To be with glory crowned.
Quicken our souls, that we may live
The life of faith and love,
That when all earthly visions fade,
Our life may be above.

3 O God of love, we thank Thy name
For love's constraining power;
We could not live without the care
That guards us every hour.
Within our hearts now shed abroad
Thy wondrous love divine,
That each may truly, gladly, say
'The love of God is mine.'

4 O God of light and life and love,
Receive our homage now,
While, filled with reverential awe,
Before Thy throne we bow:
And when our worship here shall cease,
And all earth's ties are riven,
Amid the glory round the throne,
We'll worship Thee in heaven.

719

O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought,
May work a work for Thee;

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

720

O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on Thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white?

4 How can we fight for Truth and God,
Enthralled by lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

5 O God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there!

6 So tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect Truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee.

721

O GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die,—
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face,—
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

722

OH, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I fly where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, and pant to get free;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee;
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

3 Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
Oh, what will it be when the fulness appears!

723

Neale.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

4 What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

6 What are they but His jewels
Of right cœlestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

7 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

724

O HAPPY land, O happy land,
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer,
No lips untaught may join that song
Or learn the music there.

2 The saints in light, the saints in light,
What joy to them is given!
Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright,
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes were cleansed from every stain
By bleeding, dying love;
On earth they served, and now they reign
As kings and priests above.

3 Thou heavenly Friend, Thou heavenly Friend,
Oh. hear us when we pray;
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
Be all our fresh, our youthful days
To Thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet, to sing Thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

725

OH, hear my cry, be gracious now to me,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,
I've wandered far away from home;
Oh, take me now, and bring me to Thy fold!
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
One look from Thee would give me life and light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
I've wandered far away, &c.

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
I've wandered far away, &c.

4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
I've wandered far away, &c.

726

O HEAVENLY Fount of light and love,
Adoring praise to Thee we pay;
Pour down, blest Spirit, from above
Fresh streams of grace this day.

2 Thou, o'er the everlasting Son
Hovering with wings of living light,
Anointedst Israel's Champion
To fight the awful fight.

3 At Pentecost Thou camest down,
As sound of rushing wind went by,
With tongues of heavenly fire to crown
That glorious company.

4 Thou on each new-born child of grace
Dost now in hidden power descend,
To strengthen for life's weary race,
To comfort and defend.

5 Thou in each meek and lowly heart,
With streams of living waters bright,
Sweet Fount of strength and gladness art,
Fresh Spring of life and light.

6 Thee, Spirit blest, All-Holy One,
In songs of triumph we adore,
For, with the Father and the Son,
Thou reignest evermore!

727

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.
Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

2 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.
Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

3 Sure hope doth thither lead us,
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.
To Christ the Sun that lightens
His church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

728

O HEAVENLY Wisdom, hear our cry,
Thou everlasting Son,
Who with the Father, God Most High,
And Holy Ghost, art One.

2 Ere Thou hadst formed the lower part
Of all the world we see,
Before the heavens were made, Thou art,
And when they fail, shalt be.

3 Ere Thou hadst called mankind Thine own,
And made them Thy delight,
Thou reignedst by the Father's Throne,
Rejoicing in His sight.

4 Thou mad'st the waters like a robe,
To gird the solid land;
The wandering stars, the firm fixed globe,
Were formed by Thy right hand.

5 Come Heavenly Wisdom, from on high,
And give us that we need:
Unloose our ear, unseal our eye,
And make us Thine indeed.

6 To God the Father praise be done,
And equal glory be
To Thee, True Wisdom, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee.

729

OH help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Jesu, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
Oh help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

730

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she hath found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of Love in gentlest tone
Whispers, 'Still cling to Me.'

6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

7 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

8 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

731

OH, how kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day,
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!

2 Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile, or with Thy rod,
'Twas but that my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

3 Oh, how slowly have I often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!

4 Make me for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God.

732

O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then wakens love divine.

3 Thy wondrous mercies are untold
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say.

4 That love, which in Thy passion drained
For us Thy precious blood,
That love, whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.

5 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

6 May every heart confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

7 Thou, who hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this;

8 Grant us, while here on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence we pass away,
To us Thy glory show.

733

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

6 Oh hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

7 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

734

O JESU, our Salvation,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thee, in adoration,
We prayers and praises bring.
Before Thee, Lord, most holy,
Who art our all in all,
In supplication lowly,
We at Thy footstool fall.

2 We come in prayer, confessing
Our sins that need Thy grace;
Oh! shed on us Thy blessing,
The brightness of Thy face;
And grant that healed, forgiven,
Washed in Thy cleansing blood,
Our hearts may rise to heaven,
At peace through Thee with God.

3 We come our praises bringing,
For mercies rich and free;
We come, with joy and singing,
To give ourselves to Thee.
Oh, guard us, guide us, feed us,
For Thou alone canst save,
And safely, Jesu, lead us
Across life's troublous wave.

4 We long by Thy direction
To reach the blessèd shore,
Where safe 'neath Thy protection
No sin shall grieve us more.
There crowns are cast before Thee,
The loving, true, and strong,
And there the saved adore Thee
With harpings and with song.

5 Then keep us ever near Thee
Until we reach the land,
Where they who love and fear Thee
Before Thy throne shall stand;
For in that home all-glorious
We too would hold the palm,
And, o'er each foe victorious,
Would join the swelling psalm.

735

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

736

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

737

O KING of earth and air and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to Thee,
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bottom of the boundless deep:

2 To Thee the roaring lions call,
The common Father, kind to all;
Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

3 The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine,
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine.

4 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

5 And oh! when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home,
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow,

6 Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

738

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this would we through grace impart,—
The offering of a thankful heart.

2 O Jesu, set on God's right hand,
With Thine Eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For us in weakness strength provide,
And through the world our footsteps guide.

3 O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we, through all our days,
May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.

739

W.W. How

O KING of kings, whose reign of old,
Hath been from everlasting,
Before whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting;
While all the shining courts on high
With angel-songs are ringing,
Oh let Thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing!

2 For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of Thine own,
And lo! we come confessing—
'Tis Thou hast dowered our Empire's throne
With countless years of blessing.

3 Lead on, O Lord, Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving,
To larger love and purer will,
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

740

O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 Oh come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and abide.

9 Oh lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

741

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

742

O LAMB of God, who died our souls to win,
Grant us Thy peace;
In Thy great mercy take away our sin,
Give us release.
Sorrow and guilt press heavy on the breast;
Breathe calm on every heart, and give us rest.

2 Too long a time we wandered from our God,
But now we come;
And, turning from the broad and dangerous road,
We seek our home.
Weary and worn we leave the barren wold,
And long for shelter in Thy happy fold.

3 Bleeding and torn by sharp and cruel thorns,
Which pierce us sore,
Sick to the death of this world's joys and scorns,
We seek Thy door.
Open, dear Lord, open and let us in;
Our ears are stunned with earth's loud wail and din.

4 We thirst for words of comfort and of grace;
Stay us with love;
And having found in Thee a resting-place,
We will not rove.
Speak to us only tender words of peace,
And the heart's trouble will for ever cease.

5 O Lamb of God, in mercy hear our prayer;
Grant us Thy peace:
We cast on Thee our guilt, and sin, and care;
Give us release.
So shall our souls flow onward, Lord, to Thee,
As flows the river's current to the sea.

743

OH, let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 If in grief thou languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6 All thy woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know.

7 Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

744

O LIGHT that knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heaven
Are lustred by Thy ray;
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

2 Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear;
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me Thy voice to hear;
From sin Thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with Thee;

3 That cleansed from filthy stain,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
And serve Thee while I live,
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And Thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise.

4 In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

5 Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore;
And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
All grace and glory be to Thee
From age to age eternally.

745

O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread;
Lord of the living and the dead!

746

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

747

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Lord Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 Oh let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

748

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

749

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink from Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

6 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

750

C. Wordsworth

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be,
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all;

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all.

751

O LORD our God, in reverence lowly,
The host of heaven call Thee Holy:
From Cherubim and Seraphim,
From angel phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending,
The 'Holy, Holy, Holy' hymn.
The Fount of joy Thou art,
E'er filling every heart,
Ever! Ever!
We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

2 Lord, there are bending now before Thee
The Elders, with their crownèd glory,
The firstborn of the blessèd band;
There, too, their weary conflicts o'er,
Those, who shall gain the heavenly shore,
Will in unnumbered myriads stand:
Loud are the songs of praise
Their mingled voices raise,
Ever! Ever!
We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

3 They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,
The wondrous love that never slumbers;
And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.
But they can scarcely praise aright;
For all is never sung,
Even by Seraphs' tongue,
Never! Never!
We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

4 Come, Lord; reveal Thyself more fully,
That we may learn to praise more truly;
Make every heart a temple true,
Filled with Thy glory overflowing,
More of Thy love each morning showing,
And waking praises loud and new.
Here let Thy peace divine
Upon Thy children shine,
Ever! Ever!
And glad or sad, we ever sing,
Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King.

752

O LORD, the heaven Thy power displays,
The fruitful earth Thy word obeys,
The ocean answers to Thy praise,
And man their lesson learns;

2 As morning dew in peace distils
Upon the valleys, fields, and hills,
Thy grace the lowly spirit fills,
When unto Thee it turns.

3 At Thy command the untiring sun
Throughout the day his course doth run,
And when at eve his course is done,
Reposes in the west:

4 So we, throughout our life's increase,
Work on until our day shall cease,
And, at our eve, lie down in peace,
In Thee to take our rest.

5 As in the ground the seed we cast,
And wait till winter's night be past,
In hope when spring returns at last,
Thou wilt the increase give:

6 So sleep our bodies in the tomb,
Secure, that when Thy day shall come,
Thou wilt revive us from earth's womb,
In Thee for aye to live.

7 As nature works Thy will, O Lord,
As grace Thy mercy doth record,
So we, submissive to Thy word,
Thy great behests obey.

8 O Holy Father, Holy Son,
Who hast for us redemption won,
And Holy Ghost, Blest Three in One,
To Thee be laud alway.

753

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell:
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy! O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum!
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
Oh let Thy mercy come!

754

Spitta

O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

2 Oh speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On the poor heart, worn out with toil, Thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

5 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
Oh come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

755

O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heavens on high,
The gracious work completed
For which Thou cam'st to die,
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wandering here,
For Thou alone art gifted
Our every weight to bear.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us
As kings and priests to God;
We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 O Lord, Thy love 's unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free;
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee:
For us, Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

4 Oh, let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee:
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee;—
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

756

O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light.
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest.

2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness;
The life of life Thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

3 O Love divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

4 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For brighter scenes above;
And there for ever sharing
Thy home of perfect love.

757

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,—
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

758

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in;
Wellspring of heavenly peace,
Thou living water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three-in-One.

759

O LOVE, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy, that seeketh me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

760

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and dreary;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, who ere life's earliest morn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

761

O MASTER! when Thou callest
No voice may say Thee nay,
For blest are they that follow
Where Thou dost lead the way;
In freshest prime of morning,
Or fullest glow of noon,
The note of heavenly warning
Can never come too soon.

2 O Master! where Thou callest
No foot may shrink in fear,
For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near;
And chamber still and lonely,
Or busy harvest field,
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

3 O Master! whom Thou callest
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest,—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy kingdom come;
In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted,
Where all shall turn to praise.

762

O MY Saviour, hear me,
Draw me close to Thee;
Thou hast paid my ransom,
Thou hast died for me;
Now by simple faith I claim
Pardon through Thy gracious name;
Thou, my Ark of safety,
Let me fly to Thee.

2 O my Saviour, bless me,
Bless me while I pray;
Grant Thy grace to help me,
Take my sins away:
I believe Thy promise, Lord,
I will trust Thy holy word;
Thou my soul's Redeemer,
Bless me while I pray.

3 O my Saviour, love me,
Make me all Thine own;
Leave me not to wander
In this world alone:
Bless my way with light divine,
Let Thy glory round me shine;
Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,
Make me all Thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me,
Keep me evermore;
Bless me, love me, guide me,
Till my work is o'er:
May I then with glad surprise,
Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
There with Thee, my Saviour,
Dwell for evermore.

763

O ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light:
O'er this our home of darkness,
The rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly—
O Heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

764

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing cold;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

765

H. W. Baker

O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies—
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

766

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore doth join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

767

OH praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His word,
Ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him
By whom ye were made,
And worship before Him,
In brightness arrayed.

2 Oh praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

3 Oh praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

4 Oh praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
Oh praise ye the Lord.

768

OH quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
Oh quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 Oh quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Oh quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Oh quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Oh quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Oh quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

769

O SACRED Head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
O kingly Head! surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
Once reigning in the highest
In light and majesty,
Here mocked and scorned, Thou diest,—
And here I worship Thee.

2 Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the cruel pain:

Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,
Turn not from me Thy face,
But look on me with favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language can I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy love that hath no end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever;
Oh, may I faithful be!
And let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
Thy death, my hope supplying,
From fear shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in Thy love.

770

OH, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages', I'm hiding in Thee.
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages', I'm hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages', I'm hiding in Thee.
Hiding in Thee, &c.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe?
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul?
Hiding in Thee, &c.

771

O SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

772

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach the gospel to the poor?

2 Come, Jesus, come, return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

4 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

5 Come, Jesus, come; and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

6 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest there.

773

O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory, left for us to die.

2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
'Lift up your heads, eternal gates!'
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

774

OH, show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

2 Weep not for Him, at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins;
View where He lay with exultation;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

4 By death He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
Lord Jesus, own me then.

775

OH sing the song of harvest,
And join His name to bless,
Who crowns our board with plenty,
Our labours with success;
Who sends the summer sunshine,
And spring's reviving shower,
And bids each field its richness yield
At the appointed hour.

2 Oh sing the song of harvest,
The harvest of the poor,
While peace is on our threshold,
And plenty at our door;
Let pale mistrust be banished,
And hope have no alloy,
For they who sow 'mid tears and woe
Shall reap again in joy.

3 Praise Him for strength and labour,
For rest when toil is o'er,
For smiles which beam upon our hearth,
And blessings on our store;
For the sweet face of nature
Spread fair before our eyes,
For love which grows 'mid weal and woes
In purest, holiest ties.

4 Oh praise God for His harvest,
The harvest of the blest,
For those He still doth spare us,
For those who are at rest;
For those who in His garner
Are sure and safely stored,
Who fruit did yield from His own field,
For the storehouse of the Lord.

776

O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His head, that bleeding head
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on His sacred hands and feet,
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See every limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends, too, are forsaking;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching:
Oh! fearful was the pain and scorn
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction;
None ever felt a grief like His,
In that dread crucifixion:
For us He bore those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well,
Sin's awful condemnation;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation:
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation?

6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at Thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

777

O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

778

O STRENGTH and Stay, upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide ;

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

779

O SWEET home echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light !
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on Eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word,
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

2 At home with Jesus ! He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare ;
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.—
What home like this can the wide earth afford ?
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

3 With Him all gathered ! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends ;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends ;
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

4 Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares, and paths divide;—
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored;
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

5 And is there ever perfect union here?
Ah! daily sins lamented and confest,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.
With life we leave the evils long deplored;
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

6 All prone to error—none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

7 O precious promise, mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthy woe;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of hope and resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessèd, life-inspiring word,
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord.'

780

OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of Thee.'

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father,'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self and some of Thee.'

3 Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
'None of self, and all of Thee.'

781

OH, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace:
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see,
If thy shores are drawing near—
Eternity! Eternity!

2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time,
How their changes rise and fall!
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh aye one word—
Eternity! Eternity!

3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices loud and low,
In a long unresting line
We are marching to and fro:
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb;
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come:
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break—
Eternity! Eternity!

782

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If on my face for Thy dear Name
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

5 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Then, Saviour, mark my trembling breath,
And still remember me.

783

O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

2 What heart can comprehend Thy name
Or searching find Thee out,
Who art within a quickening Flame
A Presence round about?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4 Oh sweeter than aught else besides
The tender mystery
That, like a veil of shadow, hides
The light I may not see!

5 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

784

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is;
Be lifted up His holy name,
To magnify and bless.
'Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me,
Bless His holy name!'

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.
'Bless the Lord,' &c.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.
'Bless the Lord,' &c.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.
'Bless the Lord,' &c.

785

OH Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
'Thy Maker is thy Friend.'

786

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When, Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
Oh say Thou plead'st for me.

787

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh burst these bands, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Saviour, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;
Oh let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

788

O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

789

O THOU, who camest from above
The pure cœlestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
Unquenched, undimmed in darkest days,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

790

O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 Oh bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
We taste our immortality.

791

OH to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied—that He might fill me,
As forth to His service I go;
Broken—that so unhindered
His life through me might flow.
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

2 Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command:

Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will;
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command.

3 Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing!
To Him let our voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see.

792

OH to be over yonder,
In that bright land of wonder,
Where the angel-voices mingle, and the angel-harps do ring!
To be free from care and sorrow,
And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King!
Oh to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
There to be for ever
In the presence of the King!

2 Oh to be over yonder!
My longing heart grows fonder
Of looking to the far-off east, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the awaking—
Of the cloudless, pure day breaking,
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King!
Oh to be over yonder, &c.

3 Oh to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and ponder—
Why clings this poor, weak heart of mine to any earthly thing?
For each earthly tie must sever,
And pass away for ever:
There's no more separation in the presence of the King!
Oh to be over yonder, &c.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel-voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring—
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the Morning Star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?
Oh to be over yonder, &c.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemèd ones do sing,
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration, in the presence of the King!
Oh to be over yonder, &c.

793

O VERY God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and oh! we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

3 And even now, though dull and grey,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing on Thy wings.

6 To God the Father power and might
Both now and ever be;
To Him that is the Light of Light;
And Holy Ghost, to Thee.

794

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

2 Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

3 Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

4 Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

5 Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They're precious in His sight;
Such grace to mine be given.

795

OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here:

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest ~~beneath~~ Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

796

OH what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see.
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be All and in all ever blest.

2 What are the monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever one.

797

Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake?
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumber break,
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring?

2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake?
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake,
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
Their life in sad desire?

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake?
And dark waves rolling heavily
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A living loathsome grave,
See with amaze that they are clean
And cry, 'Tis He can save!

4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save:
To thousands, hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
The Word, who all the worlds had made,
To His own creatures spake;
'Twas springtime when He blessed the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here;
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
Be thine to know Him near:
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
'I come,' saith Christ, 'I come.'

798

Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

799

OH ! who this day will rejoicing say,
With a grateful heart and free,
Thou King Divine, my life shall be Thine ;
I consecrate all to Thee ?

2 'Tis strange indeed that the Lord should need
Such service as we can give ;
But if He bows to accept our vows,
Oh, yield what His hands receive !

3 The question rings from the King of kings,
Whose gifts have by far outdone
The gifts that we place on His throne of grace ;
We give to the giving One.

4 A life that serves, where a love deserves
The life and the love we give,
Is a life sublime, on the fields of time,
A life it is sweet to live.

5 Then who this day will rejoicing say,
With a grateful heart and free,
Thou King Divine, my life shall be Thine ;
I consecrate all to Thee ?

800

Johnson

O WORD, of words the sweetest,
O word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery !
Lamenting, or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the 'Come !' of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.
'Come ! oh, come to Me !
Come ! oh, come to Me !
Weary, heavy-laden,
Come ! oh, come to Me !'

2 O soul ! why should'st thou wander
From such a loving Friend ?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end !
Alas ! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wandering,
And coming back again.
'Come ! oh, come to Me !' &c.

3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the 'Come' may be,
Nought but a gentle whisper,
To one close, close to Thee ;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper, 'Come !'
'Come ! oh, come to Me !' &c.

801

C. Winkworth

O WORLD ! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee :
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath.
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

2 Alas ! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear ?
What evil heart ill-treat Thee thus ?
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none,
As we and ours too oft have done ;
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

3 My grievous sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony :
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe,
That now Thy soul in death o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

4 'Tis I to whom these pains belong ;
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains :
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For I have well deserved such pains.

5 Lord, from Thy sorrows I will learn
How fiercely wrath divine doth burn,
How terribly its thunders roll ;
How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with His avenging rod ;
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

6 And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross,
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take ;
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
Will I cast from me and forsake.

7 Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,
Shall be with me when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.

802

O WORLD of pride,
Throw open wide
Your golden gates of splendour !
And let the Holy Christ come in
To triumph over death and sin ;
O kings, your homage render !

2 O world of woe,
Wide open throw
Your iron gates of terror !
And let the Consolation in
To triumph over death and sin,
And free from bonds of error.

3 O labour's sons,
Ye toiling ones,
Throw wide your brazen portal !
And let Him in,—the Son of Man,—
Your toil to own, your work to scan,
And bless with joys immortal !

4 O gates of doom,
Make room, make room
For Christ, the King of Glory !
He shall the world's wide gates possess,
He shall come in to judge,—to bless,—
And end earth's bitter story.

803

R. Grant

OH worship the King all glorious above,
Oh gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise !

2 Oh tell of His might, oh sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

804

OH worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

805

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to please, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, oh, may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die!
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

806

O'ER Bethlehem's hill, in time of old,
Came wise men from afar,
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,
For they had seen His star;
In princely pomp, with presents meet,
They came to worship at His feet.

2 The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upon His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray;
And there they found the infant King,
And on the ground fell worshipping.

3 So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light
Shine Thou upon our way,
To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
Who would our homage pay;
For He who is the children's King
Will not disdain what children bring.

4 Not as wise men, in princely robes,
With offerings rich and rare;
We come with empty hands, O Lord,
Burdened with sin and care,
With hands that wrought Thy misery;
And yet Thou bidd'st us come to Thee.

5 For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee,
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;
For gold: we give Thee all our love,
Oh, make it all Thine own!
As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,
And bless Thy name, our Saviour-king.

807

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray:
'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long expected! weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, oh, when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land;

5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home:
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

808

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessèd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night:
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

809

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down His face, and neck, and breast
His sacred blood descend.

3 Oh hear that awful cry
Which pierced His mother's heart,
As into God the Father's hands
He bade His soul depart.

4 Earth hears, and trembling quakes
Around that tree of pain:
The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.

5 The sun withdraws his light;
The mid-day heavens grow pale:
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their Maker's death bewail.

6 Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, or fears?
Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears!

7 Come, fall before His cross,
Who shed for us His blood:
Who died, the atoning sacrifice,
To make us sons of God.

8 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest:
Be Thou our guide, while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

810

OF the Father sole-begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the faithful word of Prophets
Promised since the world began;
Long foretold, at length appearing,
Praise Him, every child of man,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Blessèd was the day for ever,
When, by God the Spirit's grace,
From the womb of virgin mother,
Came the Saviour of our race;
When the Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred Face—
Evermore and evermore!

4 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, Angels in the height!
All dominions bow before Him,
And exalt His boundless might,
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each voice and heart unite,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing,
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

811

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
See, your Captain leads the way,
Onward, Christians, win the day.

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

812

OMNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have;
Now, now let me find Thee almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To Thee I look up for certain relief;
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;
But Thou art my power, and holdest my hand:
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 Oh who can explain this struggle for life,
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare!

5 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin,
My Saviour by love the battle shall win;
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.

6 He all shall break through; His truth and His grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place,
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation and flames of desire.

7 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely,
All evil before His presence shall fly;
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

813

ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles, like us, He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

814

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

2 One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others reach thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

5 Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

6 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

7 Do not linger with regretting,
Nor for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

8 Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

815

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh! think, how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3 We have found a friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us,
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
Oh, how He loves!

816

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
Jesus 'twas who died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

817

ONE there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He.
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come and trust Him now;
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee,
Oh, receive Him now!
He has waited all the day;
Why waitest thou?

2 Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now;
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee, &c.

3 Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away.
Only come believing,
He will save thee now;
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?
One there is who loves thee, &c.

818

ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching, if 'Onward' shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.
Hear ye the battle cry! 'Forward!' the call;
See, see, the faltering ones, backward they fall.
Surely my Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be:
Surely my Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.

2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield;
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry;
Ready then to answer, 'Master, here am I!'
Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear;
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.
Hear ye the battle-cry, &c.

819

ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be.
Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from Thee.

2 If Thou fill our hearts with love for God and man,
Day by day will find us doing what we can.
Thou who giv'st the seed-time, give us large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing, gladly let us go,
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe.
Christ without, our safety; Christ within, our joy;
Who, if Christ be for us, can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father, joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour, thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit, bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore.

820

ON Thee my heart is resting,
Ah, this is rest indeed!
What else, Almighty Saviour,
Can a poor sinner need?
Thy light is all my wisdom,
Thy love is all my stay,
Our Father's home in glory
Draws nearer every day.

2 My guilt is great, but greater
The mercy Thou dost give;
Thyself, a spotless Offering,
Hast died that I should live.
With Thee my soul unfettered
Has risen from the dust;
Thy blood is all my treasure,
Thy word is all my trust.

3 Through me, Thou gentle Master,
Thy purposes fulfil;
I yield myself for ever
To Thy most holy will.
What though I be but weakness,
My strength is not in me;
The poorest of Thy people
Has all things, having Thee.

4 When clouds are darkest round me,
Thou, Lord, art then most near,
My drooping faith to quicken,
My weary soul to cheer.
Safe sheltered in Thy bosom,
I gaze upon Thy face;
In vain my foes would drive me
From Thee my hiding place.

5 'Tis Thou hast made me happy,
'Tis Thou hast set me free;
To whom shall I give glory
For ever, but to Thee?
Of earthly love and blessing
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me,
Thy grace, to live and die.

821

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,*
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;*
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He Himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance*
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blessed.
All thy conflicts*
End in everlasting rest.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

822

ON the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

2 Here a while they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a while the tirèd body
To its resting-place is borne;
Till there dawns the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

6 Oh the beauty, oh the gladness
Of that resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, children, brethren
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

823

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's Name we praise;
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

3 Oh that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God the Source of life and light!

4 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

7 God, the blessèd Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee.

824

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

825

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold;
Teach the lesson of Thy cross,
Let me die with Thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
That would not stoop to Thee.

5 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
My soul to Thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is Thine;
Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
And all Thou art is mine.

826

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

827

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

828

OUR Father dwells in heaven above;
Oh what a cheering thought!
From that pure source of light and love
Are all our blessings brought.

2 May we not look for glorious things
From such a holy place,
And deem that mercy's heavenly springs
Will pour rich streams of grace?

3 Why should we murmur or despair
In sorrow's darkest hour,
When to a gracious Father's care
Is joined a Monarch's power?

4 Lord, when Thy children suffer pain,
Thou pitiest their distress;
When human confidence proves vain,
Thy aid ensures success.

5 Long as we run this earthly race,
Oh, teach us to depend
On the unfailing strength and grace
Of an almighty Friend!

829

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

830

OUR helper, God, we bless Thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same,
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far Thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

831

OUR lamps are trimmed and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
Oh, may we enter in?
We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own:
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
All come from Him alone.
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,
And all may enter in
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
Whose robes are white and clean.

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him!
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory
That 's streaming from His brow.
Accept the invitation,
Beyond deserving kind;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, &c.

3 We see the marriage splendour
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.
We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door once shut,
Will never ope again.
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, &c.

832

OUR Lord Christ hath risen!
The tempter is foiled;
His legions are scattered,
His strongholds are spoiled.
Oh sing Hallelujah! Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Our great foe is baffled—Christ Jesus is King!

2 O death, we defy thee!
A stronger than thou
Hath entered thy palace;
We fear thee not now!
Oh sing Hallelujah! Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
The grave cannot scare us—Christ Jesus is King!

3 O sin, thou art vanquished,
Thy long reign is o'er;
Though still thou dost vex us,
We dread thee no more.
Oh sing Hallelujah! Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Who now can condemn us? Christ Jesus is King!

4 Our Lord Christ hath risen!
Day breaketh at last;
The long night of weeping
Is now well-nigh past.
Oh sing Hallelujah! Oh sing Hallelujah!
Oh sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Our foes are all conquered—Christ Jesus is King!

833

OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning Day is coming
By and by!
Oh! the crowning Day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power
And glory from on high!
Oh! the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!

2 The heavens shall glow with splendour;
But, brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array;
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

3 Our pain shall then be over;
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before,—
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful Day,
By earnest consecration
To walk the narrow way,—
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning Day that's coming
By and by!
Oh! the crowning Day, &c.

834

OUR praises, Lord, Thou dost not need;
'Tis rather that Thy love
Would have Thy children come to plead
For blessings from above.*

2 The secrets of Thy dark decrees
Deep night in silence sings;
Thy mercy's light, in golden seas,
The flooding sunshine brings.*

3 Nor thought nor voice fulfil their part
When by such wonders thrilled;
Yet love that pulses through the heart
Refuses to be stilled.*

4 So let it speak our Father's praise,
To Thee whose grace affords
A present help in evil days,
A hope of great rewards.*

To them our dearest wishes rise,
Though earthly thoughts contend:
O Jesus, draw us to the skies,
And guide us till the end.*

* Repeat this line.

835

OUR voices we raise
Thy mercies to praise,
O Giver of life,
For the first-fruits of harvest with happiness rife:
Of ourselves we are nought,
But Thy mercy hath brought,
Through the summer of grace,
Our spirits in peace to a bountiful place.

2 The seed hath been sown,
The green blade hath grown,
The full ear hath borne
The crown of the summer, the beautiful corn:
Another year sped
Its sunlight hath shed
On the spirit of man,
And the Lord of the harvest its ripeness may scan.

3 In the turn of a day,
Bright flowers pass away,
Then the fruit cometh on:
The sunlight matures when the blossom is gone.
Like the fall of the flower,
In a day, in an hour,
Our hopes drop their bloom;
But the sunlight of heaven draws life from the tomb.

4 When the full time is come
For the great harvest-home,
Then cometh the end;
The Lord of the harvest His reapers shall send;
They gather the corn
In the dew of the morn,
At the dawn of the day;
To the garner of heaven they bear it away.

5 O Master of life,
From the toil and the strife
When at last we are free,
In the harvest of souls be our portion with Thee:
Where the day has no night
Nor is mildew nor blight,
Nor frail blossoms fall,
But God in His fulness shines forth all in all.

836

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

5 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

837

PASSING onward, quickly passing;
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward:*
Yes, but whither, whither bound?

2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Nought the wheels of time can stay;
Sweet the thought, that some are going
To the realms of perfect day:
Passing onward,*
Christ their leader, Christ their way.

3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many in the downward road,
Careless of their souls immortal,
Heeding not the call of God;
Passing onward,*
Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever-gracious One,
'Come, and welcome,*
'Tis by Me that life is won.'

838

PASS me not, O gracious Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour! Hear my humble cry;
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
Saviour, Saviour! Hear my humble cry, &c.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
Saviour, Saviour! Hear my humble cry, &c.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
Saviour, Saviour! Hear my humble cry, &c.

839

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

840

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice—
'Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!'
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Weary pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief, shall die;
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

841

PILGRIMS we are and strangers,
As all our fathers were;
Our path is full of dangers,
Beset with many a snare:
But, in our God confiding,
No evil will we fear;
For our defence providing,
He will be ever near.

2 Our heavenly habitation
Attracts our longing eyes;
In sweet anticipation
We view the blissful prize:
That glimpse our soul inflaming
With more intense desire,
All earthly hopes disclaiming,
They up to heaven aspire.

3 Jesus is gone before us,
Those mansions to prepare;
Soon shall we share His glories,
And sing His praises there:
The prospect, oh how cheering!
We hail the happy day;
And long for His appearing
To bear our souls away.

4 Then let us ne'er be weary,
Nor faint upon the road;
For, though the way be dreary,
It leads us home to God;
It leads us to that station,
Where foes no more annoy,
That world of full salvation,
And everlasting joy.

842

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me.

843

PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer!
Sing, O earth—His wonderful love proclaim!
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory;
Strength and honour give to His holy name!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long:
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;
Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer!
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He—our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified!
Sound His praises—Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and strong:
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;
Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer!
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever:
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!
Christ is coming, over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the Lord belong:
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;
Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

844

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou, that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

845

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him! *
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him! Praise Him! *
Glorious in His faithfulness!

* Repeat this line in each verse.

3 Fatherlike He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him! *
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space:
Praise Him! Praise Him! *
Praise with us the God of grace!

846

PRAISE, oh praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

847

PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God;
Declare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad;
Proclaim ye His mercy, from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His salvation.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a river;
And His mercy endureth, for ever and ever.*

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners was slain;
Who went down to the grave, and ascended again;
And who soon shall return, when these dark days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom, in glory and power.
For His love, &c.

3 Then the heavens and the earth, and the sea shall rejoice;
The field and the forest shall lift their glad voice;
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.
For His love, &c.

4 Her bridal attire and her festal array
All nature shall wear on that glorious day;
For her King cometh down, with His people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden again.
For His love, &c.

* Repeat the last four words of this line in each verse.

848

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son:

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

849

PRAISE the Lord with hearts and voices,
Gathered in His holy name;
Every quickened soul rejoices,
Hearing of the Saviour's fame.

2 Praise the living God, who gave us,
Lost and ruined as we lay,
His belovèd Son, to save us,
Bearing all our sin away.

3 Praise the Lord for all His guiding:—
Snares so thickly round us lie;
We in His own light abiding
Are directed by His eye.

4 Praise Him for His long forbearance:—
How our sin His heart must pain!
Righteous is His loving-kindness,
Cleansing us from every stain.

5 Praise Him: enemies assail us
As we through the desert go;
But His sword can never fail us,
It shall vanquish every foe.

6 Praise Him for the manna given,
Falling freshly every day;
Jesus Christ, our Lord from heaven,
Is our food through all the way.

7 Praise Him for the water flowing
Freely in its boundless tide;
Christ the smitten rock we're knowing,
Pierced for us His wounded side.

8 Praise Him through the desert marching
Onward to the golden shore;
For our Saviour we are watching,
And we'll praise Him evermore.

850

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify His Name!

3 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

851

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love.
Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know,
Be my all to Him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine;
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around,
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.

852

Kelly

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him,
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have, and are.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
That for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
While we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing
Till the time of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be;
Then we shall be what we should be;
That which is not now, nor could be,
Shall be then our own.

6 Life nor death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns for ever;
Will He fail us? never! never!
When to Him we cry.

853

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice;
For the generous olive's use:

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

3 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

4 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;
Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

854

Newman

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

855

PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three in One.

856

PRAISE ye the Lord, the hope of our salvation;
Praise ye the Lord, our soul's abiding trust;
Great are His works, and wonderful His counsels;
Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and just.
Praise ye the Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer;
Praise ye the Lord, His mighty love recall;
Tell how He came from bondage to deliver;
Tell how He came to purchase life for all.
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to praise Him;
Oh, let the earth His majesty proclaim:
Shout, shout for joy, and bow the knee before Him;
Sing to the harp and magnify His name.

2 Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is everlasting;
Praise ye the Lord, whose gifts are ever new;
Praise ye the Lord, whose tender mercy falleth
Pure as the rain and gentle as the dew.
Praise ye the Lord, oh glory, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has no end;
Praise ye the Lord, who watcheth o'er the faithful;
Praise ye the Lord, our never-changing Friend.
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to praise Him;
Oh, let the earth His majesty proclaim:
Shout, shout for joy, and bow the knee before Him;
Sing to the harp and magnify His name.

857

PRAY, brethren, pray! the sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the verge of time:
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!

2 Praise, brethren, praise! the skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise! the fight is ending;
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear:
Eternity is drawing nigh, &c.

3 Watch, brethren, watch! the year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch! old time is flying!
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death:
Eternity is drawing nigh, &c.

4 Look, brethren, look! the day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark! the dead are waking:
With girded loins all ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Eternity is drawing nigh!
Is drawing nigh!

858

Montgomery

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

859

Anon

PRAY, the Lord is ever nigh,
Ready still with open ear;
Wait—and He will yet supply
Hope and strength, for every fear.
Pilgrim, weeping at the gate,
Hear His message—'Pray and wait'.

2 Pray, He knows thy every thought—
Understands thy secret grief;
Wait—He sends it not for nought,
He will surely send relief.
Seeing all thy troubled state,
Still He whispers—'Pray and wait'.

3 Does the way seem long and drear
To thy sad, bewildered sight?
Pray, and thou shalt see Him near,
Wait—He'll lead thee to the light.
Seek Him early, seek Him late;
Fear not, doubt not—'Pray and wait'.

4 Dost thou long the day to see,
When thy Saviour shall appear?
Pray, that thou may'st watchful be;
Wait—the day is drawing near.
Joyfully thou'lt then relate,
'Twas not in vain to 'Pray and wait'.

860

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'
'I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.'

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee:
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'
'I will guide thee,' &c.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'
'I will guide thee,' &c.

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy faithful Leader calling,
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'
'I will guide thee,' &c.

861

PRESS forward and fear not, the billows may roll;
The power of Jesus their rage will control;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumults shall cease,
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not, though trial be near.
The Lord is our Refuge; whom, then, shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His rod;
Then let us be steadfast and trust in our God.

3 Press forward and fear not, be strong in the Lord,
The power of His promise, the truth of His word;
Through sea and through desert our pathway may tend,
But He who has saved us will save to the end.

4 Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our way;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod;
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.

862

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

863

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to His temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make Him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in His word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe Thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove ;
Surely we shall Thy mercy find,
Who ask, shall all receive Thy love ;
Nor canst Thou it to me deny,
I ask, the chief of sinners I !

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !
Ye shall not be forgotten long,
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
Tell Him ye wait His grace to prove,
And cannot fail, ~~if~~ for God is love !

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
Dare to believe ; on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer,
Tell Him, 'We will not let Thee go,
Till we Thy name, Thy nature know.'

6 Hast Thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, Thy death for us to plead ?
To write Thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed ?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all Thy great salvation brings ;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power
Shall come, and make us priests and kings ;
Thou wilt perform Thy faithful word,
'The servant shall be as his Lord.'

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in Thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine ;
In spirit joined to Thee the Son,
As Thou art with Thy Father one.

9 Faithful and True, we now receive
The promise ratified by Thee :
To Thee the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity ;
We only hang upon Thy word,
'The servant shall be as his Lord.'

864

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

2 Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

3 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might ,
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 Though years on years roll on ;
Thy covenant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide Thy path,
The promised grace is sure.

865

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

866

RABBONI, Master, we have heard
Thy call of pleading power;
Thy 'Follow Me!' our spirits stirred
In glad enlistment hour;
And now afresh our lives we yield
To Thee,—whate'er betide;
Our hearts' true home the service-field
To which Thy hand shall guide.
While from afar we hear,
As distant bells of home,
An echoing chime and clear,—
'Be steadfast, for I come!'
Coming! Coming! Thou art coming!
Coming! Coming! Coming—soon!

2 O Man of war, we stand enrolled,
Sworn of Thy warrior host;
Aloft Thy banner we behold,
And count—count not—the cost.
Be ours Thy sword of victory!
Be ours the shield of faith!
'Jesus shall reign!' our battle-cry,—
Our watchword, 'Unto death!'
While, e'en as trumpet clear,
Amid the conflict's gloom,
A ringing note we hear,—
'Be valiant, for I come!'
Coming! Coming! Thou art coming! &c.

3 O Prince of Peace, to us impart
Thy secret deep and still,—
The liberty of captive heart,
The might of yielded will!
Fill with Thy Spirit, lest we miss
For life,—for service tried,—
Our blood-bought dower,—on earth Heaven's bliss,—
Thine own, 'Be satisfied!'
For, heart to heart, they hear,
Who find in Thee their home,
Thy whisper low and clear,—
'I know! I love! I come!'
Coming! Coming! Thou art coming! &c.

4 O King of Saints, O coming King,
Thy triumph-hour draws nigh;
Our sin, our needs to Thee we bring,
And point to Calvary.
The voice that 'It is finished' cried,
Shall sound the labourers' call,
O Christ, ascended, glorified,
Be Thou our All in all!
While from afar we hear,
Where at Thy word we roam,
Thy voice,—'The Day is near!
Be ready, for I come!'
Coming! Coming! Thou art coming! &c.

867

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love divine,
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor and weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek;
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

3 Oh, teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all;
Before Thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die for Thee alone.

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

868

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh:
Up, pray and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand:
Up! up! ye heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
Lord Jesus, now appear:
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

869

REJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has come;
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises! tell the story of Him who was slain!
Sound His praises! tell with gladness, He liveth again!

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last;
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.
Sound His praises, &c.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed:
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.
Sound His praises, &c.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free;
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
Sound His praises, &c.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.
Sound His praises, &c.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, &c.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises! tell the story of Him who was slain!
Sound His praises! tell with gladness, He cometh again!

870

'Rejoice in Him alway; the Lord is at hand,'
To shield thee, and bless thee, and help thee to stand,
In time of temptation thy soul to uphold,
To shield thee, as shepherds the lambs of their fold.

2 'Rejoice in Him alway; the Lord is at hand,'
To guide in the pathway His wisdom hath planned,
In moments of sadness thy soul to sustain,
And help thee in bearing thy moments of pain.

3 'Rejoice in Him alway; the Lord is at hand,'
In daylight or darkness, by sea or by land,
In gladness or sorrow, in ease or in pain,
In sunshine or shadow, in loss or in gain.

4 'Rejoice in Him alway; the Lord is at hand,'
How mighty the comfort! the promise how grand!
Then trust Him, believe Him, in all that He saith,
And joy in Him always, in life and in death.

5 'Rejoice in Him alway; the Lord is at hand,'
Thou soon in His presence with rapture shalt stand;
Thine eyes shall behold Him, no fears shall annoy,
But all shall be gladness and 'fulness of joy'.

871

Rejoice, the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands His triumphs spread,
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own Him, their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
They who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oh may His conquests still increase,
And every foe be captive led;
While angels celebrate His praise,
And saints His growing triumphs spread.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
From all below and all above!
In lofty songs exalt His name,
In songs as lasting as His love.

872

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ the Lord are given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

873

REJOICE, though storms assail thee,
Rejoice when skies are bright,
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night;
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy spirit alway
With happy feelings swell.

2 Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice;
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seemed;
Who poured those rays of gladness,
Which on thy prospect beamed?

3 Recall the hours of anguish,
And let thy soul rejoice,
Though wave on wave of sorrow
Rush on with fearful noise:
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

4 Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone,
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore
Where the triumphant song is,
'Rejoice for evermore.'

874

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh! trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,—
'Oh! praise our God alway;
Let all His saints adore Him!'

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name:
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

875

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your holy banner waves on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

4 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

876

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

877

REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

878

REST, rest thee, weary heart!
Let toil and anguish cease;
Take from thy Saviour's hands
Thine heritage of peace.

2 Lie low before His feet,
Too low thou canst not be:
For sacred calm is here,
And here is liberty.

3 Submit, lay down thine arms,
Nor question, nor rebel;
So shalt thou hear erewhile
His whisper, 'It is well.'

4 No secret wound of thine,
Or be it great or small,
Presume to hide from Him;
Confess, confess it all.

5 Nor merit of thine own
Upon His altar place;
All is of Christ alone,
And of His perfect grace.

6 Rest, rest thee, weary heart!
Let care and anguish cease;
Take from thy Saviour's hands
Thine heritage of peace.

879

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the bride say, Come,
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

880

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Now to Thy saints appear;
Oh, speak with power to every soul,
And let Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
While here to Thee we bow;
Descend, O gracious Lord, descend;
Oh, come and bless us now.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord;
Exalt Thy precious name,
And may Thy love in every heart
Be kindled to a flame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And bless to all Thy word,
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord;
Give pentecostal showers;
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

881

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

882

RING, ring the bells, the joyful bells,
This merry Christmas morn!
Their sweet, melodious music tells
The day that Christ was born.
Sweetly they sound o'er vale and glen;
Hark! how their music swells
With 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'
O merry Christmas bells!
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The bells, the merry, merry Christmas bells;
Ring, ring the merry Christmas bells!

2 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel song sublime.
The sweet old story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
Refreshing as the early dew
Or the soft summer rain.
Ring, ring, &c.

3 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their music tells
Shall all the nations sway;
Shall bless and fill and rule each heart,
Shall bid all sorrows cease,
And give His own the better part
Of everlasting peace.
Ring, ring, &c.

883

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season and, you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

884

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

885

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest!

2 Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word:
Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay.

3 Lord, with Thee, till life shall end,
We would solemn vigil spend,
And in patient watch remain
Till Thou shalt appear again.

4 Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep,
Resting from their labours past,
Waiting for the trumpet's blast.

5 Then, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun:
Jesu, keep us safe from sin,
With them let us enter in.

6 Danger past and toil at end,
Let us to those joys ascend,
There in flesh our God to see,
And adore eternally.

886

SAFE in Jehovah's keeping,
Led by His glorious arm,
God is Himself my refuge,
A present help from harm.
Fears may at times distress me,
Griefs may my soul annoy;
God is my strength and portion,
God my exceeding joy.
Safe in Jehovah's keeping,
Led by His glorious arm,
God is Himself my refuge,
A present help from harm.

2 Safe in Jehovah's keeping,
Safe in temptation's hour,
Safe in the midst of perils,
Kept by Almighty power.
Safe when the tempest rages,
Safe though the night be long;
E'en when my sky is darkest,
God is my strength and song.
Safe in Jehovah's keeping, &c.

3 Sure is Jehovah's promise,
Nought can my hope assail;
Here is my soul's sure anchor,
Entered within the veil.
Blest in His love eternal,
What can I want beside!
Safe through the blood that cleanseth,
Safe in the Christ that died.
Safe in Jehovah's keeping, &c.

887

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
Blessing, honour, glory, &c.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Blessing, honour, glory, &c.

888

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

889

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
In Thy love recalling
Wanderers to Thy fold.

3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

4 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven:
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

6 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

8 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

890

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

891

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care:
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

892

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood, applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.
Every day, every hour, &c.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
Every day, every hour, &c.

893

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

894

SAVIOUR, Thou art ever near,
Thou my humble prayer wilt hear;
And I plead Thy promise kind,
'Early seek, and ye shall find.'

2 I am very full of sin,
Jesus, make me pure within;
Lead me to the heavenly flood,
Wash me in Thy precious blood.

3 Lord, I want to be Thy child,
Make me gentle, meek, and mild;
I would pure and holy be,
Teach me how to come to Thee.

4 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

5 Saviour, hold me lest I fall,
Deign to hear me whilst I call;
Oh, regard my humble cry,
Save me, Jesus, or I die.

895

SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,—
Thy gift so free,—
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee;
And, when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

896

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By the burden Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

897

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

898

SCATTER kind words all around you;
Some heart in its sorrow will stay,
And, catching the bright beaming treasures,
Find comfort for many a day.
Then scatter kind words, they will never be lost;
Remember your mission below;
Scatter kind words, scatter kind words,
Wherever, wherever you go.

2 Scatter kind words by the wayside,
Nor fancy your labour in vain;
They come like the beautiful sunlight,
They fall and they cheer like the rain.
Then scatter kind words, &c.

3 Scatter kind words to the lonely,
The friendless, the weak, and oppressed;
Scatter kind words to the erring:
In God shall your labour be blest.
Then scatter kind words, &c.

4 Scatter kind words all around you:
Perchance, when your mission is o'er,
The seed you have dropped in a moment
May bloom on eternity's shore.
Then scatter kind words, &c.

899

SEE in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Lo, within the manger lies,
He who built the starry skies;
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lowly mountain steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

4 'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

6 Teach, oh, teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn, &c.

900

SEEK ye first, not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy and failing treasure,
But the love that knows no measure
Seek ye first; seek ye first.

2 Seek ye first, not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings,
But your precious soul's requirings
Seek ye first; seek ye first.

3 Seek ye first God's peace and blessing;
Ye have all if this possessing;
Come, your need and sin confessing,
Seek Him first; seek Him first.

4 Seek Him first; then—when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven—
Let your life to Him be given:
Seek this first; seek this first.

5 Seek this first,—be pure and holy,
Like the Master, meek and lowly,
Yielded to His service wholly,
Seek this first; seek this first.

6 Seek the coming of His kingdom,
Seek the souls around to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them;
Seek this first; seek this first.

7 Seek this first:—His promise trying,—
(It is sure, all need supplying,)
Heavenly things,—on Him relying,—
Seek ye first; seek ye first.

901

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace-gate:
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

4 See Him who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare;
See Him who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer;
See Him who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

5 Raise us up from earth to heaven:
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That with hearts and minds uplifted
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

6 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

902

SEE the destined day arise;
See a willing sacrifice;
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

903

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

2 'Sons of Adam (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell),
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 'Men, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late, in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 'What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 'Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.'

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Lord! let all our hopes be stayed;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

904

SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
'Hell is vanquished; death is slain;

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God and Lord of all.'

3 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed;

4 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things with Thy Bride say, Come;
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

905

SERVANTS of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bonds of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosanna rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

906

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

4 Oh! spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through His name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again!

907

SHALL we all meet at home in the morning,
On the shores of the bright crystal sea,
With the loved ones who long have been waiting?
What a meeting indeed it will be!
Gathered home on the shores of the bright crystal sea,
Gathered home with our loved ones for ever to be.

2 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,
And from sorrow for ever be free?
Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed?
What a meeting indeed it will be!
Gathered home, &c.

3 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,
Our blessèd Redeemer to see?
Shall we know and be known by our loved ones?
What a meeting indeed it will be!
Gathered home, &c.

908

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Guided by our Shepherd King,
We will walk and worship ever,
His dear footsteps following.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 There beside the tranquil river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Happy hearts, no more to sever,
Sing of glory and of grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 But before we gain the river
Lay we every burden down;
Jesu, here from sin deliver
Those whom there Thy grace will crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the crystal river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our golden harpstrings quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

909

G. F. Root

SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him;
And straightway she was whole.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou too shalt be free!
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come,
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her;
The mighty deed was done.
Oh, touch the hem, &c.

3 He turned with 'Daughter, be of good comfort;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.
Oh, touch the hem, &c.

910

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let Thee go:

5 'I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me,
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee:

6 'Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.'

911

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold,
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
And on Thy name to call.

4 We want Thy help, for we are frail,—
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

5 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true,
And still, in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.

6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

912

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock
With manna from the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys cœlestial seek
That from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by Thy word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread and heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

913

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

2 Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee,
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

3 Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call Thine own by name,
All our wandering steps reclaim.

4 Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm Thy fold assail.

5 Jesus, who Thy life did'st give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live,
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

914

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting as the moments fly, &c.

3 Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting as the moments fly, &c.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting as the moments fly, &c.

915

SINCE His life the Saviour gave
Sinners to redeem and save,
I can now His pity see:
Jesus suffered thus for me.
Oh, how He loves me!
Oh, how He loves me!
Oh, how He loves me!
And I will love Him too.

2 When to Him the young were led,
'Let them come to Me,' He said;
Then on each He kindly smiled:
Jesus loves a little child.
Oh, how He loves me, &c.

3 Children can in Him believe,
Children can His grace receive;
None He ever has cast out:
Why should I His kindness doubt?
Oh, how He loves me, &c.

4 I can hear Him from His throne,
Calling to each little one:
'I for thee My life did give;
Come to Me and thou shalt live.'
Oh, how He loves me, &c.

916

SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest,—
God be merciful to me!

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me!

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me!

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
God be merciful to me!

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him and Him alone:
God be merciful to me!

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He 's my all; and for His sake
God be merciful to me!

917

SING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven; in sweet notes raise
An endless Hallelujah.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Hallelujah.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Hallelujah.

4 In blissful harmony ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Hallelujah.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Hallelujah.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Hallelujah.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Hallelujah.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Hallelujah.

9 Eternal Son, glory to Thee we bring,
To Thee, O Holy Ghost, our voices sing
An endless Hallelujah.

918

SING, oh sing, this blessèd morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven.
Sing, oh sing, this blessèd morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

2 Jesus Christ, the King of kings,
Maker of all worldly things,
Now descends from heaven to earth
To restore us by His birth.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

3 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

4 God with us, Immanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

5 Truth and mercy show their face,
And with loving kiss embrace;
Righteousness looks down from heaven,
God is pleased, and man forgiven.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

6 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted far above the skies;
He is Son of Man, that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

7 Human flesh is now become
Christ's abode, the Godhead's home,
Royal palace, sacred shrine
For the Majesty Divine.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

8 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father, and with Thee.
Sing, oh sing, &c.

919

SING praises to our God,
Who bade the world to be,
Who spread the skies abroad,
And filled the sounding sea.
The Lord will prove
A faithful friend;
His might and love
Shall never end.

2 Sing praise to Him whose eye
Beheld us near the grave;
Who sent His Son from high,
To succour and to save:
The Lord will prove
A faithful friend;
His might and love
Shall never end.

3 Sing, creatures all below;
Sing, angels in the height;
Ye all your tributes owe,
Let all in praise unite:
The Lord will prove
A faithful friend;
His might and love
Shall never end.

920

SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory!

2 The Lord is never far away,
But through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads His own, His chosen band:
To God all praise and glory!

3 The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed, creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory!

4 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade,
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just, and all is right:
To God all praise and glory!

5 O ye who bear Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory!
And ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story;
Cast each false idol from His throne,
The Lord is God, and He alone.
To God all praise and glory!

921

SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!
Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of Life! *

2 Christ, the blessèd One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life!
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven!
Beautiful words, &c.*

* Repeat these last two lines in each verse.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call!
Wonderful words of Life!
Offer pardon and peace to all!
Wonderful words of Life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever!
Beautiful words, &c.*

922

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold, that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

5 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine and never die.

6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

923

SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise:
By Him the rolling seasons,
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us 'very good';
To Christ, who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

924

SING to the Lord, our might,
With holy fervour sing;
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,
And this His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our mouths for Him to fill,
And He, who Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

925

Montgomery

SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await,
On earth, the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The saints' triumphant song.

4 'Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,'
Cry the redeemed above,
'Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.'

5 'Worthy the Lamb,' on earth we sing,
'Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?'

6 Then Hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven.

926

SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness;
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain;
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His house resound again;
Him let all your music honour,
And your songs exalt His reign.

2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save.

3 Lo! He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
Lo! He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominions
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be all in all at last!

927

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that you might live;
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 What could your Redeemer do
More than He hath done for you ?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood ?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny ?
Why will you resolve to die ?

928

E. Caswall

SLEEP, Holy Babe !
Upon Thy mother's breast !
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.*

2 Sleep, Holy Babe !
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.*

3 Sleep, Holy Babe !
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile
Which there divinely plays.*

4 Sleep, Holy Babe !
Ah ! take Thy brief repose ;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And then to lengthened pains awake
That death alone shall close.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

929

SLEEP on, belovèd, sleep, and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast ;
We love thee well ; but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep ;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep :
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast ;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom is over-past—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies ;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

6 Only 'Good-night', belovèd—not 'Farewell' !
A little while and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

930

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow ;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow ;

Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

931

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling—
Calling for you and for me;
Patiently Jesus is waiting and watching—
Watching for you and for me!
'Come home! come home!
Ye who are weary, come home!'
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, 'O sinner, come home!'

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading—
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies—
Mercies for you and for me?
'Come home,' &c.

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing—
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death may be coming—
Coming for you and for me!
'Come home,' &c.

4 Oh for the wonderful love He has promised—
Promised for you and for me!
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon—
Pardon for you and for me!
'Come home,' &c.

932

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

6 That having all things done
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

933

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

934

R. H. Pope

SOLDIER, soldier, fighting in the world's great strife,
On thyself relying, battling for thy life,
Trust thyself no longer:
Trust to Christ—He's stronger.
'I can all things, all things do
Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'

2 In your daily duty, standing up for right,
Are you sometimes weary—heart not always light?
Doubt your Saviour never,
This your motto ever:
'I can all things, all things do
Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'

3 If your way be weary, He will help you through—
Help you in your troubles and your pleasures, too;
Say, when Satan's by you,
Say, when all things try you,
'I can all things, all things do
Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'

4 In a world of trouble, tempted oft to stray,
You need never stumble; Satan cannot stay—
Will but tempt you vainly,
If you tell him plainly
'I can all things, all things do
Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'

5 Jesus' power is boundless— boundless as the sea;
He is always able, able to keep me—
Power bring from my weakness,
Glory from my meekness.
'I can all things, all things do
Through Christ, which strengtheneth me.'

935

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

3 For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy reward.

5 Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

936

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may;

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

937

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

938

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem,
In Thy birth at Bethlehem,
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest!

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, Wedding-guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest
God in Man made manifest!

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest!

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest!

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou,
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest!

939

SON of Man, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.*

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.*

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.*

4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
Then Thy presence let me see!
Manifest Thyself to me!*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

940

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's widespread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

4 There behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
God in mercy leaves the sky;
Shout, ye sons of God, on high!

941

SOON and for ever;—
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust:
Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee;
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs, and its partings
Remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

2 Soon and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare with sin;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

3 Soon and for ever
The work shall be done;
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
Soon and for ever
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear;
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When—blessèd reward of each
Faithful endeavour—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

942

SOON will our Saviour from heaven appear;
Sweet is the hope and its power to cheer;
All will be changed by a glimpse of His face—
This is the goal at the end of our race.
Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change
When I shall see His wonderful face!
Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change
When I shall see His face!

2 Loneliness changed to reunion complete,
Absence exchanged for a place at His feet,
Sleeping ones raised in a moment of time,
Living ones changed to His image sublime.
Oh, what a change! &c.

3 Sunrise will chase all the darkness away,
Night will be changed to the brightness of day,
Tempests will change to ineffable calm,
Weeping will change to a jubilant psalm.
Oh, what a change! &c.

4 Weakness will change to magnificent strength,
Failure will change to perfection at length,
Sorrow will change to unending delight,
Walking by faith change to walking by sight.
Oh, what a change! &c.

943

SO rest, my Rest,
Thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making,
By Thy precious death from sin
My dead soul awaking.

2 Here hast Thou lain
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing,
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath,
I know from death
Thou wilt my soul awaken:
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

4 To me the tomb
Is but a room
Where I lie down in Jesus:
Who by death hath conquered death
Safely there receives us.

5 The body dies—
Nought else—and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave it shall arise,
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime I will,
My Saviour, still
Deep in remembrance lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death; in death
Be with me, I pray Thee.

944

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
Thousand voices,
Call us o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye, who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, oh haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

945

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

946

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave:
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free.*

* The last four words are sung three times.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

3 Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,
He came and He conquered; His victory sing;
Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
The triumph's complete over death and the grave.
How vain is their boasting; Jehovah hath spoken,
And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty to save.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

4 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
The enemy quailed at the might of His word;
Heaven He regains, and unfolds the glad story,
The last of the blessèd exult in His fame.
In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,
And rescues the ruined who trust in His name.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

947

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command:

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief:

3 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love,
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In Thy hands my life I trust;
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

5 May I always own Thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thy own.

6 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee I all possess;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part from Thee?

948

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves:
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves! *
Bringing in the sheaves!
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves!

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves, &c.

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* These four lines to be repeated in each verse.

3 Go then ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves, &c.

949

SOWING the seed by the dawnlight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Oh what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

950

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry 'Harvest Home'.

951

'SOW ye beside all waters,'
Where dew from heaven may fall:
Thou shalt reap; be not weary;
The Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorn may wound thee,
(One wore the thorn for thee,)
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

2 'Sow ye beside all waters,'
With blessing and with prayer;
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow ye everywhere.
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray;
The rain from heaven descendeth
When sunbeams pass away.

3 Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break;
And seed in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth
Withhold not thou thine hand.

4 Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In cold and sterile pride;
Some clift there may be riven
Where little seeds may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And though the tares abound,
Like willows by the waters,
Will scattered grain be found.

5 Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere shades of night come on,
Ere Christ the Master cometh;
Then all our work is done.
Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let wild winds round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
Another hand may reap.

6 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from the tomb;
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

952

Mant

SPEAK, for Thy servant heareth, Lord;
How varied are the ways
Whereby Thy wisdom, O my God,
The truth to man conveys.
'Tis Thine to make Thy will be known
By many a speaking sign;
Thy will, howe'er revealed, to heed
With answering heart, be mine.

2 Thou speakest in creation's works;
Where'er I gaze abroad,
In nature's miracles I hear
The voice of nature's God.
I hear Thy voice of bounteousness
Breathed in the silent shower,
And in the awful thunderstorm
I hear Thy voice of power.

3 Thou speakest in Thy book; with words
Man's eloquence above,
I hear Thee of affection tell,
Surpassing woman's love,
Of sinners from destruction saved,
Of blood in ransom given,
Of faith by charity matured,
And hope that rests in heaven.

4 Thou speakest in the secret heart,
'Mid vice and folly's din;
The whisper of the still small voice
I hear my breast within:
And when my feet would turn aside,
I hear my guardian say,
'Right onward for the narrow gate,
Right onward hold the way.'

5 And when by conscience' inward voice
Thou wouldest, Lord, be heard,
Or by Thy works of providence,
Or by Thy living word,
From earth's obstructions purify
My not unwilling ear,
And grant that what Thou speakest thus
Thy servants' soul may hear.

953

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;

Now they go to free the slaves.
Be Thou with them :*
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command ;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :
Oh be with them ! *
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day ;
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay,
Be Thou with them,*
Drive their terrors far away.

4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them,*
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer,
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where thy people *
Rest from toil and weep no more :

6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain ;
Thus supported,*
Let their zeal revive again.

7 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be ;
Never leave them *
Till Thy face in heaven they see :

8 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with gladness *
Give the praise to Him alone.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

954

SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers :
Oh come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the light : to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire : and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew : and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove : and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind : with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine ! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers :
Oh come, great Spirit, come !

955

C. Wesley

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 Oh that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

956

SPIRIT of truth, on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But Thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near
And bless Thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

957

SPIRIT of truth, Thy grace impart
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy beams shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

2 Light in Thy light, oh may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived and cheered and blessed by Thee,
Spirit of peace and love!

3 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear opprest;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live
And give the weary rest.

4 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

958

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'
Onward, then, and fear not, &c.

3 For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound,
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not, &c.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not, &c.

959

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

960

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
'Ye that are men now serve Him'
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
Stand up, stand up, &c.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
Stand up, stand up, &c.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.
Stand up, stand up, &c.

961

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come
Thou canst lead us home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home!

4 Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

962

Whiting

STARS of evening, softly gleaming
In the fading West,
With your heavenly light is streaming
Hope to hearts opprest!
Toil is over, cease from sorrow,
Till to-morrow
Sleep and rest!

2 Hark! the evening bells are bringing
Hope of glad release,
Welcome strains their chimes are ringing—
'Labour now shall cease;
Though the day be long and dreary,
To the weary
Cometh peace.'

3 Heavenly Father! watch beside us
Till the dawn of light,
And whatever may betide us
Guard us by Thy might!
Trusting in Thy gracious keeping,
Calmly sleeping
Through the night.

4 So when Death's dark clouds fall slowly
Over land and sea,
May Thy light, serene and holy,
On our pathway be;
Leading us to joy transcending
In unending
Rest with Thee!

963

STARS of the morning so gloriously bright,
Filled with cœlestial resplendence and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the 'Trisagion' ever and aye:

2 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

3 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

4 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

5 Still let them succour us, still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right,
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

964

STEEP and thorny is the way
Leading on to our perfection;
Yet who tread it, blest are they,
Fighting under Christ's direction:
He who to the end shall press,
Oh how great his blessedness!

2 How exceeding his reward,
Whom the world nor pleasure moveth,
But to God his sole regard,
By his daily converse proveth:
Hope with him hath heavenward flown,
Looking for the conqueror's crown.

3 Whom we love, but cannot see,
He for us the prize hath gainèd;
He hath risen in majesty,
And the throne of God attainèd;
He, the Triumpher o'er death,
'It is finished,' lo, He saith!

4 Hail! Thou glorious Finisher,
Following Thee—the battle waging,
Distant, all is calm and clear,
Here is night and storms are raging;
But, o'er death's sepulchral gloom,
Hope beholds bright morning come.

5 Up, then, brethren, haste away
To the field—let nought alarm you.
Look to Jesus, watch and pray,
For the combat God will arm you;
He is mighty for the weak,
Victory gives for Jesu's sake.

965

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

966

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed:
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through his golden gates;
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

5 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

967

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the vale uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

968

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

969

SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.

4 The blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.

5 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

970

SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring;

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell;

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

971

SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year.

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves their youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky:
When shades and darkness pass away
And morning beams are nigh.

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth,
When shades of darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the opening flower,
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume.

6 But sweeter that young heart,
When faith and love and peace
Blossom and bloom in every part,
With sweet and varied grace.

7 Oh may life's early spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's flower, and its fair blossoming
Be given, my God, to Thee!

972

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
The works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

973

SWEETLY sang the angels in the clear calm night,
On their white wings resting in the heavenly light;
Sent by God the Father, who our love has sought,
Unto men and children tidings glad they brought.

2 To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,
Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,
That in David's city, on that holy morn,
In a lowly stable Christ our King was born.

3 Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped
To the crowded city and the manger-bed;
There they found the Saviour, with His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped though a lowly child.

4 In His simple childhood and His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy, all His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered, and through grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased for His sacred fold.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have us be.
Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmastide,
Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and Guide.

974

SWEETLY sang the stars of morning
When the Prince of peace was born,
Shepherds and the eastern sages
Joined to hail the glorious morn:
Precious Treasure, *
In a manger, lo! was born.

2 Here's a Saviour for the lost ones,
Heals the withered of the fall,
Brings forgiveness, love, and mercy
To the guilty sinners all;
Praise Him, praise Him,*
Blessèd Saviour of mankind.

3 Swell the chorus of redemption
With a loud, triumphant sound;
Let the Gospel's silver trumpet
Lead the music all around;
Songs of praises *
Then shall everywhere abound.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

975

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is the station
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

6 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glory see.

976

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

977

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

978

TEACH me Thy way, O Lord,
Teach me Thy way;
Thy gracious aid afford,
Teach me Thy way.
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heavenly light,
Teach me Thy way.

2 When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me Thy way;
When storms o'erspread the skies,
Teach me Thy way.
Shine through the cloud and rain,
Through sorrow, toil, and pain;
Make Thou my pathway plain,
Teach me Thy way.

3 Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Thy way;
Where'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Thy way.
Until the race is run,
Until the journey 's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Thy way.

979

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave!
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, &c.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, &c.

980

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me, &c.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me, &c.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'
Tell me, &c.

981

TEMPTED oft to go astray,
Jesu Christ, be Thou my Way;
Mocked with shadowy dreams of youth,
Jesu Christ, be Thou my Truth;
Wearied out with manhood's strife,
Jesu Christ, be Thou my Life;
Such to Thy saints wast Thou of yore,
Unchangeable Thou art and shalt be evermore.

2 Thou the Way art, Thou the Prize
That beyond the journey lies;
Thou the Truth art, Thou the Guide,
Gone before, yet by our side;
Everlasting life below
It is truly Thee to know;
Such to Thy saints wast Thou of yore,
Unchangeable Thou art and shalt be evermore.

3 Would we follow, true and bold,
Steps of holy men of old;
Freely leave the world, to prove
Our, like their, undying love;
And as freely life lay down,
To receive a martyr's crown?
O Saviour of the saints of yore,
Be Thou to us, what Thou to them wast, evermore.

982

TENDERLY the Shepherd,
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold.
Seeking to save,*
Seeking to save,
Lost one, 'tis Jesus
Seeking to save.

2 Patiently the owner
Seeks with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness
Her treasure rare.
Seeking to save, &c.

3 Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around:
'He once dead now liveth—
Once lost is found.'
Seeking to save, &c.

* These four lines to be repeated in each verse.

983

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign:
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

984

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set;
And still, of her dear Lord bereft,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

3 The serpent's brood increase;
The powers of hell grow bold:
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

985

THE Church of God below
Is like His Church above,
Safe shielded from her every foe
By heavenly power and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest,
And God within her courts is found,
An ever-present Guest.

3 The Church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

4 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born!
Their life but sets to rise again
In heaven's eternal morn.

986

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
With all her sons and daughters,
Who by the Master's hand
Led through the deathly waters
Repose in Eden-land.

6 O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee,
There past the border mountains,
Where in sweet vales the bride
With Thee, by living fountains,
For ever shall abide.

987

THE cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!
The hallowed cross I see,
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.
Oh the blood! the precious blood
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross
The Saviour bore for me!
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary.
Oh the blood! &c.

3 How light, how light this precious cross,
Presented to my view!
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.
Oh the blood! &c.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When Jesus I shall see.
Oh the blood, &c.

5 My tears unbidden seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.
Oh the blood, &c.

988

THE cross! the cross! The Christian's only glory,
I see the standard rise: *
March on, march on, the cross of Christ's before thee,
That cross all hell defies. *

2 The cross! the cross! Redemption's standard raising,
I see the banner wave:
Sing on the march, salvation's Captain praising,
'Tis Christ alone can save.

3 That sign, that sign of Him who there expired
My childhood's forehead sealed:
How oft that sign my manhood has inspired,
Since Christ has been revealed.

4 The crown! the crown! Ah! who at last shall gain it?
That cross a crown affords:
Press on, press on, with courage to attain it,
The battle is the Lord's.

* Words of 2nd and 4th lines in each verse to be repeated.

989

THE day is gently sinking to a close;
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I.'

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

990

THE day is gone,
And left alone,
I long for that blest morrow,
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.

2 The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near,
With Thy bright lamp, Lord Jesus;
From the night of sin and death
Speedily release us.

3 The sweet sunlight
Fades from my sight;
Eternal, uncreated
Sun, break forth, and shine on me,
Who so long have waited.

4 Whate'er doth move,
Below, above,
Now from its work reposes;
Show me, Lord, Thy work in me,
Ere mine eye-lid closes.

5 When shall the day
Abide alway,
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days arise,
Where no sun is needed?

6 To Salem, then,
No more again,
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.

7 Oh! were I there,
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing,
Where the saints are evermore
Holy, Holy, singing!

8 Jesu, my Rest,
Thou ever blest!
Oh! help my poor endeavour;
Let me, in Thy glorious light,
Shine before Thee ever!

991

THE day is past and gone:
Great God, we bow to Thee;
Again as shades of night steal on,
To Thee for refuge flee.

2 Oh, when shall that day come,
Ne'er sinking in the west:
That country and that holy home,
Where none shall break our rest!

3 Where all things shall be peace,
And pleasure without end,
And golden harps, that never cease,
With joyous hymns shall blend;

4 Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of Thy wing,
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,
And of Thy mercy sing;

5 And with the angel-host
Praise, honour, and adore
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore!

992

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O Jesu, hear me when I call,
And guard and save me from them all.

993

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2 While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour,
Blest Jesus; still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

3 Subdue my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart,
Spirit Divine;
Oh make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

994

THE day of resurrection,
Earth tell it out abroad,
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
For Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

995

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 Oh! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

996

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

997

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam;

2 But high she shoots through air and light
Above each low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air
To hold my course to Thee.

4 No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

998

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light and comes from Thee.

3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

999

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

3 Happy morrow, turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending, love descending
O'er the earth!

4 Seals assuring, guards securing,
Watch his earthly prison.
Seals are shattered, guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen!

5 No longer must the mourners weep;
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

6 Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!

7 Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin;
For Christ hath won, and man shall win!

8 It is not exile, rest on high:
It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die:
To dwell with Christ is better life.

9 Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go:
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.

10 His right arm is o'er us,
He our guide will be:
Christ hath gone before us,
Christians, follow ye!

1000

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

5 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

6 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

7 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

1001

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His Holy Name,
And your souls' thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
His benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

1002

THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,
'Almighty King,
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee.'

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

4 The whole triumphant host,
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

1003

THE golden gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be,
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

1004

Kelly

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

1005

THE heavens declare Thy glory,
The firmament Thy power;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour:
Night unto night, replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying
The wonders of Thy hand.

2 The sun with royal splendour
Goes forth to chant Thy praise;
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise:
O'er every tribe and nation
That music strange is poured,
The song of all creation
To Thee, creation's Lord.

3 How perfect, just, and holy
The precepts Thou hast given;
Still making wise the lowly,
They lift the thoughts to heaven:
How pure, how soul-restoring
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,
A brighter radiance pouring
Than noon of brightest day!

4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness
Rejoice the humble heart;
And guilty fear and sadness
From contrite souls depart;
Thy word hath richer treasure
Than dwells within the mine,
And sweetness beyond measure
Attends Thy voice divine.

5 Oh who can make confession
Of every secret sin,
Or keep from all trangression
His spirit pure within?
But let me never boldly
From Thy commands depart,
Or render to Thee coldly
The service of my heart.

6 All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will;
The stars with solemn voices
Resound Thy praises still:
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my Strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to Thee.

1006

Watts

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
The nights and days Thy power confess;
But the best volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy word our guide to heaven.

1007

THE hours of day are over;
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come;
For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

2 But earthly gifts can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art;
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin;
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

3 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost,
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

4 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past,
With all our dear ones round us,
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come.

1008

THE Lamb's high banquet called to share,
Arrayed in garments white and fair,
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To Jesus our triumphant King.

2 Upon the altar of the cross
His body hath redeemed our loss;
And, tasting of His precious blood,
Our life is hid with Him in God.

3 Protected in the paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
In triumph went the ransomed free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

4 Now Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb of God without a stain;
His flesh, the true unleavened bread,
Is freely offered in our stead.

5 O all-sufficient Sacrifice,
Beneath Thee hell defeated lies;
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by Thee.

6 We hymn Thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save;
Thine own right hand the tyrant chains,
And Paradise for man regains.

7 All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

1009

THE Lord hath hid His face from us,
Whereby our hearts are sad:
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whereby He makes us glad.

2 Yet, Lord, we know in doing good
Unchangeable Thou art;
The change is in our wayward mood,
And in our faithless heart.

3 And if at times our sorrow makes
A cloud before Thy face,
Yet through the cloud Thy glory breaks,
And from the cloud Thy grace.

4 And love is in the falling rain,
As in the shining hour,
And worketh from a life of pain
A life of noble power.

5 Yea, when the light is overcast,
The love doth more abound;
And every sorrow, being past,
A mercy shall be found.

6 Then help us, Lord, to walk with Thee
By faith and not by sight;
So shall we find no change in Thee,
But change of love and light.

1010

THE Lord into His garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;*
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.*

2 Oh that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,—
A fruitful soil become;*
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all His foes,
And makes His people one.*

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,—
My soul a witness is:*
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me:
Who come to Christ may live.*

* Repeat these lines in each verse.

1011

THE Lord is King; He wrought His will
In heaven above, in earth below;
His wonders the wide ocean fill,
The caverned deeps His judgment show.

2 The Lord is King; the word stands fast:
Nature abides, for He is strong;
The perfect note He gave shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

3 The Lord is King; ye worlds, rejoice!
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrill out in silence, have no choice;
They harm not till He gives the sign.

4 The Lord is King; hush, wayward heart!
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring faints;
There seek Him whence He ne'er departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

5 Thou, Lord, art King; crowned priests are we,
To cast our crowns before the throne.
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

6 To the Great Maker, to the Son,
Himself vouchsafing to be made,
To the Good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid.

1012

THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King; who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns; ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

6 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

7 Alike pervaded by His eye
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

8 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

1013

THE Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our guide,
We smile upon danger with Him at our side;
The billows may roll, and the tempest increase,
Though earth may be shaken, His saints shall have peace.

2 A voice still and small by His people is heard,
A whisper of peace from His life-giving word;
A stream in the desert, a river of love,
Flows down to their hearts from the fountain above.

3 Be near us, Redeemer, to shield us from ill;
Speak Thou but the word, and the tempest is still;
Thy presence to cheer us, Thine arm to defend,
No foe shall affright us with Thee for a Friend.

4 The Lord is our Helper: ye scorners, be awed;
Ye earthlings, be still, and acknowledge your God;
The proud He will humble, the lowly defend;
Oh happy the people with God for a Friend!

1014

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.

2 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

3 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh trust in Him, trust now in Him
And have security.

4 He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

5 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.

6 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

1015

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

1016

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

5 For me, when spent with conflict, Lord,
Thy bounty spreads a sumptuous board;
Here crowned with goodness I repose;
With mercy here my cup o'erflows—
Sweet pledges all of joys to come
In heaven, my everlasting home.

1017

THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated:
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

1018

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait His nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

1019

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

4 Rise, Lord; judge Thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

5 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

6 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

1020

THE love of Christ constraineth;
Oh let the watchword ring
Till all the world adoring
To Jesus' feet it bring.
Till north and south the kingdoms
Shall own His glorious sway,
And east and west the nations
Rejoice to see His day.

2 The love of Christ constraineth;
At home, abroad, where'er
By sea or shore abiding
His name and sign we bear.
We ask not that our service
Or great or small may be,
If only Thou wilt own it,
Dear Lord, as unto Thee.

3 The love of Christ constraineth;
And we who trust His Word,
Who know and feel its power
To gladder service stirred,
Shall neither faint nor falter,
Though dark the night and long,
And weak our hands that labour;
His strength shall make us strong.

4 The love of Christ constraineth;
Then let us work and pray,
And watch the glad appearing
Of that triumphant day,
When Father, Son, and Spirit,
By every tongue confessed,
All earth His broad dominion
In His dear love shall rest.

1021

THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue;
We thank Thee, Lord, that while we sing
Thy love, we share it too.

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will;
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
Oh spread the gospel of Thy love,
Till all Thy glories see.

1022

THE mighty God, the Lord hath spoken,
And bids the trembling earth draw nigh;
The silence of long ages broken,
He speaks in thunder from the sky.

2 Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,
In perfect beauty He appears;
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,
Bright are the diadems He wears.

3 He speaks, and all the nations tremble;
Heaven, earth, and hell His voice obey;
In solemn awe His saints assemble,
The world's dim shadows flee away.

4 Oh, who can stand when Thou appearest
In robes of majesty divine?
Though now each contrite sigh Thou hearest,
What terrors then will round Thee shine!

5 O mighty God, O Lord most holy,
Prepare us for that solemn day;
Oh shield and guard us, save us wholly,
Thy pardoning grace to us display.

1023

THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

1024

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See, heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, 'The Lord is come!'

1025

THE night is closing o'er us,
And shadows stalk abroad;
With hymn then, and with anthem,
Give we ourselves to God.

2 And Thou, O Sun of angels,
Watch o'er us from above;
We fear no midnight terrors,
Protected by Thy love.

3 True Light shine forth, let darkness
Far from our souls be thrust;
That peace to all flow richly,
Who Thee the Saviour trust.

4 So, when as Judge Thou sittest,
In robes of light arrayed,
We all may joy before Thee,
Untroubled, undismayed.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesus,
Sun of the angel-host;
With God the Eternal Father,
And God the Holy Ghost.

1026

THE old year's long campaign is o'er:
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say:
'Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.

2 'Go forth! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, this charge in view,
'Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end;
Till morning tread the darkness down
And night be swept away,
And infinite sweet triumph crown
The children of the day.

1027

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

7 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone;
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

1028

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

1029

THERE came a little Child to earth
Long, long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
High and low!
Out on the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

2 Far, far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white;
In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.

3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair,
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn.
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band:
And for evermore in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

1030

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
For ever there enthroned,
For ever glorified;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

1031

Keble

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

7 One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display,
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

9 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

10 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

1032

THERE is a door that open stands,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance of pure light is seen,
The Saviour's love revealing.
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be?
That door is open wide for me—
For me, for me, is open wide for me!

2 That open door stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich, the poor, the great, and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be?
That door is open wide for me—
For me, for me, is open wide for me!

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's door is open;
Accept the cross and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be?
That door is open wide for me—
For me, for me, is open wide for me!

4 Beside the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him most in heaven.
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be?
That door is open wide for me—
For me, for me, is open wide for me!

1033

THERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go:
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

2 There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart:
There is a sight from man concealed;
That sight, the face of God, revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

3 There is a name in heaven bestowed;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a kingdom in the sky
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him here below.

4 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love has given:
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.

1034

Cowper.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

1035

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

1036

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

1037

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

1038

F. Whitfield

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

3 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a still small voice
To trust and never fear.
Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

1039

Wallace.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light:

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there 's a power, which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand, which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

1040

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all!

1041

THERE is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

2 The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring:

3 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What Thou, Lord, hast laid up for Thine,
And hast to me revealed.

5 I see Thy face, I hear Thy voice,
I taste Thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but oh for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

6 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving the world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth His hand,
And kindly take me in:

7 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last:
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

1042

THERE is life ~~for~~ in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
Look! look! look and live, &c.

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
Look! look! look and live, &c.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.
Look! look! look and live, &c.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.
Look! look! look and live, &c.

1043

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven,
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
Oh lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won.

1044

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That Love which wept for woe.

1045

THERE 'S a beautiful land that no mortal hath seen,
For it lieth afar from our sight;
But we know that its hills are eternally green,
And its rivers are rivers of light.
O beautiful, beautiful land!
O land where all sorrow shall cease!
Where the soul, satisfied,
Evermore shall abide
By the fair, shining river of peace!

2 'Tis a wonderful land, for it knoweth no night,
And its brightness is dimmed by no pain;
For the blessèd who dwell 'mid the regions of light
Shall never know sorrow again.
O beautiful, beautiful land, &c.

3 There the songs of redeemed ones for ever arise,
And the King in His beauty they see:
O beautiful land, with thy shadowless skies,
My weary heart yearneth for thee.
O beautiful, beautiful land, &c.

1046

THERE 'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There 's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
For those who love the Saviour,
And 'Abba, Father,' cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier, there.

4 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved Him here below.

5 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing—
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

6 There 's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

1047

'THERE shall be showers of blessing':
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.
Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

2 'There shall be showers of blessing'—
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.
Showers of blessing, &c.

3 'There shall be showers of blessing':
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing;
Come, and now honour Thy word.
Showers of blessing, &c.

4 'There shall be showers of blessing':
Oh that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!
Showers of blessing, &c.

1048

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.
There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

2 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Then rise, my soul, and sing His name,
And all His praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe.

1049

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.*

2 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'*

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.*

4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'*

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* The last line of each verse to be repeated.

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found My sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!' *

1050

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The lark that soared so high at dawn
On weary wing lies low;
The flowers so fragrant all day long
Are dead or folded now.
Oh for the songs that never cease,
Where saints to angels call!
Oh for the tree of life that stands
By the pure river's fall!

3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

4 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh by Thy life laid down,
Oh that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

1051

THE royal banner is unfurled,
And lo! the cross is reared on high,
Whereon the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in mortal agony.

2 Pierced by the spear He yielded forth
Water and blood, a mingled tide,
That so a fount of priceless worth
Might flow for sinners from His side.

3 O Jesu, in Thy cross we see
Once more a tree of life for men!
Lo! from the curse the earth is free,
And Eden may be ours again!

4 No more doth flaming sword appear,
Nor Cherubim to keep the way;
The fallen race may now draw near,
And eat Thy fruit and live for aye.

5 O holy Jesu, unto Thee,
From every ransomed soul be praise!
Thy cross our tree of life shall be,
Our song of joy through endless days!

1052

THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home, how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing!
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

1053

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 I've wrestled on toward heaven
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

5 Deep waters crossed life's pathway;
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh for a well-tuned harp!
Oh to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land!

1054

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:
The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,—
Oh give us now repose.

1055

Anon

THE snow was drifting o'er the hills,
The wind was fierce and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed.
'O Shepherd, rest; nor further go—
The tempest hath begun!'
'I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wandering one!'

2 A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beamed with pity sweet;
And marks of wounds were on His hands,
And scars were on His feet.
Again I said, 'O Shepherd, rest;
The tempest hath begun!'
He murmured, 'Nay, I must away
To find my wandering one!'

3 'I saw Thy flock at peace, within
Thine own well-guarded fold;
O Shepherd, pause: for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!'
'No; one has wandered far away,
And soon may be undone;
I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wandering one!'

4 'But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast "ninety-and-nine" at home,
Why for a truant care?'
'Dearer to me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling one!
I cannot stay, I must away
To find my wandering one!'

5 E'en so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart divine
A wealth of love for all His own—
For all the ninety-and-nine;
But most He loves, and most He seeks,
The soul by sin undone:
And still He sighs, 'I must away
To find my wandering one!'

1056

Heber

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

1057

THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept;
And warmed by golden sunshine
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
To harvest once again.
Oh, praise the heavenly Sower
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

2 Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed;
Here in His church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yea even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

4 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own;
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

1058

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'

1059

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

1060

THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

2 Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

3 Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

4 Yet year by year
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing,
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

5 Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part
And join the praise of spring.

1061

HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!
HALLELUJAH!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun;
Hallelujah!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst;
Hallelujah!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the bonds of death and hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell;
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Hallelujah!

1062

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me:

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

1063

THE valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
The rivers and the fountains,
The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
The flowers that deck the sod,
Proclaim aloud the glory of my God.
Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to our God above;
Praises through the wide creation,
Sound aloud His greatness and His love.

2 And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its King,
And man, the noblest creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew his pathway,
And all his senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
Praise Him, ye that live for ever;
Praise Him, every heart and voice;
Praise Him, He 's the glorious Giver:
Praise Him in your sorrows and your joys.

3 The word of life He gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us
He gave His Son to die—
To die in shame and anguish,
To die a sacrifice,
To save us from the death that never dies.
Praise Him, praise Him for salvation;
Praise Him, praise Him for His Son;
Praise Him, every tribe and nation,
Praise Him for the battle He has won.

4 Then, brothers, train your voices
To hymn His praise above;
For he who here rejoices
In Jesu's dying love
Around His throne of glory
Shall all His love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Praise Him, praise the eternal Father;
Praise Him, praise the eternal Son;
Praise Him, let us praise together,
Father, Son, and Spirit, Three in One.

1064

Tivells

THE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed midst hope and fear,
For though His sunshine flashed around me,
His storms at times drew near:
And I said—
Oh! that I knew where He abideth!
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo! His glorious face He hideth,
And men perceive it not!

2 The Voice of God's Protection told me
He loveth all He made:
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid:
And I said—
Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!
His eye would guide me right:
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,
Yet passeth out of sight.

3 The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirred my inmost breast;
But though its tones were firmer, clearer,
'Twas not the voice of rest:
And I said—
Oh! that I knew if He forgiveth!
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

4 It was the Voice of Revelation
That met my utmost need;
The wondrous message of salvation
Was joy and peace indeed:
And I said—
Oh! how I love the sacred pages
From which such tidings flow,
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages,
Have longed in vain to know!

5 For now is life a lucid story,
And death a rest in Him,
And all is bathed in light and glory
That once was dark or dim:
And I said—
O Thou who dost my soul deliver,
And all its hopes uplift;
Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
A heart to prize the gift.

1065

Bliss

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus!

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Come to the Light, &c.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Go, wash at His bidding and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Come to the Light, &c.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus!
The Lamb is the Light in the city of gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus!
Come to the Light, &c.

1066

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old.
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or wisdom,
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

1067

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

1068

THEY come and go, the seasons fair,
And bring their spoil to vale and hills;
But oh! there is waiting in the air,
And a passionate hope the spirit fills.
Why doth He tarry, the absent Lord?
When shall the Kingdom be restored,
And earth and heaven, with one accord,
Ring out the cry that the King comes?
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be when He comes!
What will it be when the King comes!

2 The floods have lifted up their voice:
The King hath come to His own—His own!
The little hills and vales rejoice,
His right it is to take the crown.
Sleepers awake and meet Him first!
Now let the marriage hymn outburst!
And powers of darkness flee, disperst;—
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

3 A ransomed earth breaks forth in song,
Her sin-stained ages overpast;
Her yearning, 'Lord, how long—how long?'
Exchanged for joy at last—at last!
Angels carry the royal commands;
Peace beams forth throughout all the lands;
The trees of the field shall clasp their hands:
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

4 Now Zion's hill, with glory crowned,
Uplifts her head with joy once more;
And Zion's King, once scorned, disowned,
Extends her rule from shore to shore.

Sing, for the land her Lord regains!
Sing, for the Son of David reigns!
And living streams o'erflow her plains:
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

5 Oh, brothers, stand as men that wait,
The dawn is purpling in the East,
And banners wave from Heaven's high gate;
The conflict now, but soon the feast!
Mercy and truth shall meet again:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
We can suffer now; He will know us then:
What will it be when the King comes!
What will it be, &c.

1069

'THEY wandered in the desert—
A solitary way';
Alone with God they journeyed
For many a night and day,
They wandered on—He kept them
Throughout that desert wide,
From human friendships severed,—
All human help denied.

2 And yet it was 'the right way',
No cause had they to fear,
Although 'twas not the bright way,
Yet God Himself was near.
The Rock gave forth the water,
The heaven gave them bread,
With cloud and pillar o'er them
The Lord Jehovah led.

3 Each resting-place, each journey
Were all upon the road
Which led unto the city
For them prepared by God;
Their enemies He conquered,
Their needs He well supplied,
And from distress delivered
When unto Him they cried.

4 We're pilgrims, too, and strangers,
But God Himself is nigh,
No dwelling here to rest in,
Our city is on high;
From Egypt unto Canaan
Each step is marked by love,
To reach the land of promise—
Jerusalem above.

5 When there we meet the Saviour,
And see Him face to face,
And there behold His glory,
So full of truth and grace,—
We then shall know our pathway
Was ordered for the best,
It was our Father's 'right way'
To everlasting rest.

1070

THEY were in an upper chamber,
They were all with one accord,
When the Holy Ghost descended,
As was promised by our Lord.
O Lord, send the power just now;
O Lord, send the power just now;
O Lord, send the power just now,
And baptize every one.

2 Yes, this power from heaven descended,
With the sound of rushing wind;
Tongues of fire came down upon them,
As the Lord said He would send.
O Lord, send the power, &c.

3 Yes, this 'old-time' power was given
To our fathers who were true;
This is promised to believers,
And we all may have it too.
O Lord, send the power, &c.

1071

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

1072

THINE for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—Oh how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

1073

THINE for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, oh, help our weak endeavour,
Lord, to be for ever Thine.

2 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Thine for ever may we be:
May no sin nor sorrow sever
Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

3 Thine for ever, Thine for ever!
Armed with faith, and strong in Thee,
Ever fighting, fainting never,
May we march to victory.

4 Daily in the grace increasing
Of Thy Spirit, more and more,
Watching, praying, without ceasing,
May we reach the heavenly shore!

5 Hard the conflict; but what glory
Is revealèd to our eyes
While we read the heavenly story
Of our home beyond the skies!

6 'Thine for ever' we are singing
Here on earth, and while we sing
Voices in our ears are ringing
Hymns of angels to our King.

7 Thine for ever! Thine for ever!
May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, oh! help our weak endeavour,
Lord, to be for ever Thine.

1074

Bickersteth

'THINE—Thine for ever'—blessèd bond
That knits us, Lord, to Thee:
May voice and heart and soul respond,
Amen, so let it be.

2 When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be 'Thine for ever', clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

3 When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
May 'Thine for ever' from the skies
Steal down and break the charm.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May 'Thine for ever' in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

5 Thine all along the flowery spring,
Along the summer prime,
Till autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of time.

6 'Thine, Thine for ever,' body, soul,
Henceforth devote to Thee,
While everlasting ages roll:
Amen, so let it be.

1075

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

1076

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

1077

THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross,—
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, 'I will be crowned';
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, 'Fight'!

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

1078

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing:
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say:
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Not a cloud, and not a shadow,
Not a mist, and not a tear,
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought;
Oh how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath brought!

4 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

5 Thou art coming; we are waiting,
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil:
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

6 Oh the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored and owned!

1079

THOU art gone up on high,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
And captive ledd'st captivity,
Thy ransomed ones to save.
Thou art gone up on high,
Oh help us to ascend,
And there with Thee continually
In heart and spirit blend.

2 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

4 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:
Oh, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

1080

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

1081

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

1082

THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil,
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.

2 In all Thy mercies may our souls
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts Thy love bestows
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

3 Teach us in time of deep distress
To own Thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.

5 Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 So when we close our eyes in death,
Our hearts shall know no fear;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

1083

THOU chief among ten thousand,
Who can with Thee compare;
Thou hast my soul's devotion;
Supreme, Thou reignest there:
I know no life divided,
O blessèd Lord, from Thee!
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me.

2 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Zion
I may appear at length!
Oh, make my spirit worthy
To join the ransomed throng!
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song!

3 Oh, give that last, best blessing
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps,
Wherever Thou dost go:
Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above—
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou Eternal Love!

1084

E. S. Elliot

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree,
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, 'Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me.

1085

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,
The Lord is our leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
If the weak are opprest, He hears their complaint;
The way may be weary and thorny the road,
But how can we falter, whose help is in God?

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light,
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come,
The Lord is our leader and heaven our home.

5 And there, all His people eternally dwell
With Him who hath led them so safely and well;
The toilsome way over, the wilderness past,
And Canaan, the blessèd, is theirs at the last.

1086

THOUGH troubles assail
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail
And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us
'The Lord will provide.'

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
'The Lord will provide.'

3 His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
'The Lord will provide.'

4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim,
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide;
Almighty His power—
'The Lord will provide.'

1087

THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each cœlestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
In righteousness Thy priests be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
And make Thy chosen people glad.

5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The brooding cloud from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.

6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night.

1088

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

6 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there,
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, 'Abba, Father,' cry!

7 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy love, thy God, thy all!'
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

1089

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;—

3 To pray and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

5 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,

6 The solemn midnight cry,
'Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise and meet Him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom.'

7 Oh may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

8 Oh may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

1090

J. Borthwick.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last;
Oh what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this, 'Thou knowest, Lord'?

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known.

1091

THOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown ;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.

2 Thy ways are love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

3 Thy thoughts are love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find ;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind

4 Thy chastisements are love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

5 Thy heaven is the abode of love !
O blessèd Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee.

6 Then with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy Throne,
When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

1092

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life Thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While Thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile, of Thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

1093

THOU plenteous Source of light and love,
From whom all grace proceeds,
Chase from our souls the gloom of night,
And make us hate its deeds.

2 In armour clad of heavenly proof,
We will not fear nor fly ;
But bravely, through opposing hosts,
Press onwards to the sky.

3 If long and doubtful seems the strife,
Our pains and trials sore,
Such are the ills of mortal life,
And such our Saviour bore.

4 Once, humbled from His lofty throne,
He dwelt in weakness here ;
And His has been the struggling sigh,
And His the falling tear.

5 When time has run its destined course,
And all our years are fled,
He comes, with monarch's pomp and power,
To wake and judge the dead.

6 Then help us, Lord, while sinners' hearts
Shall sicken with dismay,
To lift our heads, and joyful hail
Redemption's perfect day.

1094

THOU, the great eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be feared, adored,
By all Thy hands have wrought;
None can with Thyself compare;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;
We, and all Thy creatures, are
As nothing in Thine eye.

2 Of Thy great unbounded power
To Thee the praise we give,
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive;
When Thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand,
Frustrate the determined deed,
Or stay the almighty hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone!
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful Thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable;
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain?
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.

1095

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow,—
When, where'er it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad in gladness—
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,—
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

1096

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed:
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be:
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

5 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That, where Thou art, there they may also be.

1097

THOU, who dost build for us on high
A house beyond the shining sky,
Draw us to Thee above
With cords of love.

2 Thou Source of good, most gracious Lord,
Thyself shalt be our great reward:
We wake from life's brief night
To endless light.

3 Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
With open face and joyful heart,
And love Thee and adore
Thee evermore.

4 If Thou dost love us, leave us not;
But send down from that pure calm spot
The Holy Ghost, to prove
Thy fostering love.

5 Thou, who shalt come our Judge to be,
Jesu, all glory be to Thee;
Save us, we humbly pray,
In that great day.

1098

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

1099

THREE in One and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

1100

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on His truth depend;
To them and their posterity
His blessing shall descend.

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

1101

THROUGH midnight gloom, from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
'Come o'er and help us, or we die.'

2 How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
'O ye that live, behold we die!'

3 By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
'Oh hear and help us, lest we die.'

4 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
'I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry:
Help ye the dying, lest ye die.'

5 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
Oh by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die.

1102

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

1103

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

1104

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

1105

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

8 Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

1106

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,
A spring, whose blessings never fail
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest
In every cheerful ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the gospel seen;
There like the sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

1107

THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

1108

THY life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee? *

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee? *

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee? *

4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou sufferedst all for me:
What have I borne for Thee? *

5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee? *

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee! *

* Last line to be repeated in each verse.

1109

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

1110

'TILL He come!' Oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'till He come'.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only 'till He come'.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, 'till He come.'

4 See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and break the bread!
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only 'till He come'.

1111

TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away,
Ere He set His judgment throne,
Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

5 Oh be earnest, do not stay;
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

1112

'TIS the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb!
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb!
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending,
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Join to sing the great salvation;
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud as mighty thunder roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
Worthy the Lamb!
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding;
Worthy the Lamb!
By His blood He dearly bought us,
Wandering from the fold He sought us
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb!

1113

TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

4 Oh let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

6 Then God upon the land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

1114

TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit passed;
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,
And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessèd brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

1115

TO God be the glory! great things He hath done;
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son;
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that all may go in.
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
Let the people rejoice!
Oh come to the Father, through Jesus the Son;
And give Him the glory! great things He hath done.

2 Oh perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!
To every believer the promise of God!
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
Praise the Lord, &c.

3 Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.
Praise the Lord, &c.

1116

To God on high be glory!
Peace and goodwill to men!
Proclaim the wondrous story,
Sound forth the song again,—
Glory to God, and peace on earth!
Rejoice! give thanks with holy mirth.

2 Creation's Lord! adore Him,
In human likeness made;
Men! angels! bow before Him,
In the rude manger laid;
Glory to God, and peace on earth!
Rejoice! extol the wondrous birth.

3 How low our God is bending
To take our misery!
How high is man ascending
By this great mystery!
Glory! in Bethlehem's holy Child
Sinners and God are reconciled.

4 To God on high be glory!
His love be magnified;
Spread through the world the story;
Be Jesus glorified!
In praise of Christ our new-born King,
Earth! Heaven! with hallelujahs ring.

1117

To Him who spread the skies,
Who formed the sea and earth,
Creating all so good,
To Him who gave us birth,
To Him be glory, honour given
From sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

2 To God on high be praise,
The everlasting One,
Glorious in power and love,
Who spake, and it was done;
Who with His gifts our world did fill;
Who giveth all things freely still.

3 In Him for evermore,
Ye sons of men, be glad;
In God, your God, rejoice,
He lifteth up your head;
He toucheth and the sickness flies;
He speaketh and the dead arise.

4 Him praise and magnify,
Sun, moon, and every star;
His name exalt on high,
Creation near and far!
To Him the God of earth and heaven
All blessing and all praise be given.

5 Unto the Father sing
The everlasting song;
Unto the Son of praise
Eternally prolong;
Unto the Holy Spirit sing:
The one Jehovah, Lord and King.

1118

To-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
Oh make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

1119

TOSSED with rough winds and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?—
'Tis I; be not afraid.

2 ''Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

3 'These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me:
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

4 'This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

5 'Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

6 'When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet:
'Tis I: be not afraid.'

1120

TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest;
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast;
In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
* O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies.

2 Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.
Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
* The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!

3 O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee;
Give me a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
* And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

4 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
* My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

5 Oh for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
Oh for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
* The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

* Repeat the last two lines in each verse.

1121

TO Thee, O God and Saviour,
The soul exulting springs,
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings.
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
Our voice in supplication
Well pleasèd Thou shalt hear,
Oh grant us Thy salvation,
And to our souls draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
We pass the dangerous road,
By Angel-hosts escorted
Up to Thy bright abode;
Then cast our crowns before Thee,
And, all our conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee,
Upon the eternal shore.

1122

TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending.

1123

TO Thee our God we fly,
For mercy and for grace;
Oh hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face!
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

5 The church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That, faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

7 Oh let us love Thy house
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

8 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

9 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
O Lord, stretch forth, &c.

1124

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will He not His help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down, the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.*

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.*

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On His all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all His care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.*

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.*

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and evermore.*

1125

TO the Name of our salvation,
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth,
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

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* Repeat this line in each verse.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

1126

TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord! I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
I, through Him, become Thy child;
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

1127

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted! faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee!
Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King!
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.
Peal out the watchword, &c.

3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
Peal out the watchword, &c.

4 Whole-hearted! Saviour belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,—
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.
Peal out the watchword, &c.

[illegible]

1128

T[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Thy [illegible]

[illegible]

1129

C. [illegible]

T[illegible] in the Lord at all times;
[illegible]

2 Jesus [illegible]

3 Jesus [illegible]

4 Jesus [illegible]

5 Jesus [illegible]

6 Jesus [illegible]

1130

T[illegible]

2 [illegible]

3 Help us to help each other, Lord.
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And holy here below.

6 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest.

1131

E. Husband

'TWAS only a missing sheep,
One out of the great wide fold;
'Twas a wayward sheep and wild,
And had wandered times untold:
And what if it died alone
On the mountain bare and bleak?
'Twas only a sheep that was lost,
Which 'twere peril and pain to seek.
But the Shepherd answered, 'I cannot rest,
While My sheep is away from Me;
I'll call till it comes, and I'll bring it home,
For I bought it on Calvary!'

2 'Twas only a silver coin;
The silver was mixed with dross;
And it seemed a worthless thing,
And to lose it little loss;
There were nine brighter pieces left,
That shone like the morning sun;
And why was there need still to search
When the toils of the day were done?
But the Seeker said, 'Though the coin be rough,
And though rugged its edges be,
It bears My image,—I cannot rest
Till my lost silver piece I see!'

3 'Twas only a prodigal son,
A wanderer far away;
'Twas a sinner poor through sin,
Getting poorer every day.
And what if he had no friend?
And what if he had to roam?
Would such a wild prodigal son
Be a loss to his Father's home?
'But though all condemn thee,' the Father said,
'Yet not I, for I came to save:
I came to redeem thee from all thy sins,
And to rescue thee from the grave.'

4 The message in heaven was told;
'Mid music of angels' choirs,
That a son was born anew
By the Pentecostal fires:
The fatted calf was killed,
The best of the robes was given,
The lost one was rescued again,
As a child of the kingdom of heaven.
Oh, rejoice! rejoice! for the dead one lives,
And the sound of a welcome blest.
Is the foretaste sweet of the angel-land
And the calm of the endless rest.

1132

UNCREATED Fount of light,
Glory without shade of night,
Everlasting, infinite,
Holy Father, hear us.

2 Well of life that ever flows,
Life more pure than stainless snows,
Life in calm serene repose,
Holy Father, hear us.

3 Blessèd One, whose name is love,
Pleads with Thee Thy Son above;
Broods o'er us Thy hovering Dove;
Holy Father, hear us.

4 Round about Thy sapphire throne,
Shines the rainbow's emerald zone,
Breathing heavenly peace alone:
Holy Father, hear us.

5 There before Thy mercy-seat
Saints in light and angels meet;
Yet behold us at Thy feet:
Holy Father, hear us.

6 Thou, whose deep compassions yearn
For the prodigal's return,
And his far-off steps discern,
Holy Father, hear us.

7 Aching hearts that long for rest,
Wildered souls by doubt oppressed,
Babes that crave a parent's breast,—
Holy Father, hear us.

8 All have some great gift to seek,
Hungered, thirsty, weary, weak;
All have wants no words can speak,
Holy Father, hear us.

9 Is not Thy paternal board
With all royal bounties stored,
Priceless, countless, unexplored?
Holy Father, hear us.

10 Thou who sparedst not Thy Son,
Him Thine own, Thine only One,
Till Thy work by Him was done,
Holy Father, hear us.

11 Thou in all His sorrows nigh,
Thou, who heardest His last cry,
Thou, who sufferedst Him to die,
Holy Father, hear us.

12 Thou, omnipotent to save
From destruction's whelming wave,
Death and hell and vanquished grave,
Holy Father, hear us.

13 Thou, at whose right hand once more
He is now, His conflict o'er,
Throned where He was throned before,
Holy Father, hear us.

14 Thou, who crownest Him with grace,
Foldest Him to Thine embrace,
Him the brightness of Thy face,
Holy Father, hear us.

15 All the richest gifts of heaven,
Sevenfold from the Spirits Seven,
Measureless to Him are given:
Holy Father, hear us.

16 At His word Thy Spirit came,
Crowns of light and tongues of flame:
Oh for our Redeemer's name,
Holy Father, hear us.

17 Grant us in this holy hour
From His bride's exhaustless dower
Light and life and peace and power:
Holy Father, hear us.

18 Hear our cry, our voiceless needs:
Hear, in us Thy Spirit pleads:
Hear, for Jesus intercedes:
Holy Father, hear us.

1133

Watts.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day,
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 On them no evil shall have power;
And in their last departing hour
Angels, that trace the heavenly road,
Shall bear them homeward to their God.

1134

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far above the arch of gladness,
Far above these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him;
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the city rings.

5 Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

1135

WAKE, awake, for night is flying:
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling;
He comes; prepare, ye Virgins wise.
Rise up; with willing feet
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:
Hallelujah!
Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
At once she wakes, she hastes away:
Forth her Bridegroom hastens glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her grief is joy, her night is day:
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our Crown, and our Reward!
Hallelujah!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
From tongues of men and angels, blending
With harp and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
In bursts of choral melody:
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

1136

WALK in the light; so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light; and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light; and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light; and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

5 Walk in the light; and even the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light; and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

1137

WATCHMAN!* tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star:
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman!* tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends:
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman!* tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

* Repeat the first word in each verse.

1138

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When, deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There 's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

1139

WE are sailing o'er an ocean
To a far and foreign shore,
And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.
Oh the light is flashing brightly
From a calm and stormless shore,
Where we hope to cast our anchor
When the voyage of life is o'er.

2 Though the skies are dark above us,
And the waves are dashing high,
Let us look towards the beacon;
We shall reach it by and by.
'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And He holds it up in view,
As a guide-star to His children,
As a guide to me and you.
Oh the light is flashing brightly, &c.

3 Rising high on mountain billow,
Sinking low beneath the wave;
Clouds may oft obscure our vision,
Fear extort the cry, Lord, save!
Let the tempest rage around us,
Lightning flash and thunder roar,
Firm as rock our beacon standeth,
Shining from yon heavenly shore.
Oh the light is flashing brightly, &c.

4 He will keep it ever burning
From the lighthouse of His love;
And it always shines the brightest
When the skies are dark above.
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
We shall reach the harbour safely
By the blessèd beacon light.
Oh the light is flashing brightly, &c.

1140

Bickersteth

WEARIED in the strife of sin,
Foes without and fears within;
Listen, look, I hear, I see,
Jesus, crucified for me.

2 Listen, how He pleads 'Forgive';
Look, my soul, on Him and live;
All my guilt on Jesus laid,
Perfect reconcilement made.

3 Counting all the world but loss,
Let me clasp the blood-stained cross;
What can sinners crave beside
Jesus only, crucified?

4 Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of home and heaven;
Listen, look, I hear, I see!
Jesus crowned, and crowned for me.

5 Listen to His mighty prayer;
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

6 Look, He reigns for ever now!
Many crowns are on His brow;
By His Father's side adored—
Priest and King, and God and Lord.

7 Yea, Amen; Thy will be done—
All my prayers are breathed in one;
Jesus, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and crowned for me.

1141

'WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?'
'Late I found a barren field,
The "harvest past" my search revealed,
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.'
Forth to the harvest field away!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

2 'Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flowers and leaflets sere?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?'
'All day long in shady bowers,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;
Now, alas! too late I see
All I've gathered is vanity.'
Forth to the harvest field, &c.

3 'Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
Indeed thou must aweary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?'
'Stay me not till day is done;
I've gathered handfuls one by one;
Here and there for me they fall,
Close by the reapers I've found them all.'
Forth to the harvest field, &c.

1142

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, 'Come.'

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring Thee, Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

1143

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod:
For Him, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Saviour, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
Oh! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin again remove;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by Thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by Thy grace, oh bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend Thee more.

1144

WE cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
As spirits perfect made,
Who walk in white before Thee,
With Christ the living Head;
But praise is waiting for Thee
In the glorious future time,
When we read life's hidden story,
And reach our spirit's prime.

2 We cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
As those around Thy throne,
Who sing the song of glory,
And know as they are known;
But praise is waiting for Thee
When Zion's hill we gain;
And here we would be tuning
A prelude to the strain.

3 While praise is waiting for Thee,
Bend Thou a gracious ear
To its low and faint rehearsal,
In faltering accents here.
Glory to Thee, O Father,
Glory to Thee, O Son,
Glory to Thee, O Spirit;
Glory to God alone.

1145

WE come to sing to Christ our King
A hymn of joy and love,
And high we'll raise our notes of praise
To Him enthroned above.
With waving palm and echoing psalm
We'll sing to Christ our God,
'Worthy is He who died for me,
And washed me in His blood.'

2 And when in heaven with sins forgiven
We join the ransomed throng,
With harp and voice we will rejoice,
And Christ shall be our song.
With waving palm, &c.

3 Yes, then we'll sing to Christ our King
A hymn of royal praise;
We'll shout the song, its notes prolong
Through those eternal days.
With waving palm, &c.

1146

WE come to Thee, dear Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so;
None need Thee more than we do;
None are half so vile and low.
We come to Thee, dear Saviour,
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

2 We come to Thee, dear Saviour;
It is love that makes us come;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.
We come to Thee, dear Saviour;
Fear brings us in our need;
For Thy hand never breaketh
E'en the frailest bruisèd reed.

3 We come to Thee, dear Saviour;
For to whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow.
We come to Thee, dear Saviour;
And Thou wilt not ask us why;
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die.

1147

WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing:
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one,
We raise it high, we send it on,
The song that never endeth.

4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain,
Keep on the song for ever.
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

1148

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

1149

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

1150

WE have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour:
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed and word and thought
Remembering that God was nigh:
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee:
Thy presence we have coldly sought
And feebly longed Thy face to see:
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and know the Love Thou art.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear and love and serve aright?
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light?
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face and serve Thee there.

1151

WE know not a voice of that river,
If vocal or silent it be,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows to no sea.

2 More deep than the seas is that river,
More full than their manifold tides
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

3 Pure gold is the bed of that river
(The gold of that land is the best)
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

4 Oh goodly the banks of that river,
Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and is fair.

5 For lo! on each bank of that river
The tree of life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The pure river flows.

1152

'WELCOME, happy morning!' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, and His works adore.
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now:
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!
'Welcome, happy morning!' age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

1153

WE love Thee, Lord; yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land;
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these,
Yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love
Arises to Thy throne.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
A guiding ray was granted us
From Thy pure fount of light:

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge
But a gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
But Thou hast not forgot,
Because we have forsaken Thee,
But Thou forsakest not:

4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die,
That we might live above;
Because when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven,
We love because we much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

1154

WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the sacred font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thy table, Lord,
Where Thou, the living Bread,
By faithful hearts adored,
Our fainting souls dost feed.

5 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph song of heaven.

7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

1155

WE march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
*And His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet Him;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
*That the sons of the day may greet Him.
We march, we march, &c.

2 The bands of the alien flee away,
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the Lord in serried array
*Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, &c.

3 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
*Our watchword—The Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

4 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
*To defend His church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

5 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
*And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

6 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
*And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
*And His holy arm spread o'er us.

1156

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh! thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, &c.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, &c.

1157

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Lord, we confess Thee
Uncreated God and King.
Let all creation
Bring adoration,
Earth and heaven Thy praises sing:
Father Eternal, all shall adore Thee;
Lord God Almighty, all shall implore Thee!

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Lord, we confess Thee
Christ the Son of God most high:
Sweet peace from heaven
Thy death hath given.
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we fly:
O Lord Eternal, all shall adore Thee;
Saviour Almighty, all shall implore Thee!

3 We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Lord, we confess Thee
Holy Ghost, our Gracious Guide:
Our sins subduing,
Our strength renewing,
Ever in our hearts abide.
Spirit Eternal, all shall adore Thee;
Lord and Life-giver, all shall implore Thee!

1158

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Saviour divine,
All power and dominion for ever be Thine.
We sing of Thy mercy with joyful acclaim,
For Thou hast redeemed us: all praise to Thy name.

2 All honour and praise to Thine excellent name,
Thy love is unchanging—for ever the same.
We bless and adore Thee, O Saviour and King;
With joy and thanksgiving Thy praises we sing.

3 The strength of the hills and the depths of the sea,
The earth and its fulness belong unto Thee;
And yet to the lowly Thou bendest Thine ear,
So ready their humble petitions to hear.

4 Thine infinite goodness our tongues shall employ;
Thou givest us richly all things to enjoy;
We'll follow Thy footsteps, we'll rest in Thy love,
And soon we shall praise Thee in mansions above.

1159

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

2 No longer in our helplessness,
As pilgrims worn and weak,
In hopes to reach Thy presence, Lord,
Some far-off shrine we seek.

3 We turn from following Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

4 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

5 And not the less shall hearts be pure
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

1160

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and song,
We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong;
But lest in the conflict our strength should divide,
We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?
Oh who is there among us, the true and the tried,
Who'll stand by His colours? Who's on the Lord's side?
Oh who is there among us, the true and the tried,
Who'll stand by His colours? Who's on the Lord's side?

2 The sword may be burnished, the armour be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
While lips are professing, 'I'm on the Lord's side.'
Oh who is there among us, &c.

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh haste while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's side.
Oh who is there among us, &c.

4 Oh heed not the sorrow, the pain, or the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout as we triumph, 'I'm on the Lord's side!'
Oh who is there among us, &c.

1161

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do!'
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

1162

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness will be over,
By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps in glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We, with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

1163

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, God is Love;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;—

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love.
The sinners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

1164

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?

5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

6 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

1165

WE'VE no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirit cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion—Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His, to fix my time of rest.

1166

WE walk by faith and not by sight;
No gracious words we hear
From Him who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.
We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod,
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, 'My Lord and God!'

2 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief,
And may our faith abound
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found;
That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light,
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

1167

WE would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow;
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading:
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

1168

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

1169

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
'Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.'

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

1170

WHAT means this eager anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,'
In accents hushed the throng reply,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To sway the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'*

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'*

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'*

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'*

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn.
'Too late! too late!' will be the cry:
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.' *

* The last two lines to be repeated in these verses.

1171

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its noblest flights conferred,—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore.

2 When the shaded pilgrim-land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then revealed on either hand,
Heaven's own scenery shall lie:
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

3 Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here;
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, affection's tear;
These were shadows, sent in love,
Of realities above.

4 When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel-harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly, in that welcome strain.

5 Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet Creation's travail-groans,
Ever sadly sighed through all.
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there.

6 Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to soothe my breast;
Hours of deep and holy calm,—
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss was here unknown,
Which shall there be all my own.

7 Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day.

1172

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 The sacred cup of saving grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all His promises embrace,
And to His glory live.

3 My vows I will to His great name
Before His people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.

4 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe
To Thee whate'er is mine,
Born in Thy family below,
And by redemption Thine.

5 Thy hands created me, Thy hands
From sin have set me free,
The mercy that hath loosed my bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.

6 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon His name.

7 Praise Him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Till, gathered to the church above,
We sing the songs of heaven.

1173

WHAT shall we be, and whither shall we go,
When the last conflict of our life is o'er,
And we return, from wandering to and fro,
To our dear home, through heaven's eternal door,

When we shake off the last dust from our feet,
When we wipe off the last drop from our brow,
And our departed friends once more shall greet,—
The hope which cheers and comforts us below?

2 What shall we be, when we ourselves shall see
Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
And, from all guilt and sin entirely free,
Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's sight,
No longer from His holy presence driven,
Conscious of guilt and stung with inward pain,
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of His cœlestial train?

3 What shall we be, when we drink in the sound
Of heavenly music from the spheres above,
When golden harps to listening hosts around
Declare the wonders of redeeming love,
When far and wide, through the resounding air,
Loud hallelujahs from the ransomed rise,
And holy incense, sweet with praise and prayer,
Is wafted to the Highest through the skies?

4 What shall we be, when every glance we cast
At the dark valley underneath our feet,
And every retrospect of troubles past
Makes heaven brighter, and its joys more sweet,
When the remembrance of our former woe
Gives a new relish to our present peace,
And draws our heart to Him to whom we owe
Our past deliverance and our present bliss?

5 What shall we be, who have in Christ believed?
What, through His grace, shall be our sweet reward?
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived
What God for those who love Him hath prepared.
Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb;
Our toil and labour will be well repaid;
Let us haste onward, till in God's good time
We reap the fruit—a crown that doth not fade.

1174

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

1175

WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And still with the night's falling dews
Demand the refreshment of sleep;

2 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

3 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

4 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

5 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

6 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

7 I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

1176

Cowper.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have we no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

1177

WHAT was Thy holy joy, O Lord,
While earthly toils were round Thee still?
To work, with patient, loving care,
Thy Father's will.

2 What shall I render, O my Lord,
For all Thy love bestowed on me,
For pardon, peace, and hope of heaven?
To follow Thee!

3 What is a nobler privilege
Than earth's high honours can afford,
Surpassing kingdom, praise, or power?
To serve my Lord!

4 What is my glorious liberty,
My steadfast trust, my sure abode,
My freedom from the bonds of sin?
The yoke of God.

5 What labours shall my soul enrich,
Repay, ennoble, strengthen, prove
That, watering, I may watered be?
Labours of love!

6 What is the highest, holiest bliss
Of Heaven's unbounded store of grace?
To serve Him whom we served below,—
But face to face.

1178

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

1179

Lyte.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt
My pardon and my life to buy.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

5 Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me.

1180

R.Grant

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

1181

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

6 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

7 It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

8 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

1182

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own;
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars, &c.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars, &c.

1183

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And listened to their song.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the Throne,
And cry aloud Hosanna
To David's royal Son.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No: while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

1184

H. Bonar

WHEN I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns—
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied!
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,
When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns;
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,
When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns!

2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy store of grace—
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied!
I shall be satisfied, &c.

3 When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved—
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied!
~~I shall be satisfied, &c.~~

4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who died for me, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him with the everlasting hymn—
I shall be satisfied, ~~be satisfied~~!
~~I shall be satisfied, &c.~~

1185

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

5 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

1186

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1187

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away:
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

2 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:
Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid:

3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend:
Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand
And know no will but His:

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

1188

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Oh hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 To God, the Word, on high
The host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

9 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

1189

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Lord of mercy, hear.

1190

WHEN our hearts are glad and light,
When the path is fair and bright,
When from care and sorrow free,
Help us, Lord, to cling to Thee:
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

2 When the way is dark and drear,
When no loving friend is near,
When we suffer pain or loss,
When we bow beneath the cross,
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

3 When we strive to do the right,
When we follow, serve, or fight,
When we seek to do Thy will,
When we hear Thee say, 'Stand still,'
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

4 When we near our endless home,
When the closing hour shall come,
When we cross death's chilling tide,
Lead us to the other side;
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

5 When we reach that other land,
When before the Judge we stand,
When the books shall opened be,
Saviour, we would cling to Thee.
Living, dying, be our Friend;
Bless us, keep us to the end.

1191

W. W. How.

WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh may then the mourner hear,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

5 When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort strain,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,
'It is I; be not afraid.'

1192

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore.

1193

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendour
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

2 Oft we tread the path before us
With a weary, burdened heart;
Oft we toil amid the shadows,
And our fields are far apart:
But the Saviour's 'Come, ye blessèd'
All our labour will repay,
When we gather in the morning,
Where the mists have rolled away.
We shall know, &c.

3 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know, &c.

4 We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the throne,
Face to face with our beloved ones,
We shall know as we are known;
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day,
When the shadows have departed,
And the mists have rolled away.
We shall know, &c.

1194

WHEN the morning breaketh,
And the dawn of day,
All creation waketh
With its joyous ray,
Jesu, grant that Thou mayst be
Light and life again to me.

2 When the day, declining,
Fades in evening light,
And the stars' soft shining
Cheers the gloom of night,
Jesu, may Thy child be blest
With Thy gifts of sleep and rest.

3 While my life is flowing
Onward through the years,
And Thy hand bestowing
Joy, entwined with tears,
Jesu, guide me by Thy love
To my home prepared above.

4 When life's shadows lengthen,
And its day-dreams cease,
Then my spirit strengthen,
Give to me Thy peace;
Jesu, let Thy presence be
Life for evermore to me.

1195

WHEN the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.
He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me,
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of His hand.

2 Though He may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.
He will hide me, &c.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
God will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.
He will hide me, &c.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.
He will hide me, &c.

1196

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, The dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad, and lone, and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

1197

WHEN the world is brightest,
And our hearts are lightest,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy hand be near us!

2 When life's scene is shaded,
All its bright hopes faded,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

3 When with blessings sated
Or by praise elated,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy cross be near us!

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

6 When our hearts are grieving,
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of heaven, be near us!

7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but heaven remaining,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of all, be near us!

1198

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.*

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.*

3 When the praise of heaven I hear
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.*

4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.*

* Repeat this line in each verse.

5 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.*

1199

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go;
What He bids us, that to do.

1200

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

1201

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Come, let us make our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

1202

WHILE on earth a stranger,
Saviour, let Thy presence guide
In each hour of danger,
O'er life's stormy tide.
Oh! let Thy love
My sunshine prove
Through all life's desert drear;
Thy whispers, comfort breathing,
Life's dark pathway cheer.

2 Though my footsteps wander
Here 'mid doubt, and fear, and sin,
Let my hopes be yonder
Heaven's bright courts within;
My soul arise
Beyond the skies,
With Thee above to dwell,
And know, in sweet communion,
Joys no tongue can tell.

3 When at last I hear Thee
Call the weary wanderer home
Ever to be near Thee,
Lord, with joy I'll come.
On wings of love
I'll rise above
To that bright land of rest;
And, oh! at last in glory
Lean on Jesus' breast.

1203

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,*
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.†

2 'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;*
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.†

3 'To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line*
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:†

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,*
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'†

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng*
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:†

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;*
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.'†

* Repeat this line in each verse.
† This line is repeated several times.

1204

WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
Tell that night is nigh,
Ere the shadows falling,
Lengthen on our way,
*Hark! a voice is calling,
'Work while it is day.'

2 Work for God in heaven,
Seek the Saviour's face,
Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch, and fight, and pray,
*Each in his own station,
'Work while it is day.'

3 Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With His smile of love.
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
*Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

4 Happy then the meeting,
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace—

* Repeat the last two lines in each verse.

'Good and faithful servant,
Of my Father blest,
*Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest.'

1205

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;

2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

3 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—

4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

5 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

6 Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

1206

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended,
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated
Day and night to serve Him still;
Now, in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

6 Lo! the Lamb Himself now feeds them
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountains there:
Pain and sorrow flee away
At the dawn of endless day.

1207

WHO, as Thou, makes blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!
Choicest good, all good outvying,
Life of sinners lost and dying,
And their light so blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!

2 Leader of Thine host,
I Thy triumphs boast,
Over sin, death, hell, victorious,
Thou hast won salvation glorious,
Thine own blood the cost,
Leader of Thine host.

3 Prophet, Priest, and King,
I my homage bring,
Let Thy loving-kindness reach me;
Place me at Thy feet and teach me;
Lowly praise I sing,
Prophet, Priest, and King.

4 Let Thy grace be shown,
Take me for Thine own,
Make me see and feel Thy glory;
Let my heart burn with the story
Of Thy love alone;
Make me all Thine own.

5 Keep me near Thy side,
Free from wrath and pride;
Stamp Thy lowliness and meekness,
On my heart, that in my weakness,
Meek, I may abide,
Humble at Thy side.

6 Thy good Spirit give,
In Him let me live,
Ever watching, ever praying,
Joyful in Thy presence staying,
Love unfeignèd give,
In it let me live.

7 When in troubles' night,
Surging in their might,
Stormy waves are o'er me rolling,
Let Thy hand, the storm controlling,
Lead me forth to light,
Out of troubles' night.

8 Make me true and bold,
Firm Thy name to hold,
For Thee yield my life or treasure,
To Thy will give up my pleasure;
Let me ne'er grow cold,
Never lose my hold.

9 When I shrinking stand,
Touched by death's cold hand,
Through the darksome valley guide me,
'Midst Thy saints a place provide me;
Grant that I may stand,
Saved, at Thy right hand.

1208

WHO can worthily commend
Thy love unsearchable!
Love that made Thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel;
Thou, the great eternal God,
Who didst Thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with Thine own precious blood,
Washed all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain;
Now, partakers of Thy throne,
Before Thy Father reign.

3 In Thy members here beneath
The Intercessor prays;
Here we in the Spirit breathe
Unutterable praise;
Offer up our all to God;
And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
First the purchase of Thy blood,
And then our sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let Thy kingdom come!
(Inspired by Thee we pray)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlasting day:
Take possession of Thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on Thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

1209

WHO is as the Christian great?
Bought and washed with sacred blood;
Crowns he sees beneath His feet,
Soars aloft and walks with God.

2 Who is as the Christian wise?
He for gold his dross hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly bartered earth for heaven.

3 Who is as the Christian blest?
Praises well his lips employ;
His the calm within the breast,
Earnest of his promised joy.

4 Lo, he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on His love.

5 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To His throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

1210

WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

3 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

6 On the cross, lo! who is He
Sheds His precious blood for me?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Reigns as King of kings alone?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! &c.

1211

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.

Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

1212

WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this, a man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgment
All His foes beneath His throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners numbered,
Pierced by nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

1213

WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
Oh for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

2 The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose;
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close.
To God we cried in strong despair,
He heard, and came to help our prayer.

3 He came, the King of kings,
He bowed the sable sky;
And on the tempest's wings
Rode glorious from on high.
The earth beneath His footsteps shook,
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

4 Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.
He set us in a spacious place,
And there upholds us by His grace.

5 Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
Oh for a thousand tongues to show
The mercies which to Thee we owe.

1214

'WHOSOEVER heareth!' shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
'Whosoever will may come.'
'Whosoever will, whosoever will,'
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:
'Whosoever will may come.'

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may:
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,
'Whosoever will may come.'
'Whosoever will,' &c.

3 'Whosoever will,' the promise is secure;
'Whosoever will' for ever shall endure;
'Whosoever will,' 'tis life for evermore,
'Whosoever will may come.'
'Whosoever will,' &c.

1215

WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation.

2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

1216

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1217

WHY do you wait, dear brother?
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.
*Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?

* The last two lines of each verse to be repeated.

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but His way.
*Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?
*Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you:
There's danger and death in delay.
*Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?

1218

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

5 I know not what may soon betide,
Nor how my wants shall be supplied,
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

8 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

1219

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions*
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone,
And with Jesus*
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey Him,*
And the storms before Him fly.

4 Rendered safe by His protection
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last,
And with wonder*
Think on toils and dangers past.

5 Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases*
On that tranquil, happy shore.

* Repeat this line in each verse.

1220

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake;
New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So the saints from slumber blest
Rising shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring.

1221

WITH harps and with vials there stands a great throng
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:
Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever! Amen.

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite:
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us, and taught us this new song to sing:
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin!
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others, believing, this new song shall sing:
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

1222

WITHIN the Father's house
The Son hath found His home;
And to His temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

1223

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It overflows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

1224

WORK, for the Day is coming—
Day in the Word foretold,
When, 'mid the scenes triumphant,
Longed for by saints of old,
He, who on earth a stranger
Traversed its paths of pain,
Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour,
Comes evermore to reign.

2 Work, for the Day is coming;
Darkness will soon be gone,
Then o'er the night of weeping
Day without end shall dawn.
What now we sow in sadness,
Then we shall reap in joy;
Hope will be changed to gladness,
Praise be our blest employ.

3 Work, for the Day is coming,
Made for the saints of light;
Off with the garments dreary,
On with the armour bright;
Soon will the strife be ended,
Soon all our toils below;
Not to the dark we're tending,
But to the Day we go.

4 Work, for the Lord is coming;
Children of light are we;
From Jesus' bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.
Out of the mist, at His bidding,
Souls like the dew are born:
O'er all the East are spreading
Tints of the rosy morn.

5 Work, then, the Day is coming—
No time for sighing now;
Harps for the hands once drooping,
Wreaths for the victor's brow.
Now morning light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear;
Night shades appal no longer,
Jesus, our Lord, is near!

1225

WORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming;
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:

Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth, to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

1226

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone
Defends His own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to,
That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore Thee:
Our Saviour Thou,
We find it now,
And give Thee all the glory.
We sing Thine arm unshortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice
In Thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when Thy sheep
Passed through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we,
Have passed the sea,
And marched triumphant over.

4 The world and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by Thy grace,
With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in Thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove
Shall praise Thy name for ever.

1227

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

1228

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy:

2 How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
And bruised the serpent's head ;
And cried aloud, through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where He hath gone before.

4 Right gloriously He triumphs now ;
To Him all power is given ;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

5 And we, as these His deeds we sing.
His soldiers, Him implore
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

1229

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name :
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh ;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne !
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right :
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

1230

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

1231

YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care ;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day :
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above ;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

1232

YES, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.

5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word,
These prompt our song that God is good.

1233

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine;
Thou art my joy, myself mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine,
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf;
Yet, oh, forgive, I doubt not, though I fear;
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

3 True, I am weak, and poor, and blind; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, when cast down, I still can plead again,
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

4 Oh draw me nearer, for, too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief,
While faith, though fainting, still hath strength to pray,
'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'

1234

YES! the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;

Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,—
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

1235

YES, we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell:
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind,
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.

3 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our passions swell!

4 Now, indeed, we meet and sever;
Chequered is our transient day;
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay:
Fairest flowers
Bud, and bloom, and die away.

5 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
Soon will fade this earth away;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full Redemption-day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for new-born ray!

6 Thus we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a last, a long farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

1236

'YET there is room!' The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room;
Oh enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
Room, room, &c.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
Room, room, &c.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee.
Room, room, &c.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands
the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.
Room, room, &c.

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for
thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.
Room, room, &c.

7 All heaven is there; all joy! Go in,
go in,
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.
Room, room, &c.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving
call,
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal
hall.
Room, room, &c.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal
thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry, 'No room,
no room!'
'No room, no room!'
Oh woful cry, 'No room!'

1237

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other
to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions
subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through:
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep
you;
He is willing to aid you;
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions; bad language
disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take
it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth
a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though
often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength
will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

1238

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In His great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

1239

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals His love with power.

7 The time of love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But that it flowed for thee.

8 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

1240

ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
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Earth with her ten thousand flowers
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O Lord of heaven and earth and sea
Oh praise ye the Lord
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Oh worship the King all glorious above
Our Father dwells in heaven above
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Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God
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Lord God, in Thee confiding
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Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest
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O God, my strength and fortitude
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O God, the Rock of ages
Our God, our help in ages past
Our helper, God, we bless Thy name
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Up to the hills I lift mine eyes
We come unto our fathers' God
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II. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

1. His coming to the earth in mercy.

Advent.

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Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes
Jesus came, the heavens adoring
Joy to the world, the Lord is come
Lo! from the desert homes
Now let our mingling voices rise
Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
Sons of men, behold from far
Sweetly sang the stars of morning
The people that in darkness sat
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
Watchman, tell us of the night

2. His birth.

Christmas.

All my heart this night rejoices
Angels from the realms of glory
A thousand years have come and gone
Calm on the listening ear of night
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
Come, ye loyal hearts and true
God from on high hath heard
Hark, hark! the merry Christmas bells
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Hark! the hosts of heaven are singing
Hark! what mean those holy voices
It came upon the midnight clear
Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
Now let our mingling voices rise
Oh come, all ye faithful
O little town of Bethlehem
Of the Father sole-begotten
Once in royal David's city
Ring, ring the bells, the joyful bells
Sing, oh sing this blessèd morn
Sweetly sang the angels in the clear calm night
Sweetly sang the stars of morning
The people that in darkness sat
To God on high be glory
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

a. *Christmas Carols.*

All my heart this night rejoices
Carol, sweetly carol
Come ye lofty, come ye lowly
Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy
Hark, hark! the merry Christmas bells
In the field with their flocks abiding
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine
No room in the inn for the travellers weary
No room within the dwelling
Ring, ring the bells, the joyful bells
See in yonder manger low
Sing, oh sing, this blessèd morn
Sleep, Holy Babe
Sweetly sang the angels in the clear calm night
There came a little Child to earth
While shepherds watched their flocks by night

3. His manifestation to the world.

Epiphany.

As with gladness men of old
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Bright was the guiding star that led
Earth has many a noble city
From the eastern mountains
Hail, Thou Source of every blessing
O Thou, who by a star didst guide
O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old
Songs of thankfulness and praise
Son of Man, to Thee I cry
Sons of men, behold from far
The people that in darkness sat
Within the Father's house

4. His life on earth; temptation, hardship, works of power and mercy.

At even, ere the sun was set
Birds have their quiet nest
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep
Fierce was the wild billow
Forty days and forty nights
Oh, where is He that trod the sea
Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Songs of thankfulness and praise
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown

Thou who didst stoop below
Thy life was given for me
What means this eager, anxious throng
What was Thy holy joy, O Lord
Who is He in yonder stall
Who is this, so weak and helpless
With joy we meditate the grace

5. His sufferings and death.

Palm Sunday.

All glory, laud, and honour
Ride on, ride on, in majesty

Good Friday.

Bound upon the accursèd tree
Go to dark Gethsemane
Hark, the voice of love and mercy
He knelt, the Saviour knelt, and prayed
His are the thousand sparkling rills
O come and mourn with me awhile
O sacred Head, sore wounded
O sinner, lift the eye of faith
O world, behold upon the tree
O'erwhelmed in depths of woe
Saviour, when in dust to Thee
See the destined day arise
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
The royal banner is unfurled
When I survey the wondrous cross

6. His burial.

Easter Eve.

Sabbath of the saints of old
So rest, my Rest

7. His resurrection.

Easter.

Again the Lord of life and light
Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus
At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Awake, glad soul, awake, awake
Christ is risen, Christ is risen
Christ the Lord is risen again
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, He is risen indeed
Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say
Come, see the place where Jesus lay
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Hail, holy day, most blest, most dear
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! hearts to heaven and voices raise
Jesus Christ is risen to-day
Jesus lives, no longer now
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky
Low in the grave He lay
Morn of morns, and day of days
On the resurrection morning
Our Lord Christ hath risen
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea
The day of resurrection
The foe behind, the deep before
The Lamb's high banquet called to share
The strife is o'er, the battle done
This is the day the Lord hath made
'Welcome, happy morning,' age to age shall say
Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
Yes! the Redeemer rose

8. His ascension and work of intercession in heaven.

Ascension.

Arise, my soul, arise
Christ has gone up with a joyful sound
From every stormy wind that blows
God is gone up on high
Golden harps are sounding
Hail the day that sees Him rise
He is gone. A cloud of light
Lift up your heads, ye gates
O Christ, Thou hast ascended
O Saviour, who for man hast trod
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph
The golden gates lift up their heads
The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Thou art gone up on high
Trusting in our Lord alone
Where high the heavenly temple stands

II. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST (*continued*)

9. His work of redemption—sufferings and triumph.

By Thy birth, O Lord of all
Conquering kings their titles take
Crown Him with many crowns
Go to dark Gethsemane
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! sing His praises loud and clear
Hallelujah! sing to Jesus
Hark! the voice eternal
He who once in righteous vengeance
Let us love and sing and wonder
Man of Sorrows!—what a name
My heart and voice I raise
Now let us join with hearts and tongues
O God of God! O Light of Light!
Oh show me not my Saviour dying
Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessèd Redeemer
Praise to the Holiest in the height
Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come
Salvation, O the joyful sound
Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Shall hymns of grateful love
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness
Son of Man, to Thee I cry
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Wearied in the strife of sin
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
Who is He in yonder stall
Who is this, so weak and helpless
With harps and with vials there stand a great throng

10. His praise, majesty, and power.

All hail the power of Jesus' name
At the name of Jesus
Awake, and sing the song
Come, let us join our cheerful songs
Come, Thou Conqueror of the nations
Crown Him with many crowns
Enthroned is Jesus now
Glory to God on high
God is gone up on high
God is love, by Him upholden
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! sing His praises loud and clear
Hallelujah! sing to Jesus
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
Hosanna to the living Lord
Jesus comes, His conflict over
Join all the glorious names
Let the song go round the earth
Lift up your heads, ye gates
Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee
O God of God! O Light of Light
O Heavenly Wisdom, hear our cry
O Saviour, blessèd Saviour
Oh show me not my Saviour dying
Of the Father sole-begotten
Our Lord is now rejected
Praise Him, praise Him; Jesus our blessèd Redeemer
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations
Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come
Shall hymns of grateful love
Sing we the song of those who stand
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea
The Head that once was crowned with thorns
'Tis the Church triumphant singing
To the Name of our salvation
Upward, where the stars are burning
Wake, awake, for night is flying
We come to sing to Christ our King
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Saviour divine
When morning gilds the skies
Who is He in yonder stall
Who is this, so weak and helpless
Ye servants of God

11. His second coming in glory to judgment.

Advent.

Day of anger, that dread day
Day of judgment, day of wonders
Day of wrath, O day of mourning
Great God, what do I see and hear
He is coming, He is coming
Lo! from the desert homes
Lo! He comes with clouds descending
Oh quickly come, dread Judge of all
Our Lord is now rejected
The day of wrath, that dreadful day
The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow
The mighty God, the Lord hath spoken
Thou art coming, O my Saviour
Thou Judge of quick and dead

12. His Kingdom.

a. *Set up in the hearts of men.*

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
Gird on Thy conquering sword
Jesus came, the heavens adoring
Join all the glorious names
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
O Saviour, is Thy promise fled
Rejoice, the great Redeemer reigns

b. *Established in power over all the world.*

All hail the power of Jesus' name
Arise, O King of grace, arise
Behold the mountain of the Lord
Come, Thou Conqueror of the nations
Gird on Thy conquering sword
God is gone up on high
Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay
Hail to the Lord's Anointed
Hark! the song of Jubilee
Hills of the North, rejoice
In the eastern horizon the morning is breaking
Jesus comes, His conflict over
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Joy to the world, the Lord is come
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart
Lo! He comes with clouds descending
My heart and voice I raise
Oh come, oh come, Immanuel
O world of pride
Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God
Rejoice, the great Redeemer reigns
Rejoice, the Lord is King
See the ransomed millions stand
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King
The Lord will come and not be slow
The love of Christ constraineth
The people that in darkness sat
They come and go, the seasons fair
Thy kingdom come, O God
To bless Thy chosen race
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O Heavenly Fount of light and love
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Come let us join our friends above
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'Forward' be our watchword, steps and voices joined
From Egypt's bondage come
From heavenly Jerusalem's towers
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Hark, how the watchmen cry
Head of Thy church triumphant
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Leader of faithful souls and Guide
Lord of our life and God of our salvation
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Come, Thou Almighty King
Command Thy blessing from above
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Father, before Thy throne of light
Father of all, to Thee
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God of mercy, God of grace, show the brightness of Thy face
God reveals His presence
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear
Hark, hark! the organ loudly peals
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Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
Hosanna to the living Lord
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Jesus, where'er Thy people meet
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Lord of all creation
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Thou glorious Sun of righteousness
Three in One and One in Three
To Thee, O God and Saviour
We cannot praise Thee now, Lord

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Christ that ever reigneth
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Come, Thou high and lofty Lord
Father of all, to Thee
God of mercy, God of grace, hear our sad repentant songs
God of pity, God of grace
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear
Heal us, Immanuel; hear our prayer
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* Evening.

† Close of service.

V. THE CHURCH OF GOD (*continued*)

4. Congregational worship (*continued*).

b. *Congregational Supplication* (contd.).

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Lord, in this Thy mercy's day
Lord of mercy and of might
Lord of our life and God of our salvation
Lord of power, Lord of might
Lord, teach us how to pray aright
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne
Not for our sins alone
Now the solemn shadows darken*
O Jesu, our Salvation
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high
O Lamb of God, who died our souls to win
O Lord, turn not Thy face away
Revive Thy work, O Lord
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers
There shall be showers of blessing
They were in an upper chamber

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By Thy birth, O Lord of all
Come to our poor nature's night
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God of pity, God of grace
God the Father, God the Son
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Jesu, dwelling here below
Jesu, in Thy dying woes
Jesus, from Thy throne on high
Jesus, Lord of life and glory
Jesu, we are far away
Jesu, who for us didst bear
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day
Lord of mercy and of might
Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Uncreated Fount of light
When our heads are bowed with woe
When the weary, seeking rest
When the world is brightest

d. *Congregational Intercession.*

Almighty God, whose only Son
At even, ere the sun was set *
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O Father, who hast given Thine only Son
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Thou to whom the sick and dying
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Captains of the saintly band
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God is working His purpose out
Hark! how the watchmen cry
How beauteous are their feet
Lift up the gospel banner
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass
Lord of all power and might
Lord, Thy ransomed church is waking
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true
O brothers, lift your voices
O Spirit of the living God
O Thou who makest souls to shine
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations
Revive Thy work, O Lord
Saviour, sprinkle many nations
Soldiers of the cross, arise
Through midnight gloom from Macedon

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* Evening.

6. Foreign Missions.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake
Captains of the saintly band
Coming, coming, yes, they are
Fling out the banner, let it float
'For My sake and the gospel's, go'
From Greenland's icy mountains
From the eastern mountains
God is working His purpose out
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning
Hark, creation's Hallelujah
He expecteth, He expecteth
Hills of the North, rejoice
I hear ten thousand voices singing
Let the song go round the earth
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass
Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping
Lord of all power and might
O Spirit of the living God
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
On the mountain's top appearing
Saviour, sprinkle many nations
Souls in heathen darkness lying
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King
The morning light is breaking
Thou, whose almighty word
Through midnight gloom from Macedon

7. Departed saints and martyrs.

Come let us join our friends above
For all the saints who from their labours rest
For all Thy saints, O Lord
Give me the wings of faith, to rise
God of the living in whose eyes
Hark, a voice, it cries from heaven
Hark, the sound of holy voices
How bright these glorious spirits shine
King of Saints, to whom the number
Lo, round the throne a glorious band
Oh what if we are Christ's
Palms of glory, raiment bright
Sing we the song of those who stand
The saints of God, their conflict past
The Son of God goes forth to war
What are these in bright array
Who are these like stars appearing

VI. MEANS OF GRACE—PRIVILEGES, OPPORTUNITIES, DUTIES

1. Prayer.

Christian, dost thou see them
Christian, seek not yet repose
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown
From every stormy wind that blows
God of my life, to Thee I call
Go when the morning shineth
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry
Lord, teach us how to pray aright
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne
My God, is any hour so sweet
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Pray, the Lord is ever nigh
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
There is an eye that never sleeps
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
What a Friend we have in Jesus
What various hindrances we meet
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend
Where high the heavenly temple stands

a. *Meditation.*

Eternal Light, Eternal Light
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee
From every stormy wind that blows
I journey through a desert drear and wild
Lord, it is good for us to be
My God, how wonderful Thou art

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VI. MEANS OF GRACE—PRIVILEGES, OPPORTUNITIES, DUTIES (*continued*)

1. Prayer (*continued*).

a. *Meditation* (continued).

My soul, when I shake off this dust
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing

b. *Watching.*

Christian, dost thou see them
Christian, seek not yet repose
Forty days and forty nights
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry
Our lamps are trimmed and burning
Thou Judge of quick and dead
Ye servants of the Lord

2. The Word of God.

A Sabbath well spent
Father of mercies, in Thy word
Holy Bible, book divine
Lord, Thy word abideth
Speak, for Thy servant heareth, Lord
The heavens declare Thy glory
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord
The Spirit breathes upon the word
The voice of God's creation found me

3. The Lord's day.

Again the morn of gladness
A Sabbath well spent
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright
Ere another Sabbath close *
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest
Hail thou bright and sacred morn
How sweet upon this holy day
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows
Morn of morns, and day of days
O day of rest and gladness
On this day the first of days
Our day of praise is done *
Servants of God, awake
Sing to the Lord our might
Sweet is the task, O Lord
Sweet is the work, my God, my King
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended *
This is the day of light
This is the day the Lord hath made
Thou glorious Sun of righteousness

4. The house of God.

Angel voices ever singing
Christ is our corner-stone
Command Thy blessing from above
Father, before Thy throne of light
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear
Hark, hark! the organ loudly peals
Hosanna to the living Lord
Jesus, King of glory
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet
Lord of all creation
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows
Lord of the worlds above
Lord, Thy children lowly bending
Pleasant are Thy courts above
Sing to the Lord, our might
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers
To Thy temple I repair
We love the place, O God

5. Christian Ordinances.

a. *Baptism.*

In token that thou shalt not fear

b. *The Lord's Supper.*

According to Thy gracious word
Bread of the world, in mercy broken
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face
Jesu, to Thy table led
My God, and is Thy table spread
O Father, who hast given Thine only Son
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Sweet feast of love divine
Thou art coming, O my Saviour
'Till He come!' Oh let the words

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* Evening.

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VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

1. Life by faith in the crucified and risen Saviour.

a. The atoning work of Christ on the cross.

According to Thy gracious word
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed
A message sweet is borne to me
Arise, my soul, arise
Ask ye what great thing I know
Beneath the cross of Jesus
Can it be true that Thou didst leave
Glory be to Jesus
God loved the world of sinners lost
I hear the words of love
I think, when I read the sweet story
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God
I will sing of my Redeemer
Jesus, keep me near the cross
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness
Look to Jesus and be saved
Lord, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Man of Sorrows!—what a name
Not all the blood of beasts
Not what these hands have done
Now I have found the ground wherein
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head
O perfect life of love
O sacred Head, sore wounded
O sinner, lift the eye of faith
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith
Praise to the Holiest in the height
Rock of Ages, cleft for me
See the destined day arise
Tell me the old, old story
The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross
There is a fountain filled with blood
There is a green hill far away
There is life for a look at the Crucified One
The royal banner is unfurled
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
To God be the glory, great things He hath done
We sing the praise of Him who died
When, wounded sore, the stricken soul

b. The love of Christ, seeking, constraining, sustaining.

And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee
Art thou weary, sad, and lonely
Behold a Stranger at the door
Behold a Stranger waiting stands
Behold Me standing at the door
Come unto Me, ye weary
God loved the world of sinners lost
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord
His are the thousand sparkling rills
How vast the debt we owe
I love to tell the story
Immortal Love, for ever full
I think, when I read the sweet story
I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend
I was a wandering sheep
Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came
Jesus, Thou Name of power divine
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
Lord, I am Thine, I rest my soul on Thee
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art
O Jesu, King most wonderful
O Jesu, Thou art standing
O Lord, who now art seated
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art
O Love, that will not let me go
O Love, who formedst me to wear
Oh the bitter shame and sorrow
One there is above all others, Oh, how He loves
One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend
One there is who loves thee
Tell me the old, old story
Tenderly the Shepherd
There is a name I love to hear
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
There were ninety and nine that safely lay
The snow was drifting o'er the hills

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (*continued*)

1. Life by faith in the crucified and risen Saviour (*continued*).

b. *The love of Christ, seeking, constraining, sustaining* (continued).

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Thy life was given for me
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour
'Twas only a missing sheep
When I survey the wondrous cross
With joy we meditate the grace

c. *The gospel invitation.*

'Almost persuaded' now to believe
Are you coming home, ye wanderers
Behold a Stranger at the door
Behold a Stranger waiting stands
Behold Me standing at the door
Child of sin and sorrow
Come every soul by sin oppressed
Come to Jesus, come away
Come to the Saviour, make no delay
'Come unto Me!' it is the Saviour's voice
'Come unto Me, ye weary'
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched
Fierce and wild the storm is raging
I left it all with Jesus long ago
Is it nothing to you that a Saviour has died
Knocking, knocking, who is there
Little thought Samaria's daughter
Lo! a loving Friend is waiting
Look to Jesus and be saved
Lost one, wandering on in sadness
Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls you
Oh come ye that labour and are heavy laden
O word, of words the sweetest
One there is who loves thee
Rescue the perishing
Rest, rest thee, weary heart
Return, O wanderer, to thy home
She only touched the hem of His garment
Sing them over again to me
Sinners turn, why will ye die
Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling
Souls of men, why will ye scatter
There is a door that open stands
There is life for a look at the Crucified One
The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin
Time is earnest, passing by
What means this eager anxious throng
'Whosoever heareth!' shout, shout the sound
Why do you wait, dear brother
'Yet there is room!' The Lamb's bright hall of song

d. *Repentance; faith in Christ.*

A broken heart, my God, my King
And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Author of faith, to Thee I cry
Behold the Lamb of God
Beneath the cross of Jesus
Can it be true that Thou didst leave
Come to Jesus, come away
Does the gospel word proclaim
Gently, gently lay Thy rod
Good Thou art, and good Thou dost
Hast Thou not a blessing for me
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal
Heal us, Immanuel, hear our prayer
Heavenly Father, bless me now
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus
I bring my sins to Thee
I heard the voice of Jesus say
I hear Thy welcome voice
I left it all with Jesus long ago
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God
I was a wandering sheep
Jesu, Lover of my soul
Jesu, meek and lowly

Jesus, I look to Thee
Jesus, I will trust Thee
Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in the presence of the angels
Just as I am, without one plea
Lamb of God, whose love for me
Lo, a loving Friend is waiting
Lord, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me
Lost one, wandering on in sadness
Low at Thy piercèd feet
My God, my Father, dost Thou call
My God, my Life, I cannot but proclaim
My hope is built on nothing less
My sins, my sins, my Saviour
No, not despairingly
Not all the blood of beasts
Not what these hands have done
Oh come ye that labour and are heavy laden
Oh hear my cry, be gracious now to me
O Jesu, Thou art standing
O Lamb of God, who died our souls to win
O Lord, turn not Thy face away
O perfect life of love
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith
O word, of words the sweetest
O world, behold upon the tree
Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Sinful, sighing to be blest
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Wearied in the strife of sin
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin
Weary of wandering from my God
We come to Thee, dear Saviour
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend
When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine

e. *Union with Christ.*

Birds have their quiet nest
Blessèd be Thy name
Closer, dear Lord, to Thee
Closer, Lord, to Thee I cling
Clothed in Thy righteousness
Happy soul that, free from harms
Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am and helpless
I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice
I could not do without Thee
I lift my heart to Thee
I need Thee every hour
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God
I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend
Jesus, Thou Name of power divine
Let me be with Thee where Thou art
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest
Lord, I am Thine, I rest my soul on Thee
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee
Loved with everlasting love
Love of Jesus, all divine
My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene
Nearer, blessèd Jesus
O for a heart to praise my God
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen
O Lamb of God, still keep me
O Love, that will not let me go
O my Saviour, hear me
Object of my first desire
On Thee my heart is resting
Saviour, more than life to me
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh
Thou chief among ten thousand
Thou only Sovereign of my heart
Thou who dost build for us on high
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour
While on earth a stranger
Who, as Thou, makes blest

f. *Security, peace, satisfaction in believing.*

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Beneath the cross of Jesus
Birds have their quiet nest
Happy soul that, free from harms
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
I hear the words of love
I journey through a desert drear and wild
I left it all with Jesus long ago
In the cross of Christ I glory

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (*continued*)

1. Life by faith in the crucified and risen Saviour (*continued*).

f. *Security, peace, satisfaction in believing* (continued).

I've found a joy in sorrow
Jesu, Lover of my soul
Jesus, I look to Thee
Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I would flee
Jesus, we rest in Thee
Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child
Loved with everlasting love
Love of Jesus, all divine
Master, the tempest is raging
My heart is resting, O my God
My hope is built on nothing less
Now I have found the ground wherein
O Lamb of God, still keep me
O safe to the Rock that is higher than I
On Thee my heart is resting
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin
Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him
Rest, rest thee, weary heart
Safe in Jehovah's keeping
There is a safe and secret place
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour

2. Christian principle.

a. *Love to God.*

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord
I was a wandering sheep
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
More love to Thee, O Christ
My soul, when I shake off this dust
Oh for a heart to praise my God
O Jesu, King most wonderful
O Lord, who now art seated
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art
O Love, that will not let me go
O Love, who formedst me to wear
Oh the bitter shame and sorrow
O Thou who camest from above
On this day, the first of days
Saviour, more than life to me
Saviour, Thy dying love
Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height
Thou who dost build for us on high
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour
We have not known Thee as we ought
When this passing world is done

b. *Devotion of heart.*

Bond which cannot alter
By cool Siloam's shady rill
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Hushed was the evening hymn
I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice
I bring my sins to Thee
I lift my heart to Thee
In full and glad surrender
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
Just as I am, without one plea
My life is Thine, Lord Jesus
Not my own, but saved by Jesus
O blessèd Saviour, Thou hast taught
O for a closer walk with God
O Love, that will not let me go
O Love, who formedst me to wear
Oh the bitter shame and sorrow
O world ! behold upon the tree
Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from fears
Seek ye first, not earthly pleasure
Take my life and let it be
The dove let loose in eastern skies
Thine for ever, Thine for ever
'Thine, Thine for ever,'—blessèd bond
Thou chief among ten thousand
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height
True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal
We're marching to Canaan with banner and song
When I survey the wondrous cross
Who, as Thou, makes blest
Who is on the Lord's side

c. *Consecration of life to the service of Christ.*

Accepting, Lord, Thy gracious call
Behold, the Master passeth by
Fair waved the golden corn
Father, I know that all my life
Holy Father, Holy Son
How blessèd from the bonds of sin
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Just as I am, Thine own to be
My life is Thine, Lord Jesus
Never further than Thy cross
'Not your own!' but His ye are
O Jesus, I have promised
O Master, when Thou callest
O Thou, who camest from above
Oh to be nothing, nothing
Oh, who this day will rejoicing say
Rabboni, Master, we have heard
Saviour, Thy dying love
Seek ye first, not earthly pleasure
Take my life and let it be
Thine for ever, Thine for ever
'Thine, Thine for ever,' blessèd bond
Thy life was given for me
What shall I render to my God
Who, as Thou, makes blest

d. *Love to man.*

Father, I know that all my life
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
How vast the debt we owe
Jesus, the gift divine I know
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
O God of mercy, God of might
Scatter kind words all around you
Try us, O God, and search the ground
We give Thee but Thine own

e. *Almsgiving.*

Lord of all creation
Lord of glory, who hast bought us
O God of mercy, God of might
O Lord of earth and heaven and sea
Thou to whom the sick and dying
We give Thee but Thine own

3. Divine provision for human need.

a. *Spiritual wants supplied out of Christ's fulness.*

All the way my Saviour leads me
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
'Come unto Me, ye weary'
Ere each morning breaketh
Heal us, Immanuel, hear our prayer
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus
I bring my sins to Thee
I could not do without Thee
I heard the voice of Jesus say
I hunger and I thirst
I lay my sins on Jesus
Immortal Love, for ever full
I need Thee, blessèd Jesus
I've found the Pearl of greatest price
Jesu, Lover of my soul
Jesu, my Truth, my Way
Jesus, great Redeemer
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me
Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I would flee
Jesus my Shepherd my want shall supply
Jesus, sun and shield art Thou
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts
Jesu, the very thought is sweet
Jesu, the very thought of Thee
Just as I am, without one plea
Lamb of God, whose love for me
Long did I toil and knew no earthly rest
Looking unto Jesus
Lord, to whom except to Thee
My faith looks up to Thee

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (*continued*)

3. Divine provision for human need (*continued*).

a. *Spiritual wants supplied out of Christ's fulness* (contd.).

O everlasting Light
O for a thousand tongues to sing
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high
O Light, whose beams illumine all
O my Saviour, hear me
O where is He that trod the sea
Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King
On Thee my heart is resting
Rest of the weary
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Tempted oft to go astray
The Lord my pasture shall prepare
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
Who, as Thou, makes blest
Why should I fear the darkest hour
Yes, for me, for me He careth

b. *Blessing, grace, strength.*

Come, Thou high and lofty Lord
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee
Father, to Thee I come
Gently, gently lay Thy rod
Grace, 'tis a charming sound
Hear us, O Saviour, while we pray
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord
Holy Father, mighty God
Jesu, my Strength, my Hope
Jesus, the gift divine I know
Lead me not into temptation
Lord, before Thy throne we bend
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
O Almighty God of love
O God of God, in whom combine
O help us, Lord, each hour of need
O King of kings, before whose throne
O Light that knew no dawn
O Love that casts out fear
The Lord into His garden comes
The Lord is rich and merciful
There shall be showers of blessing
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
To the hills I lift mine eyes
We have not known Thee as we ought
With joy we meditate the grace

c. *Light, knowledge, quickening power.*

Christ, whose glory fills the skies
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown
Dayspring of Eternity
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord
Ere each morning breaketh
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee
Hear us, Thou that broodest
Hushed was the evening hymn
Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Morn of morns, and day of days
My soul, when I shake off this dust
Not what I am, O God, but what Thou art
O God of God, in whom combine
O God of light, about Thy throne
O God of truth, whose living word
O One with God the Father
O Thou in all Thy might so far
Open, Lord, my inward ear
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
Speak, for Thy servant heareth, Lord
Spirit of faith, come down
Spirit of truth, on this Thy day
The Lord into His garden comes
The spring-tide hour
The voice of God's creation found me
The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin
They were in an upper chamber
Thou glorious Sun of righteousness
We have not known Thee as we ought
Within the Father's house

4. Help and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Away with our fears
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire
Come, Holy Ghost, in love
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
Come, Holy Spirit, come
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
Come; Holy Spirit, like a dove descending
Come, O Spirit, Lord of grace
Come Thou, oh come
Come to our poor nature's night
Creator Spirit, by whose aid
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord
Eternal Spirit, by whose power
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine
Hear us, Thou that broodest
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness
Holy Ghost, great Gift of grace
Holy Ghost, with light divine
Holy Spirit, from on high
Holy Spirit, Lord of light
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine
Lord God, the Holy Ghost
O Heavenly Fount of light and love
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers
Spirit of faith, come down
Spirit of truth, on this Thy day
Spirit of truth, Thy grace impart

5. Christian characteristics.

a. Holiness, growth in grace.

Blest are the pure in heart
Clothed in Thy righteousness
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
Come, Thou high and lofty Lord
Draw nearer, my Saviour, in mercy behold
Each passing moment claiming
Jesu, let Thy sufferings ease us
Jesu, my Strength, my Hope
Jesu, my Truth, my Way
Jesus, the gift divine I know
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole
Lord Jesus, think on me
Lord, Thou knowest all the hunger
Love Divine, all loves excelling
More holiness give me
O brother, life's journey beginning
Oh for a closer walk with God
Oh for a heart to praise my God
Oh for a humbler walk with God
O God of God, in whom combine
O Light that knew no dawn
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
O Thou, who by a star didst guide
There is a dwelling-place above
Try us, O God, and search the ground
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
Weary of wandering from my God
We're marching to Canaan with banner and song
Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin

b. Humility.

Father, I know that all my life
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart
Lord, Thou knowest all the hunger
Lower and lower, dear Lord, at Thy feet
Oh to be nothing, nothing

c. Submission, obedience.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go
He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower
Hushed was the evening hymn
I was a wandering sheep
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep
My God, my Father, while I stray
Oh for a humbler walk with God
O Lord, my best desire fulfil
Prince of peace, control my will
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart
Thy way, not mine, O Lord
When we cannot see our way

d. Resignation, trust, waiting upon God.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
Cast thy burden on the Lord

5. Christian characteristics (*continued*).

d. *Resignation, trust, waiting upon God* (continued).

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
Drooping soul, shake off thy fears
Father, in all my comforts here
Give to the winds thy fears
Go not far from me, O my Strength
'Hereafter thou shalt know'; in this I rest
He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus
I know not what awaits me
In heavenly love abiding
Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend
Look away to Jesus, soul by sin oppressed
Lord, it belongs not to my care
Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child
Master, how shall I bless Thy name
My God, my Father, while I stray
My spirit on Thy care
Nearer, blessèd Jesus
Oh for a faith that will not shrink
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen
Oh, let him, whose sorrow
O Lord, how happy should we be
O Lord, my best desire fulfil
Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I
Our Father dwells in heaven above
Pray, the Lord is ever nigh
Put thou thy trust in God
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart
Simply trusting every day
Sometimes a light surprises
Sovereign Ruler of the skies
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary
The Lord hath hid His face from us
Thou boundless Source of every good
Though troubles assail
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Trust in the Lord at all times
We walk by faith and not by sight
When languor and disease invade
Your harps, ye trembling saints

e. *Confidence, courage.*

Courage, brother, do not stumble
Fight the good fight with all thy might
Give to the winds thy fears
I will go in the strength of the Lord
Oh for a faith that will not shrink
Press forward and fear not, the billows may roll
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads
Safe in Jehovah's keeping
When we cannot see our way
Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus

f. *Steadfastness, patience, perseverance.*

Art thou weary, art thou languid
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
Breast the wave, Christian
Christian, by blood redeemed
Come on, my partners in distress
Courage, brother, do not stumble
Faint not, Christian, though the road
'Faint, yet pursuing,' we press our way
Fight the good fight with all thy might
My Lord, in glory reigning
Oh for the peace which floweth as a river
Soldier, soldier, fighting in the world's great strife
Steep and thorny is the way
The world is very evil
Thine for ever, Thine for ever
Those eternal bowers
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way
Thou plenteous Source of light and love

g. *Joy, thanksgiving.*

A message sweet is borne to me
Ask ye what great thing I know
Awake, and sing the song
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing
God of my life, through all my days

In the cross of Christ I glory
I've found a joy in sorrow
Jesu, the very thought is sweet
Jesu, the very thought of Thee
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
My God, the spring of all my joys
My life flows on in endless song
My song shall be of Jesus
O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord
On our way rejoicing
Rejoice in Him alway, the Lord is at hand
Rejoice, though storms assail thee
Sometimes a light surprises
Sweet is the work, my God, my King
There is a fountain filled with blood
There is a stream which issues forth
The spring-tide hour
What shall I render to my God
When all Thy mercies, O my God
When I survey life's varied scene
When this passing world is done

h. *Hope, aspiration.*

As when the weary traveller gains
At evening time, when day is done
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
Bathed in unfallen sunlight
Beyond the smiling and the weeping
By and by we shall know Jesus
Come on, my partners in distress
Each passing moment claiming
Far from my heavenly home
For ever with the Lord
'Forward' be our watchword, steps and voices joined
From Egypt's bondage come
God of my life, through all my days
Hark, hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling
How happy are we
I have a home above
I'm but a stranger here
Jerusalem, my happy home
Jerusalem on high
Let me be with Thee where Thou art
Let us sing of His love once again
Lord, it belongs not to my care
Lord, when Thy kingdom comes, remember me
Lo, the day of Christ's appearing
My days are gliding swiftly by
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
My hope is built on nothing less
My life 's a shade, my days
My Lord, in glory reigning
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here
Nearer, O God, to Thee
Oh for the robes of whiteness
Oh had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove
O Paradise, O Paradise
O sweet home echo on the pilgrim's way
Oh to be over yonder
O very God of very God
Oh where shall rest be found
O'er the distant mountains breaking
Pilgrims we are and strangers
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings
Shall we all meet at home in the morning
Shall we gather at the river
'Soon and for ever,' such promise our trust
Soon will our Saviour from heaven appear
Sweet is the work, my God, my King
The golden gates lift up their heads
There is a land of pure delight
There is a stream which issues forth
The roseate hues of early dawn
The sands of time are sinking
Through sorrow's night and danger's path
'Till He come'! Oh let the words
We speak of the realms of the blest
We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
What no human eye hath seen
What shall we be, and whither shall we go
What sinners value I resign
When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns
When languor and disease invade
When the mists have rolled in splendour
While on earth a stranger

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (*continued*)

5. Christian characteristics (*continued*).

h. *Hope, aspiration* (continued).

Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Yes, we part, but not for ever
Your harps, ye trembling saints

6. Various aspects of the Christian life.

a. *God's abiding presence in the heart.*

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea
Change is our portion here
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me
Come to me, Lord, when first I wake
Draw nearer, my Saviour, in mercy behold
Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
Go not far from me, O my Strength
Holy Father, hear me
Immortal Love, for ever full
I need Thee every hour
I take Thy promise, Lord, in all its length
Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts
Let my life be hid with Thee
Lord of earth, Thy forming hand
Love Divine, all loves excelling
My God, the spring of all my joys
My Saviour, be Thou near me
My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer, O God, to Thee
O aching heart, with sorrow torn
O Jesus, I have promised
O love that casts out fear
Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I
Object of my first desire
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin
Rejoice in Him alway, the Lord is at hand
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh
To the hills I lift mine eyes
We pray no more, made lowly wise
We walk by faith and not by sight
When the world is brightest
Yes, for me, for me He careth

b. *Daily life—direction, support, comfort.*

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
Blessèd be Thy name
Bright was the guiding star that led
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
Day by day the manna fell
Evening shades are falling
Faithful Shepherd, feed me
Father of love, our Guide and Friend
Father, to Thee I come
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go
Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us
God of my life, whose gracious power
Heavenly Father, to whose eye
He leadeth me, O blessèd thought
Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am and helpless
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
I journey through a desert drear and wild
I know not what awaits me
In heavenly love abiding
I will go in the strength of the Lord
Jesus is our Shepherd
Jesus my Shepherd my want shall supply
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Jesus, Thou Name of power divine
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
Look away to Jesus, soul by sin oppressed
Looking unto Jesus
Lord Jesus, think on me
Lord, to Thee alone we turn

Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep
My faith looks up to Thee
O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need
Oh how kindly hast Thou led me
O Jesu, our Salvation
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
One by one the sands are flowing
Precious promise God hath given
Put thou thy trust in God
Rejoice in Him alway, the Lord is at hand
Rejoice, though storms assail thee
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us
Shepherd of Israel, from above
Shepherd of the ransomed flock
Sovereign Ruler of the skies
Star of morn and even
Teach me Thy way, O Lord
The Lord my pasture shall prepare
Thine for ever, God of love
Thou boundless Source of every good
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way
Though troubles assail
Through all the changing scenes of life
Thy way, not mine, O Lord
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes
When all Thy mercies, O my God
When our hearts are glad and bright
When the morning breaketh
When we cannot see our way

c. *Work, service, reward.*

Come, labour on
Father, I know that all my life
Go, labour on, spend and be spent
Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling
Hark ! 'tis the watchman's cry
How blessèd, from the bonds of sin
How many sheep are straying
Nothing but leaves ! the Spirit grieves
O Master, when Thou callest
Oh to be nothing, nothing
Oh, who this day will rejoicing say
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness
Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair
Sow in the morn thy seed
Sow ye beside all waters
The love of Christ constraineth
Weary gleaner, whence comest thou
What was Thy holy joy, O Lord
While the sun is shining
Work, for the Day is coming
Work, for the night is coming

d. *Ministry, witness for Christ.*

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
Go, labour on, spend and be spent
Hark ! the voice of Jesus calling
He expecteth, He expecteth
Jesus, and shall it ever be
How many sheep are straying
Lift up the gospel banner
Lord, speak to me that I may speak
Lord, the night is darkening
Lord, Thou knowest all the hunger
Master, how shall I bless Thy name
O God of truth, whose living word
Rescue the perishing
Saviour, Thy dying love
Soldiers of the cross, arise
We give Thee but Thine own

e. *Pilgrimage, guidance, rest.*

All the way my Saviour leads me
A pilgrim and a stranger
As when the weary traveller gains
Brightly gleams our banner
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Children of the heavenly King
Christian, by blood redeemed
Come let us anew our journey pursue
Evening shades are falling
'Faint, yet pursuing,' we press our way
'Forward' be our watchword, steps and voices joined
From Egypt's bondage come
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah
I'm but a stranger here
In exile here we wander

VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (*continued*)

6. Various aspects of the Christian life (*continued*).

e. *Pilgrimage, guidance, rest* (continued).

In the march of life, through the toil and strife
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Jesu, still lead on
Leader of faithful souls and Guide
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace
Lord, Thy children guide and keep
Lord, to Thee alone we turn
Lord, who once by ways unknown
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here
O God of Bethel, by whose hand
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
Pilgrims we are and strangers
Praise the Lord with hearts and voices
Press forward and fear not, the billows may roll
Saviour, blessèd Saviour
Star of morn and even
The God of Abraham praise
They wandered in the desert
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way
Through the night of doubt and sorrow
We are sailing o'er an ocean
We've no abiding city here
Why those fears! behold, 'tis Jesus

f. *Conflict, victory.*

Christian, dost thou see them
Christian, seek not yet repose
Fight the good fight with all thy might
Go forward, Christian soldier
Lo! the day of God is breaking
March onward, march onward, our banner of light
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe
Only an armour-bearer, firmly I stand
Onward, Christian soldiers
Soldiers of Christ, arise
Soldier, soldier, fighting in the world's great strife
Soldiers, who are Christ's below
Stand up, stand up for Jesus
Steep and thorny is the way
We're marching to Canaan with banner and song
Who is on the Lord's side
Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin

g. *Cross and crown—trial, discipline, deliverance.*

Art thou weary, art thou languid
A voice upon the midnight air
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side
Children of light, arise and shine
Come on, my partners in distress
Father of love, our Guide and Friend
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep
Fierce was the wild billow
In the hour of trial
Jesus, I my cross have taken
Lead me not into temptation
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here
My song shall be of mercy
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer, O God, to Thee
Never further than Thy cross
O happy band of pilgrims
O Love, that will not let me go
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend
Oh what if we are Christ's
Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said
The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross

The cross! the cross! the Christian's only glory
The Head that once was crowned with thorns
The Lord hath hid His face from us
The Son of God goes forth to war
Those eternal bowers
Thou plenteous Source of light and love
Thou, who didst stoop below
Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear
When gathering clouds around I view
When the day of toil is done
When the storms of life are raging

h. *The Christian calling—present privileges, future glory.*

Children of light, arise and shine
Come let us anew our journey pursue
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing
Come we that love the Lord
Glorious things of thee are spoken
Happy soul that, free from harms
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord
How happy are we
I have a home above
Incarnate God, the soul that knows
Jesus, I my cross have taken
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness
Join all the glorious names
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee
Lord of the hearts of men
Love Divine, all loves excelling
My God, my Life, I cannot but proclaim
My hope is built on nothing less
Object of my first desire
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin
Pleasant are Thy courts above
Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him
Safe in Jehovah's keeping
The God of Abraham praise
There is a dwelling-place above
There is a safe and secret place
Through the love of God our Saviour
What shall I render to my God
When He cometh, when He cometh
When I survey life's varied scene
When this passing world is done
Who can worthily commend
Who is as the Christian great

VIII. THE LIFE HEREAFTER—HEAVEN

Bathed in unfallen sunlight
Beyond the smiling and the weeping
Beyond this life of hopes and fears
By and by we shall know Jesus
Every morning the red sun
Far from these narrow scenes of night
For ever with the Lord
For thee, O dear, dear country
Friend after friend departs
From heavenly Jerusalem's towers
I heard a sound of voices
I praised the earth in beauty seen
Jerusalem, my happy home
Jerusalem on high
Jerusalem the golden
Let us sing of His love once again
Light's abode, cœlestial Salem
Lo! the day of Christ's appearing
Oh for the robes of whiteness
O happy land, O happy land
O heavenly Jerusalem
O Paradise! O Paradise!
O sweet home echo on the pilgrim's way
Oh to be over yonder
Oh what the joy and the glory must be
Shall we all meet at home in the morning
Shall we gather at the river
Soon will our Saviour from heaven appear

VIII. THE LIFE HEREAFTER—HEAVEN (*continued*)

Ten thousand times ten thousand
There is a blessèd home
There is a happy land
There is a land of pure delight
There is no night in heaven
There's a beautiful land that no mortal hath seen
The roseate hues of early dawn
The world is very evil
Upward, where the stars are burning
We know not a voice of that river
We shall meet beyond the river
We speak of the realms of the blest
We've no abiding city here
What no human eye hath seen
What shall we be, and whither shall we go
When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns
When the mists have rolled in splendour

IX. TIMES AND SEASONS

1. Morning.

At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Christ, whose glory fills the skies
Come, my soul, thou must be waking
Dayspring of Eternity
Every morning mercies new
Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept
New every morning is the love
Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace
The morning bright with rosy light

2. Evening.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
Another evening closes
At even, ere the sun was set
At evening time, when day is done
Day is dying in the west
Each coming night, O Lord, we see
Ere another Sabbath close
Ere I sleep, for every favour
Eternal Father, hear, we pray
Evening shades are falling
Evensong is hushed in silence
Fading like a lifetime ends another day
Father, by Thy love and power
Father of love and power
Glory to Thee, my God, this night
God that madest earth and heaven
Holy Father, cheer our way
How calmly the evening once more is descending
My Saviour, be Thou near me
Night's shadows falling
Now all the woods are sleeping
Now on land and sea descending
Now the day is over
Now the solemn shadows darken
O Christ, Thou art the Light and Day
O God, be with us, for the night is closing
O Lord, another day is flown
O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light
Our day of praise is done
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Shepherd of the ransomed flock
Stars of evening, softly gleaming
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear
The day is gently sinking to a close
The day is gone, and left alone
The day is past and gone
The day is past and over
The daylight fades
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended
The hours of day are over
The night is closing o'er us
The radiant morn hath passed away
There is an eye that never sleeps

The shadows of the evening hours
The sun is sinking fast
Through the day Thy love has spared us
What though my frail eyelids refuse

3. Spring.

Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sweet is the time of spring
The spring-tide hour
We plough the fields, and scatter

4. Summer.

Summer suns are glowing

5. Harvest.

Come, ye thankful people, come
Fountain of mercy, God of love
Great Giver of all good, to Thee again
Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Lord of the harvest, once again
Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail
Now the year is crowned with blessing
Oh sing the song of harvest
Our voices we raise
Praise, oh praise our God and King
Praise to God, immortal praise
Sing to the Lord of harvest
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness
Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair
Sow in the morn thy seed
Sow ye beside all waters
The God of harvest praise
The sower went forth sowing
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
Weary gleaner, whence comest thou
We plough the fields, and scatter

6. Autumn.

See the leaves around us falling

7. Winter.

Winter reigneth o'er the land

8. Old and New Year.

Across the sky the shades of night
A few more years shall roll
Certainly I will be with thee
Days and moments quickly flying
Father, let me dedicate
For Thy mercy and Thy grace
From glory unto glory
Hail to another year
Jesus, blessèd Saviour
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
Our helper, God, we bless Thy name
Pray, brethren, pray, the sands are falling
Standing at the portal of the opening year
The old year's long campaign is o'er
While with ceaseless course the sun

9. Life, Time, Opportunity.

A few more years shall roll
As flows the rapid river
Change is our portion here
Days and moments quickly flying
Earth to earth, and dust to dust
Fading like a lifetime ends another day
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's rest
Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
O God, the Rock of Ages
O Lord, the heaven Thy power displays
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation
Oh the clanging bells of Time
One by one the sands are flowing
Our God, our help in ages past
Our helper, God, we bless Thy name
Passing onward, quickly passing
Pray, brethren, pray, the sands are falling
See the leaves around us falling
Time is earnest, passing by
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine

X. SPECIAL OCCASIONS

1. Marriage.

Father of life, confessing
O Love divine and golden
O perfect love, all human love transcending

2. Travellers by land and sea.

Eternal Father, strong to save
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord

3. Absent friends.

Holy Father, in Thy mercy
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord

4. Dismissal.

God be with you till we meet again
Yes, we part, but not for ever

5. Trouble, sorrow, sickness.

A voice upon the midnight air
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
Be still, my soul, the Lord is on thy side
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep
Fierce was the wild billow
God of my life, to Thee I call
In the hour of trial
Lamb without spot, to Thee we kneel
Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend
Master, the tempest is raging
My God, my Father, while I stray
My Saviour, be Thou near me
O aching heart, with sorrow torn
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen
O let him whose sorrow
O safe to the Rock that is higher than I
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows
O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend
Our Father dwells in heaven above
The Lord hath hid His face from us
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
The sands of time are sinking
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Thou to whom the sick and dying
Thou, who didst stoop below
'Till He come!' Oh let the words
Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear
When gathering clouds around I view
When languor and disease invade
When our heads are bowed with woe
When the dark waves round us roll

6. Death and burial.

By and by we shall know Jesus
Earth to earth, and dust to dust
Friend after friend departs
God of the living, in whose eyes
Hark! a voice! it cries from heaven
Hush! blessèd are the dead
Lay the precious body
Lord, when beside the grave we mourn
My life's a shade, my days
Now the labourer's task is o'er
On the resurrection morning
Sleep on, belovèd, sleep and take thy rest
Sleep thy last sleep
'Till He come!' Oh let the words
Why do we mourn departing friends

XI. HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG

1. Praise.

A crowd fills the court of the temple
All things bright and beautiful
Day by day we magnify Thee
Lord, Thy children lowly bending
When His salvation bringing

XI. HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG (*continued*)

2. Happiness and heaven through Christ.

Around the throne of God in heaven
A Sabbath well spent
Children's voices high in heaven
Every morning the red sun
Here we suffer grief and pain
I love to hear the story
I think, when I read that sweet story of old
Let the children come
Little travellers Zionward
O happy land, O happy land
Once in royal David's city
Since His life the Saviour gave
There is a green hill far away
There is a happy land
There's a Friend for little children
When He cometh, when He cometh

3. Consecration of self to the service of Christ.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
Children's voices, high in heaven
Come to the Saviour, make no delay
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
Do no sinful action
Fair waved the golden corn
Father, before Thy throne of light
Go thou in life's fair morning
Holy Spirit, Lord of glory
Hushed was the evening hymn
Jesus, from Thy throne on high
Jesus, Saviour, meek and mild
Just as I am, Thine own to be
Little drops of water
O brother, life's journey beginning
O Jesus, I have promised
Oh what can little hands do
O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old
Saviour, Thou art ever near
Sweet is the time of Spring
The wise may bring their learning
'Thine—Thine for ever'—blessèd bond
We are but little children weak

4. Help and guidance.

Father in heaven, who lovest all
God of mercy, throned on high
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
Jesus, high in glory
Jesus, King of glory
Jesus, the children are calling
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
Shepherd of Israel, from above
The morning bright with rosy light

XII. NATIONAL HYMNS

All thanks be to God
Ancient of days, who sittest throned in glory
Father in heaven, who lovest all
God of mercy, God of grace, show the brightness of Thy face
God of our Fatherland
God save our gracious King
O King of kings, whose reign of old
Our God, our help in ages past
To Thee, our God, we fly

a. *In time of war and tumults.*

Come, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory
God, our hope and strength abiding
God the All-terrible! King who ordainest
Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay
Great King of nations, hear our prayer
It came upon the midnight clear

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Jesus the name I love so well
The name I love to hear

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new year